

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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THE TROUSER-SKIRT will be always necessary for sports wear. This model shows the combination of a red blouse and light grey trouser-skirt of Poorir wool.

—(Paris-Vienna photo, Copyright.)



A RED AND WHITE knitted jumper of latest designed collar and sleeves, with three small bows worn on the left side to match. Full directions for knitting this jumper are printed on page 21.

—(Paris-Vienna photo, Copyright.)

RADIO FIGHT for Women's FAVOR!

WOMEN do most of the listening-in. Women's interests decree what most of the programmes shall consist of. It is virtually women's favor and approval which the rival A.B.C.'s will fight for, although, on the surface, it will be, of course, for general public patronage.

Everybody knows, of course, that there exist two distinct types of station. They are familiarly known as the "A" class and the "B."

The former is controlled by a Government Commission (the Australian Broadcasting Commission), and draws its revenue from the license fees paid by listeners. The "B" stations are a purely commercial venture, supported by advertisers.

A Year Ago

For three years the Australian Broadcasting Company Ltd., a private venture, functioned through Stations 2FC and 2BL.

Then came the Australian Broadcasting Commission, and the former A.B.C. went off the air.

"But," said Mr. Stuart Doyle, managing director of the company, "we will be on the air again." This is what interests women so greatly.

That was twelve months ago. Now Mr. Doyle makes good his assertion.

Women are vitally interested in the fight which threatens between the Australian Broadcasting Commission (Governmental control) and the rejuvenated Australian Broadcasting Company (private enterprise) — a fight which is really for the ear of Australian women listeners-in.

The Australian Broadcasting Company Ltd. has purchased one of the two "B" class stations in Sydney not bound by any policy of a political or religious nature.

New studios, a powerful transmission station, and, most significant of all, a national network, are to be features of the new-old A.B.C.

This in itself is a challenge to the Australian Broadcasting Commission. Just how serious it will be is revealed by two factors.

Firstly, the challenge to the Commission comes at a very inopportune moment. For the past twelve months, their expenditure has been of a very lavish nature, and the first fact that confronted the newly-appointed manager, Major Condon, was the necessity for rigid economy.

Secondly, the board of the A.B. Company comprises men who are professional showmen — including Stuart Doyle, Sir Benjamin Fuller, and Frank Albert, together with Oswald Anderson, manager of 2UW, all of whom have had exceptional opportunities of judging public taste.

It can therefore be anticipated that their programmes will be something very unusual.

The programmes submitted by the Australian Broadcasting Commission

AN INTERESTING "decollé" of a black and white crepe satin evening robe.

—(Paris-Vienna photo, Copyright.)

have, largely through force of circumstance, been forced into stereotyped channels. Personalities have been subservient to routine. In the "B" class stations one finds a more intimate note.

Less Censor

That listeners appreciate the latter trend has been plainly demonstrated overseas. Recently the British Broadcasting Commission has been forced to revise its attitude. Prominent speakers such as H. G. Wells refused to submit their speeches to the blue pencil of the B.B.C.

The first booking under the new regime provides an apt illustration.

Why Bridge Fiends Start at 11 a.m. Now

On Sunday, July 2, Dorothy Brunton will be relayed over the eastern network of the Australian Broadcasting Company. But there will no restrictions placed on Miss Brunton on this occasion.

It will be remembered that the A.B. Commission imposed such restrictions on a recent occasion that Miss Brunton refused to accept them.

Listeners To Decide

Many difficult problems are immediately opened up by these developments.

The matter of license fees is a particularly knotty problem. Will listeners remain content to pay fees for a service of which many may not desire to avail themselves?

This touches the very existence of the stations. The A.B. Commission depends for its revenue upon license fees. The A.B. Company will depend upon advertising.

The final decision as to which service is to be favored rests, of course, with the Government, which could pass legislation clearing up the "B" stations—if it dared.

"YOU will have no more afternoon bridge parties, but jolly well get me my dinner," has been said. In effect, by many unfortunate husbands (including a prominent judge) of bridge-fiends after months of coming home tired and hungry to find a dining-room full of smoke, chatter, and their wives' women friends, but not the slightest sign of dinner.

The superior sex, although cowed into submission for a few weeks, has now thought of a plan.

Bridge starts at 11 a.m. and continues till 4 p.m. (thus squeezing in an extra hour, too).

There is no sit-down lunch, but sandwiches and savories are provided, together with cocktails, on a traymobile drawn up next to the players, and when one is hungry one doubles over a sandwich without stirring.

At 4 o'clock all the Cinderellas creep home and meet their quite contented husbands with a hearty dinner.



MRS. T. H. KELLY

-Falk.

TELLS of LIFE on CONTINENT

By ETTA COWAN

MRS. KELLY is staying at the Hotel Australia, and it was there that she was found, reading a letter just received from her daughter, Patricia Volkerra.

Patricia translated Axel Munthe's book, "San Michele," and had just been to Capri to visit the writer, who told her that 11,000 copies had been sold in so many months. Her letter, full of other interesting news, made mention, too, that Reinhardt, who had to leave Germany owing to Hitler's ban against the Jews, was now in Florence and the greatest producer of modern times was arranging to give a performance of "A Midsummer's Night Dream" in the Boboli Gardens. What a wonderful setting it will make for Shakespeare's fairies to materialise in!

When the letter had been duly discussed Mrs. Kelly proceeded to tell something of her own doings since she had been abroad.

On The Continent

Searching for the sunshine, Mrs. Kelly found it at Zermatt. On Christmas Day, owing to the clear atmosphere, she and her son, Carleton, were able to eat their Christmas dinner in the open air. It was quite hot in the sun, although the Matterhorn with its everlasting snow-peaks was towering above them. Carleton had come with the Oxford International team to join in the winter sports. Men of Canada and South Africa were also in the team. Carleton is an athlete like his uncle Kelly of the Diamond Sculls.

Mrs. Kelly went to Nice and visited Elenor Beaton, who has made Monte

Mrs. T. H. Kelly, one of Sydney's well-known social leaders, the inspirer of many ideas which resulted in raising large sums of money for charity, the patroness of artistic and cultural activities in our midst, has returned to Sydney.

Mrs. Kelly has lived in Italy for many years, but paid a fleeting visit to Sydney last year.

Carlo her home. Lachlan, her son, had run over from Paris to visit his mother. Lachlan Beaton is on the staff of an English paper in Paris. Ruby Adams' grand piano is installed in the music room where Mrs. Beaton receives many visitors from overseas. Among the Australians Mrs. Kelly met at Monte Carlo were Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lasseter; the latter is a daughter of a Cambridge Don. Mrs. Lasseter lived at "St. Bridget's," Double Bay, during her stay in Sydney.

At The Vatican

To attend at the Vatican when the Pope is holding an audience is looked upon as a special privilege, so Mrs. Kelly was delighted when she was invited to a semi-private audience. She wore the regulation costume of black, which is "de rigueur" for women attending these receptions. Her black mantilla was arranged over the jewelled, Russian head-dress which her daughter Beatrice had worn on her wedding day in Sydney. Mrs. Kelly was entranced by the splendor of the surroundings at the Vatican and her ceremonial presentation to the Pontiff. Mrs. Kelly spoke of Pius XI as "an electrifying personality radiating health and vigor, in spite of his advanced years."

When the Pope heard that Mrs. Kelly had come from Australia, he said in an interested manner: "You have come a long way!"

It is Holy Year in Rome, and many pilgrims were assembled to take part in the beatifications. This gave an added interest to life in the Papal City.

Scintillating ROYAL COURT

From Nell Murray, Special Representative in Europe for The Australian Women's Weekly.

LONDON.

FOUR Royal Courts at Buckingham Palace in the space of little more than a week has made the beginning of London's social season unusually brilliant. Australians who were present on Dominion's Night (May 13) speak rapturously of the splendor of the scene.

Additional interest was given by the presence of Prince George, who escorted

Unique Memorial To Archbishop Wright

The Sydney Diocese proposes to establish a memorial to the late Primate, Archbishop Wright, and will make an appeal throughout the Commonwealth for funds for this purpose. It is hoped that sufficient money will be available to erect a memorial cross at South Head, a bronze tablet in St. Andrew's Cathedral, an enlarged photograph in the Chapter House, and to establish a bursary at Moore College, the training college for Anglican theological students at the Sydney University.

ed the Queen, in the absence of the King.

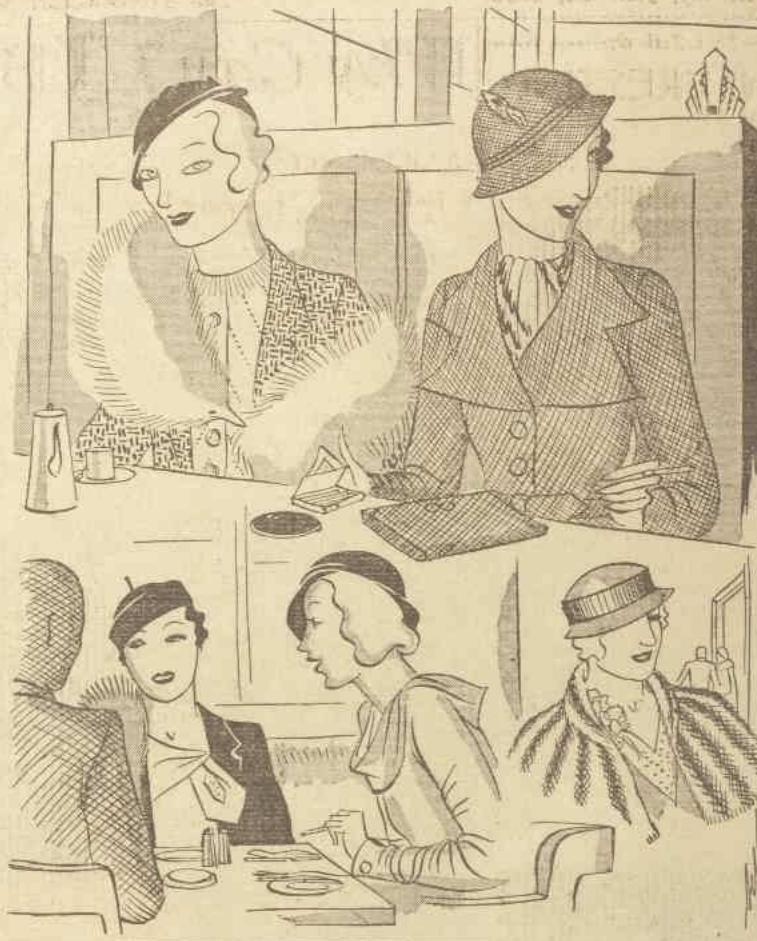
Socially, Prince George is the "beau ideal" of London society—tall, good-looking, and an excellent dancer. He may be found at all the gayest parties.

GLITTER EFFECTS

The dressing was remarkable for the predominance of "glitter" effects, ranging from lacquered satin in all the lovely pastel tints to scintillating beaded and sequined embroideries.

The Queen wore a gown of soft mirror satin in pearl blue, embroidered all over with pearls and diamonds. Her train of silver brocade was trimmed with opalescent paillette embroidery, and her magnificent ornaments were diamonds and the Order of the Garter.

Mrs. S. M. Bruce, who, as the wife of the Resident Minister presented a number of Australian women, wore a gown of cyclamen lace, brocaded in gold and platinum, the décolletage trimmed with shaded velvet flowers, forming a garland neckline. Her velvet train to top was draped cowl-fashion from the shoulders.



WOMEN decide the larger questions of life correctly, and quickly, not because they are lucky guessers, not because they are divinely inspired, not because they practise a magic inherited from savagery, but simply and solely because they have sense.—From H. L. Mencken's "In Defence of Women."

Prize of 10/- to Miss Beth Haywood, 26 Norfolk Street, Paddington, N.S.W.

THE BOY who "stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled" was a maroon.—Professor H. A. Overstreet, in an address before the Child Study Association of America.

"I APPEAL to you to co-operate for the sake of the ultimate good of the whole world. It cannot be beyond the power of man so to use the vast resources of the world as to assure the material progress of civilisation."—His Majesty the King.

"THE PRACTICE of white settlers in the tropics of bringing black boy servants to Australia when on furlough is

CAMERA ART

is the last word in decoration for the walls of the Modern Home, and it is interesting (but not expensive) to run a collection and change them on occasion.

Photographs seen and liked in The Australian Women's Weekly are purchasable from the Photography Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

just snobbishness."—Mr. C. W. C. Marr, Minister for Territories.

"THE ETHICAL behaviour of man is better based on sympathy, education, and social relationships, and requires no support from religion."—Professor Einstein.

"IF I HAD carte blanche in any London, American, or French production abroad, I would fill my ballets with girls from Australia."—Ernest C. Holla, at the Theatre Royal.

About Ourselves

OWING to the unprecedented demand for the Australian Women's Weekly our stocks of paper have proved inadequate. We have consequently been compelled to use paper not as good as originally intended in order to cope with the demand.

A special rush order for paper has been placed in Canada, and a fast steamer is already on the way with the first shipment.

WE have great pleasure in announcing the addition to our staff of Miss Jean Williamson, who, until last week, had been for many years in charge of the women's section of the "Sydney Morning Herald."

The editor of the Australian Women's Weekly is Mr. George Warncke, late editor of the "Sunday Sun." Thus it will be seen that the Australian Women's Weekly is under the direction of executives from two of the foremost Australian papers.

Another member of the executive staff is Miss Saida Parker, who as "Saida," is well-known over the air and in shopping circles.

The social editor is Miss Etta Cowan, who is well-known in Sydney journalistic and social circles.

As we have had many requests from readers for this personal information, we will in future issues tell more about our staff.

Young Japan Defines The Sauso-Banana

WHAT is the difference between a banana and a sausage?

Possibly few readers could equal the humorous effort of a Japanese school-boy who, in his early studies of the English language, wrote the following delightful essay, reprinted without any apologies:—

"The banana are great remarkable fruit. He are constructed in the same architectural style as sausage, difference being skin of sausage are habitually consumed, while it is not advisable to eat wrapping of banana.

"The banana are held aloft while consuming; sausage are usually left in reclining position. Sausage depend for creation on human being or stuffing machine while banana are Pristine Product of honorable mother nature. In case of sausage both conclusions are attached to the other sausage; banana on other hands are attached on one end to stem and opposite termination entirely loose. Finally, banana are strictly of vegetable kingdom while affiliation of sausage often undecided."

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Let's Talk Of INTERESTING PEOPLE . . .



LADY GORDON
—Dorothy Weiding

LADY GORDON, wife of Sir Alexander Gordon, who looks at you from this Dorothy Weiding photograph, is small and dark and vivacious. She is intensely interested in the arts, and there is seldom an audience at any concert or play in which she is not included.

Lady Gordon is one of Sydney's best organisers for charity, and her enthusiasm for every cause for which she works is such that everybody she comes in contact with feels compelled to help her make it a success. Daughter Anne is well known in amateur dramatic circles.



MISS G. B. FRENCH

MISS FRENCH, although still in the early twenties, has the distinction of having had three of her scenarios produced. In conjunction with her brother-in-law, Mr. Miles Mander, she has worked on the floor of the studios of London, Long Island, and in Germany.

Though an Australian, Miss French has spent most of her life abroad. Miss French is flat-hunting for her sister, Mrs. Miles, and her small nephew, Theo. Theo has already made his debut in the talkie world, appearing with his father in "The First Born."



MRS. J. W. A. PRENTICE
—Dorothy Weiding

WHEN Mrs. J. W. A. Prentice, President of the New Zealand Women's Association, sailed forth to attend the annual meeting of the association last week, she wore her greenstone "Tiki" as a mascot. The charming little Maori symbol of good luck, which was presented to her late brother by an old Maori, is never far removed from her on important occasions. Nevertheless, it was not so much the propinquity of the "luck-bringer" but her own ability and the esteem in which she is held that caused her to be re-elected unopposed as president of the association for the ensuing year.

Formerly Miss Nellie Black, a member of the well-known "Black" family of musicians of New Zealand, she is herself a talented violinist, pianist, and singer, and is a great help on the occasions when the association arranges musicals.

Why Can't THOSE BRILLIANT GIRLS Marry? Too Old— Or Too Clever!

Why is it that so many University women never marry?

The figures quoted recently by Professor Harvey Sutton, showing that in America 100 University women in forty years produced only 80 children, are fairly representative of Australian University women also.

Are University degrees or exceptional intellectual attainments a marriage handicap to even attractive girls? The author of this article thinks they may well be. Before her marriage she was acting-lecturer in history at Sydney University, and tutor in English literature at the University of Melbourne.

By KATHLEEN PITT, B.A.
(Oxon., Melb.)

DO University women marry? Well, some of them do and some of them don't, and those that don't are mostly school-teachers. A University training is for all girls a heavy handicap in the marriage market. The average young man is alarmed when he learns that the girl he is dancing with is a University student. He remembers, perhaps, his own efforts to pass the Intermediate, and feels irritated that this girl should have left him so far behind.

He sheds his feeling of inferiority by escaping as soon as possible to some girl with whom he can feel an equal, or better still, a superior.

I once heard a woman of experience say to a University girl making her first trip overseas: "Keep your degree dark, my dear, or you'll find that you are left out of all the fun."

It is a mistake to imagine that because Universities are co-educational institutions they are nurseries of Romance for the students. Mild flirtations are, of course, common enough, but the male student has his way to make in the world before he can think of marriage.

When in good time he does marry he naturally chooses a girl some years younger than the women friends of his own age that he knew at the University.

The University woman's chances of marriage depend, then, on what happens after she has taken her degree.

THE graduate soon learns that her University training debars her from social success. Absorbed in her work at the University and happy in the companionship of her fellow-students, she has not learnt, like her non-University contemporaries, the arts of winning a husband.

Accustomed to meet men as equals, she is both unskilful and unwilling as a flatterer, and it is flattery at least as much as love that makes the world go round.

She is not willing to spend so much time and thought on dress as her sisters, and is consequently less superficially attractive. Moreover, she asks far more in a husband than the girl who has not received a higher education.

Consequently there is at best only a narrow field in which she may seek a suitable husband. Still, she may succeed—provided that she does not choose teaching as her profession.

HERE is a story with a moral. Once upon a time ten girls used to share a table at lunch at the University. In due course the ten friends all secured their degrees and set out on their careers. Five of them are now married and five are still single.

As the five who have remained unmarried were no less attractive than those who married, there must be some reason for the different fates that befell the two halves of that circle.

It can scarcely be mere coincidence



MISS KATHLEEN PITT, the distinguished writer of this article, who is herself happily married.

so do, the men they meet in their work are too often teachers simply because they are incapable of making use of the more varied opportunities of work offered to men.

The women teachers are often both the social and intellectual superiors of the men with whom they are working. Moreover, although a teacher's hours on the job are shorter than those of a business girl, her work calls for the expenditure of much more vital energy. A good teacher is rather like a good actress, who, by sheer force of personality, "puts across" an unpopular play. At the end of the day the teacher is drained of vitality, and even if her spare time need not be spent in correction or preparation, she is commonly unfit for the give-and-take of general society. School-teachers are not born old maids, but have single blessedness thrust upon them.

MARRIAGE is not, of course, the be-all and the end-all of the modern University woman, and even if no chance of a suitable marriage comes her way, she can fill her niche in the

MANY a clever girl, intent on her studies, forgets until it is too late that some day she may want a husband and a home.



world's workshop happily with the dignity that comes of independence and the knowledge of usefulness.

Nevertheless, a wide experience among University women convinces me that if a questionnaire could be circulated among graduates, asking: "Do you include marriage among the ingredients in your recipe for a good life?" the almost universal answer would be the everlasting Yea.

And yet, although this is their feeling about marriage, every year an overwhelming majority of women graduates enter a profession hopelessly damaging to their matrimonial prospects.

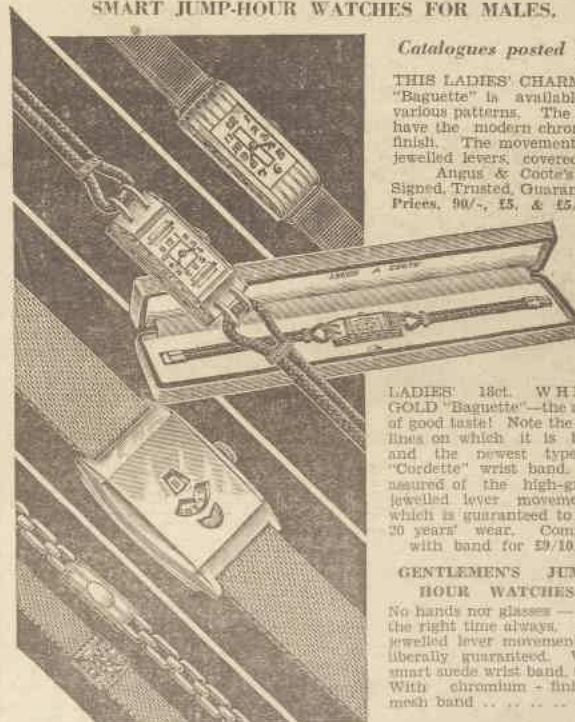
It is for parents and guardians to face this dilemma, which will probably not cross their daughters' minds until it is too late for them to retrace their steps. They may decide that their girls will have to pay too dearly for the dignity of belonging to a "profession."

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AUSTRALIAN Gives LONDON It's New THRILL

From Neil Murray, Special Representative in Europe for The Australian Women's Weekly.

LONDON.
WEATHER plays an extremely important part in the calculations of the promoters of this novel scheme; and from statistics already available, they have worked out that, out of 120 days, they may reasonably expect 90 without rain, even in the English climate.

As well, they will have a special "weather man" installed before and during every performance, in direct touch by telephone with the Air Ministry and the Greenwich Observatory. He will be able to warn them exactly of any approaching rain squall—and the audience may then be drafted into a covered-in area opposite, for which another stage has been banked up in readiness.

A complex system of canopies which may be rigged up at a moment's notice has also been devised. A carriage drive has been specially constructed for the convenience of visitors arriving in cars at this remote spot, situated right in the middle of the inner circle of Regent's Park.

People who do not own cars and cannot afford taxis will have a walk of a quarter of an hour from the nearest underground and omnibus routes.

NATURAL ATMOSPHERE

Thousands of pounds have been spent in preparing the arena, but so faithfully have all its details been blended into the surrounding landscape that when I went to inspect the site there was considerable difficulty in finding it. Although the very latest of flood-lighting (to give a daylight effect) and amplifiers fixed on trees will be employed, no fixtures were visible which might strike a discordant note among the rural atmosphere.

Bees hummed drowsily, daisies spangled the bright green grass, and a wild duck was in solitary possession when I mounted the main stage, flanked by mighty oaks and elms. Entrances and exits for the artists have been cleverly contrived so that they may vanish behind the natural leafy screens of growing shrubs which conceal the specially constructed dressing-rooms and technical apparatus behind.

WEATHER FRANKS

Mr. Sydney Carroll, who is of Australian birth, is a noted London dramatic critic, and has for some time been

London's first permanent open-air theatre is to give its pioneer performance in Regent's Park in June.

Parliamentary sanction has been obtained by the Office of Works (in association with the Australian originator of the idea, Mr. Sydney Carroll) for its establishment for a period covering the next four years. A season of four months every summer will be played, featuring Shakespearean and other classical plays.

actively interested in the theatre business. He specialises in putting on unusual and artistic productions which otherwise might never be considered worth financial consideration in the commercial theatre. The production last year of "Twelfth Night," with scenery all in black and white, was his; and he is now presenting a season of mystic Indian native dances, with Shan-Kar in the star role, at the Ambassadors Theatre.

Recently he has paid a visit to Vienna in order to observe the development of open-air theatres in that city. In Germany, too, the movement is far advanced, while in Florence the chief features of the great musical festival at present being held are the open-air performances.

"In some ways it is a tremendous gamble, depending on a great deal on the weather," an official remarked. "Our main hopes are pinned to the optimistic forecast for the coming summer—which says 'fine and dry.'"

Should Londoners take to the idea of going to the theatre out-of-doors, it is likely that the movement will spread rapidly elsewhere in England. Already the Oxford University Dramatic Society has announced its intention of putting on a Shakespearean play in one of the college gardens during June, and has invited Professor

Max Reinhardt to produce it.

ETIQUETTE



THE LADY in the picture has forgotten that cup, sandwich, etc., should be laid down before she speaks. If, however, she is holding her cup and saucer, and about to sip tea when someone addresses her, she may answer briefly over the rim of her cup.



A Dainty slumber gown, a charming bath wrap and pyjamas that have chic comprise a trio of desirable additions to the trousseau. They are designed to give both grace and service, and are drawn by Petrov. Patterns and transfers are available at this office at prices stated below.

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BAD DANCERS may take HEART

Geniuses Have Been Failures In The Ballroom

By CONNIE MARSHALL

SOME men who cannot dance, or who dance badly, affect a contempt for dancing, and most women believe that their contempt is genuine—simply an aversion to a popular amusement. But this is not always so. Behind this dislike for dancing is often keen envy for the man who can dance well.

It is not only the every-day young man who feels like this. There are many instances which show that an inability to dance has caused great distress even to men of genius, and, in some cases, has had an ever-lasting influence on their entire outlook.

Take Balzac, for example. When he was quite young he wrote to his sister, Laura (the one person whom he confided in at that time), that he had "two immense and sole desires—to be famous and to be loved."

To win love he took dancing lessons! On his first night on the ballroom he slipped and fell to the ground.

This naturally won the smiles of all the women present—but the smiles were not the kind he had craved for! So deeply was he hurt that he never danced again. One of his biographers attributes much of the resentful cynicism about women in the first of his masterpieces, "The Wild Ass's Skin," to the chagrin which he experienced on this occasion.

LACK OF HUMOR

Balzac never possessed a sense of humor. Whatever emotion he felt was never qualified by seeing the humorous side, and it is probable that the following subtext of the hero in "The Wild Ass's Skin" contains some of the feeling which possessed Balzac after he fell in the ballroom: "Women are and all have condemned me. With tears and mortification I bowed before the decision of the world; but my distress was not barren. I determined to revenge myself on society. I would dominate the feminine intellect, and so have the feminine soul at my mercy."

Lord Byron, who, it will be remem-

Pat White Says

THAT DIAMANTE BUCKLE

which decorates the front of your frock and looked so marvellous in the shop, will be the nightmare of many a male in the ballroom. Many a silk lapel has been ruined through this, and repairing is expensive. Likewise, sequins on the back of a frock, just where the man's hand would rest, will be ruined, and the man's hand will feel sticky all evening.

bered, was greatly incapacitated by a club foot, experienced an early dancing mortification. He once sat and watched Miss Chamworth, the girl he loved dearly, waltzing with his greatest rival. He also overheard her say to her maid: "Do you think I could care anything for that lame boy?"—a speech which, as he himself said, was like a shot through the heart.

Keats wrote to his sister at one time saying: "I want you to teach me a few common dancing steps." He apparently did not benefit by the lessons, as a letter of a later date says: "I went lately to the only dance I have been to this twelve months, or shall go to for twelve months again."

Keats was very shy of women, and was often conscious of his small stature; he stood barely five feet high.

It is not to be supposed that it is only poets and novelists who have taken dancing, and their lack of finesse in that art, too seriously. Napoleon took dancing lessons, but he was clumsy and suffered from giddiness. Even at the top of the world in his amazing career there is no record of his ever dancing. But there is, however, plenty of evidence to show that he was always unsure of himself in social circles.

Men, reading of these geniuses who have been utterly deficient in the art of dancing should not take it too much to heart if they trip, stumble, or tread on their fair partner's toes. All they need say is, "Pardon me—I've the same failing as Napoleon!"

A Venetian EVENING

In a strange comradeship the noble and the kitchen girl went gaily forth upon their great adventure

Illustrated
by
BOOTHROYD

★
COMPLETE
STORY
IN THIS
ISSUE.
★

THE Marchese Barbetta had left his palace for the last time. In front of his doors the State barge which had borne his coffin rocked on the slow tide of the canal, which swelled between the blue and white striped posts showing his gorgeous armories. The crimson damask pall still lay over the gilt seats, and as the barge gently rose and fell with the waves the corners dipped and lifted from the water.

It was August, midday, and the heat intense.

Venice, so gay last night, to be again so gay to-night, slept. No deserted city could have been more quiet; the sun ruled over lonely piazzas, silent canals, churches where the beggars lay huddled like heaps of rags in the shadows of the stone cornices and saints, empty gondolas, line on line, and palaces, with the shutters closed, fainting flowers trailing over the terraces and balconies.

Towards the Lido, San Giorgio showed through a mist of heat against the background of a blaze of open sea, across which sometimes passed a faint gold sail—some Eastern ship, looking like the argosy of another world. The Lion, the Campanile, the rose-colored palace and pearl-colored prison gleamed against a sky dazlingly pale with heat.

Don Duilio, the heir of the Marchese Barbetta, sat at a window and peered through the shutters at the barge rocking on the water.

So intense was the heat that the very water gave no idea of coolness; when the new Marchese put his hand out of the window, it was as if he put it into a fire.

The flies were still; where the sunlight slipped between the shutters it lay on the tessellated floor of a pool of gold, of strength fierce enough to burn Don Duilio's foot through his velvet shoe.

Over him was the languor of this great heat. He had much to occupy him; he had, in brief, to face disaster complete and immediate, yet he sat there lazily, looking with idle eyes at the barge which had carried away his uncle that morning.

Then the palace had been full; cousins, friends, dependents had hurried to and from the painted cham-

morged palace, a handful of scudi, a mountain of debts, and his memory of the dead.

He had always lived as one who will some day, any day, be rich. His uncle had never stinted him; together they had been two of the most extravagant cavaliers in Venice, and Duilio had been quite content. He had never wanted his uncle's death, nor expected it; the old man had been always robust.

Who would have guessed that one night he would fall from his seat in the lamp-hung gondola and die without a word among the glasses and fruit, the sweets and wine of the floating supper table?

As little could any have guessed that the lawyer, on breaking the seals of the Marchese's will, would have nothing to give anyone but that mocking sentence.

Duilio felt more surprise than resentment; he saw that if his uncle had lived there would have been ruin soon just the same. The lawyer had left him a bundle of papers; flicking them over, he saw that vast sums were owing to a certain Jew whom he had often seen on the Rialto.

The very place was not his—nay nor was anything in it. He had

cast the papers into the canal and wondered why the crows had not yet gathered round their prey. As for himself, life without money was clearly impossible—at least in Venice.

No one was more careless than he of the actual scudi; he despised those who earned and those who hoarded them. Yet how to do without them?

They were necessary to secure those reverent servants who all his life had ministered to his needs; to procure the silks and satins with which he went clothed, the food and wine with which he was fed; necessary for the flowers and for the suppers with Caterina and Giovanna, the serenades beneath the high, white balcony of Anna; necessary for the play, the comedy, the music, the balls, the fetes, the carnivals!

There were no more of them, and he

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She stood before the long mirror regarding herself.

was utterly incapable of procuring any. How could a young Venetian noble hope to earn money?

He never entertained the shameful idea. The problem admitted of only one solution: if life was not worth living without money and without Venice, then one must cease living.

One of the relations that morning had held out a half-hearted offer of a home in Tuscany, Tuscany! Don Duilio could not even contemplate life anywhere but in Venice.

Well, he must do what the old Marchese had done—depart as comfortably and gracefully as possible, from a life which had suddenly become intolerable, from a world which had failed him signally.

He envied the old Marchese who had died so easily and pleasantly amid the song and laughter, with the purple night about him and a lady's white hand in his, and who now lay quietly in the cool marble church.

And how was he to follow to that same repose? Now he could not think; presently, when the grateful dark came, when the gondolas slipped out from the lagoons, lights flashed from the windows and music came over the water, then he would be alive again.

He rose and turned from the window. The shadowed room was large and lofty, yet hot and close. Blonde and rosy goddesses smiled from the walls, from the gilt bosses of the rich, dark ceiling hung lamps fashioned in myriads of glass flowers. Eastern tapes-

tries were on the floor, on chairs were piled Eastern cushions.

The Marchese stretched himself and yawned. He was a fitting figure for the gorgeous chamber; even in his black his appearance was luxurious. He was very slight, dark as a Moor, with a Moor's arched nose, and his large black eyes were well used to express all the shades of passion and all the niceties of the language of love. His black hair showed through the powder in front and the curls resisted the pomade.

He had a mole on his chin which seemed to call attention to the fact that he was not in any way handsome, but he was as bright, as graceful, and as elegant as a hawk.

He looked at himself in one of the mirrors as he passed, looked at his reflection curiously as if he saw it for the first time. The first time? Nay, the last.

The door was ajar on to the stairs, and he passed out. The house was usually silent during the heat of the day; but he remembered that this was not the silence of repose, but of desertion.

Not a single page, maid, or a servant remained; he could imagine that they had not gone empty-handed—the Jew had certainly been cheated of some of his spoils.

The Marchese had felt no resentment; were they not doing as he meant to do, fleeing from failure?

It was cooler on the head of the great staircase. He lent on the heavy gilt balustrade, looked down the well of a stairway.

The silence was as the silence of oblivion. On one of the marble steps lay a crimson flower, which had fallen from the old Marchese's damask pall, a thing which would live and die under the sun of one day, yet it looked as if it had lain there and would lay there for all eternity.

(Continued on Page 6)

You're the Fellow

You're the fellow people pass
To share some other's brim-
ming glass;

You're the fellow men forget
When skies are bright and
sunny yet,

But, when friends have need of
you,

You're the fellow who comes
through.

You're the fellow doing more
For men than those who rant
and roar,

You're the fellow making earth
A place of brotherhood and
worth.

Many men are known to me—
You're the kind I'd like to be.

bers, fingering the handsome furniture, criticising the pictures, whispering scandalous stories of the old Marchese.

All had manifold expectations. Then the will was read: one sentence only. The lawyer laughed as the document fluttered on to a malachite table and a dozen eager hands snatched at it. Duilio caught it and read aloud:

"I leave no money, prodigious debts, and the rest to Holy Church."

THE relatives, the friends, the servants fled like a company of butterflies when the flower on which they have been resting has been cut beneath them. Don Duilio was alone with his bare title, his





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VEREYS

GHOSTLY SOLDIER
M. JEAN BAPTISTE ORNAUX, 57, a roadman, of Maubeuge, France, served in the army during the war, but when he applied for papers to show that he was an ex-serviceman he was told that records showed he died when he was a few days old.

BATS CAN SEE
BATS ARE not blind. They have poor eyesight, and see best at dusk.

THE TARDIGRADA, a water bear, can live for years without food. It shrinks to almost pinhead size, but wakes up when placed in water.

WOMEN IN BUSINESS—No. 1.

Woman Engineer On The Job Experimenting With Television

"Give me a screw-driver and something to fix, and I'm happy."

SO says Mrs. F. V. McKenzie, Australia's only woman electrical engineer and licensed electrical contractor.

She has been in the business since 1914, and is better known to the trade as Miss F. V. Wallace. That's the trouble about women in business, she says. You make a name for yourself, then some handsome hero comes and swallows it up.

As Miss Wallace, she ran one of Sydney's first radio shops. Her husband was among her early customers. Mr. McKenzie is an electrical engineer too. They are both thoroughly happy with their screw-drivers, batteries, and bits of wire.

There is nothing masculine about Mrs. McKenzie, in spite of her masculine business. She is petite and neat. She likes cooking and dancing.

At her home in Greenwich Point she has one of the finest collections of goldfish in Sydney. An expert on aquaria, she has lectured on the subject over national stations.

As a child in Melbourne Mrs. McKenzie used to leave her dolls and run down to the railway station. Machinery always fascinated her.

In order to take her diploma at the Sydney Technical College she had to trade as an electrician. So she started as a contractor and did all the jobs a man does—climbing up ladders, wiring houses, and installing motors. On one



MRS. MCKENZIE

occasion, while she was wiring a house in the country, someone turned the current on. It took Mrs. McKenzie an hour to come round!

Radio is her work now. She trains girls for this profession, and, in her opinion, it offers a new and very wide field for women who want careers. In her spare time she is experimenting along entirely new and secret lines in television technique, and hopes to surprise the world soon. She has her own private short-wave radio station, 2GA, for experimental work.

A VENETIAN EVENING

(Continued from Page 5)

DULIO conjured ghosts out of the shadows which filled the enclosed stairs; ghosts of all the pretty women in mask and domino, swinging hoops and satin slippers, who had flittered up and down; the cavaliers with cane and glass; the priests, the dancing girls, the figures of carnival, the mourners, and, lastly, the Marchese in his coffin with the gilt nails and the crimson pall, and the troop of pretenders who had fled so soon after in gay disgust.

As the Marchese imagined these figures filling the empty stairway, one of them gathered substance and took on the semblance of flesh and blood; it was a dark woman.

She moved slowly through the floating wreaths of his fancy and seemed to be mounting the stairs towards him; her hair and her figure merged into the shadow, he could see only her face, grave and pale, and her neck, white as a magnolia leaf.

He rubbed his eyes and leant lower over the rail; she was looking at him and seemed frightened—her lips were parted, one hand trembled along the painted wall as she advanced.

The figures of his fancy vanished, leaving her alone on the great stairway. He could see her dusky hair and her dark dress now, she was alive and coming to him. He waited; to speak would be to break the spell.

She came nearer, slowly mounting the stairs with timid steps and looking at him the while.

He had once seen in the studio of a great artist a piece of dark paper pinned to a board; the artist, while the light talk was passing, idly took up a white chalk and a black, and sketched on the grey paper a girl's head—a few strokes, a few minutes, and a lovelier face than any in the room was looking from the easel.

The Marchese was reminded of this as he watched this pale creature blossom from the darkness of the deserted stairs. She turned and came up the last flight; he saw now that she was poorly dressed in worn, ugly garments.

She stopped by the red funeral rose. "Signor Marchese," she said, and held her heart as if in fear.

"Ah," he answered, "You have broken a very pretty dream. Who are you, my dear?"

She did not reply. "How did you come here?"

"I have been here a long while," she murmured.

"But I have never seen you."

"How should you? I was one of the kitchen girls, Signor Marchese."

"You can," he said, "go back to the convent, eh?"

"No," she replied, "Never. I like this palace better. I am very sorry you are ruined, Signor Marchese."

"Why," he said, "you are the first who has expressed that sentiment—the only one who has felt it—if you have felt it."

"I have cried, Signor Marchese," she answered simply, "for the late Marchese and for you."

He glanced away. "Where are the others?" he asked.

"Gone, Signor. All gone. I stayed below till I was afraid—it was so big and dark. Then I thought to come up. Forgive me."

"Thank you, child," he smiled. "She came two steps higher."

"Where are the great ladies?" she asked timidly. "Will they ever come again?"

"Nay never," and this time he sighed. She sighed, too.

"I used to peep sometimes at the great ladies, such ladies! All in silk."

He looked at her quizzically. She was fair and young, fresh and graceful, her hands were scarcely cosseted nor her body bowed by work.

Emboldened by his look she came to the top of the stairs.

"What are you going to do, Signor?" Her eyes were soft as velvet; her comeliness was enveloped in her coarse clothes as a butterfly is in a cocoon.

He noted it mournfully.

"V ENICE will always be kind to such as you," he said, thinking of the life he now regarded as past.

"I will give you a few scudi—the last!—and the name of a lady who would take a maid, I think."

"I will not go," she answered. "Tell me," she clasped her hands, "what are you going to do?"

"It is too hot now," he replied. "When it is cooler I will think."

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DIET—But Don't Annoy Your HOSTESS!

From Nell Murray, Our Special Representative in Europe.

LONDON. WITH a "No thanks, m'dear, I'm dieting," many a guest at many a table has given many a hostess a pang of mortification or irritation or plain bad temper. Dieters are nuisances!

But I know one woman who is both a determined dieter and a perfect guest, and this woman always eats whatever is put before her when away for a week-end, for instance.

But she follows this up with a real day of penance, as follows:—

Tea and slimming eye bread only for breakfast. Fruit only for lunch. For dinner, salad only—a really fresh salad, with plenty of everything included except potatoes.

Her own special non-fattening salad dressing is also of interest: Mix together the yolk of a hard-boiled egg with dry mustard, salt, paprika, and a crushed saccharine tablet. Blend with vinegar and a little tomato catsup or walnut sauce, and add some chopped parsley or mint.

From another source, I heard that Mayfair is adopting the sauerkraut cocktail which American women are drinking, and which helps to keep them slim. It is made in the same way as tomato juice cocktail. Extract the juice from the sauerkraut (which is pickled red cabbage) and flavor it with pepper, a pinch of celery salt, and some lemon juice. Chill, and serve with slimming hors d'oeuvres, such as pieces of smoked salmon, prawns, anchovies, fluted kipper, sardines, onions, baby carrots, and pickled cauliflower.

"Will you leave Venice?"

"Ah, no."

"But the Jews will have this palace? All that is in it?"

"Everything?"

"Everything; but why are you so interested?" he asked, smiling again now and regarding her. The ruby blood stormed her face.

"Oh, Signor Marchese, the great ladies have gone—none of them cares. But I care; let me stay."

"I have been unhappy. No one was kind to me, for I would not work. I used to go to the kitchen grating and watch the gondoliers and the lights, and hear the music and the soft voices, and smell the perfumes of the wine and fruit, the jasmine and the roses."

"And I meant to die, but the water was always so dark."

"What is your name?" he said.

"Musetta," she answered meekly.

"Well, Musetta, I will give you a silk gown, a bouquet of rose and jasmine, a cupper of fruit and cakes, with red wine in a milk-white goblet. But afterwards—"

"Yes?"

"Afterwards, I shall go away. I shall take the gondola and—"

"And go to sea. Never to come back," she said.

He started at the way in which she had divined his thoughts.

"And I will come, too," smiled Musetta.

He looked at her long and thoughtfully.

"Why, if you like you shall come, too," he agreed at last.

She clasped her hands like a happy child.

"Now, the silk dress!" she cried.

They both laughed and the sound of their laughter went upwards like a slow mounting bird through the empty palace.

(Continued on Page 36)

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LOUISE MACK'S DIARY

"Give me my moments, you may have your years."

—Richard Middleton.

GERTRUDE FINISHING

On and on she wanders. The first night of "Evensong," still playing to packed houses, and the tremendous success of Edith Evans. The curtain went up and down for Edith Evans. Up and down, up and down, up and down, it seemed forever. Then they called for Beverley Nichols, who by then had disappeared from his box and was not to be seen. But the crowd demanded him. They wouldn't desist. They made scenes. At last the stage manager came out and said: "Ladies and gentlemen. I am very sorry, but to get Mr. Beverley Nichols here would mean a free fight in the wings!"

Overcome by shyness, Beverley could not even be dragged on to the stage. As for the heroine being Melba, Beverley loudly and unceasingly and on every possible occasion declared that he never meant "Evensong" to be a portrait of Melba. It was not! It was not! It was NOT!

Then there's a flicked-in picture of Noel Coward at a garden party at Buckingham Palace. "I just happened to see Noel being presented to the King. He looked so young in his top hat and frock-coat, like a boy dressed up." Something like "Cavalcade" itself is Gertrude's talk, and the people that rush through.

Our old friend, Berta Ruck, whose new book is always flamed all over London, an event, and who calls herself Mrs. Oliver now, not Mrs. Oliver O'Brien, as she really is; Myra Hess, the greatest pianist in London; Alice Grant Roseman; Marjorie Bowen; Mrs. Alec Tweedie; Sir Granville Ryrie; George

CAREER THAT GIRLS DREAM OF

MISS ELIZABETH HUNGER,

of New York, has realised the dream of a million girls who take a commercial course and enter business. According to a cable she has married her employer, and he is a millionaire—Matthew Brush, America's richest bachelor.

Just what a commercial career offers to a woman will be discussed in a future issue of The Australian Women's Weekly under the "Careers for Women" feature. Meanwhile, see Page 9.

Lambert's brilliant sons, and their wonderful work in music and sculpture, and the exquisite Maurice Lambert fish in pearl sculpture that the Tate gallery have just purchased—but I shall get into trouble if I go on. Regrettably I must stop, I may be stealing Gertrude's thunder, so this is the end of that.

MRS. BRADFIELD

I've always been wondering what would happen if Dr. Bradfield got his title, and dear Mrs. Bradfield became Lady Bradfield, and somehow, between myself and my diary, I must confess I'm glad that Mrs. Bradfield is still there. Downside of times coming back from hospital, getting out of the train at Gordon, I would find my suitcase seized, or my parcels grabbed, and there'd be Mrs. Bradfield trotting along besides me, coming out of her way so that she could help carry someone's burdens.

Could Lady Bradfield have done that? Ah, yes! Title or no title, this little simple, pale, absolutely natural woman, all kindness, with a quite remarkable ease for carrying other people's parcels, would always have been Mrs. Bradfield. That's her real title, her many friends think. And so quaint, in her own little lovable way.

The last time I went over to the house in the garden I found her in the drawing room at Gordon with a baby in her arms, a fair-haired little grandson, the image of Dr. Bradfield. Suddenly the baby began to cry. It cried, and cried, and cried. I thought it was just ordinary baby-cry. But Mrs. Bradfield knew better. Softly she enunciated: "It's your black dress and hat, dear! Babies like bright colors!" That was new to me, so I hereby pass the idea on.

MRS. NOCK

Away, and away, and away, far from the madding crowd, out on the great flat plains between Parkies and Forbes lies a big, white spreadabout homestead known by the lovely name of Neelungaloo, and that's where you'll find Mrs. Nock.

TURNING the PAGES of YESTERDAY



SOME evening when you have nothing better to do, dig out the old family album and turn over the pages. You will enjoy it, especially if you have a catty old aunt to sit by and give you the "low-down" on your relatives.

This is what we did the other night, and here are a few pictures taken haphazard from the album, together with aunt's comments:—

1. This is Aunt Emma and her husband. She is my father's sister, and always said, "I am not going to get married yet," but she did.

2. And this is old Mrs. Jones. Can you imagine her being as slim as in this picture?

3. I have torn it out at least three times already. This time I will burn it. That is Aunt Elsie.

4. The boys are Uncle Will and Henry. Henry married an actress who later eloped to America with another man. He never had any luck, Uncle Henry.

5. This is my brother Paul. He is a shop-walker now. If you ever want to buy collars, he can get them for you at wholesale prices.

6. This is a picture of me on the day I was confirmed. Remember how fashionable ruckings used to be and kid gloves?

7. And this is Aunt Elizabeth. Things are certainly hard with her. Last time I showed her this picture she cried.

8. This is cousin Margaret. She has had a lot of trouble; first with the shop and then with Joe. Joe is really a good man, but she can never allow him to come home by himself on pay night.

NEW GUINEA THROUGH a WOMAN'S EYES

Women see things differently from men—even the tropics, which fascinate everyone. In this interesting article Gretchen Larsen writes of New Guinea as it appeared to her. She misses few of its intriguing aspects.

By GRETCHEN LARSEN

IN the territory the menus are marked thus:—

1. Soup.
2. Chicken and ham.
3. Plum pudding.

If two of us wanted soup, we would ask the boy "to catch 'im two fella number one."

One has always to ask for the number on the menu, as the "boys" cannot remember soup.

Among the natives, brunettes are very plebeian. Even cannibal gentlemen prefer blondes. The "boys" do all house work, garden and cook, but ironing—O ye gods! One of the men gave them his shirts and pyjamas to launder, and they were returned minus buttons—they had taken them off and made amulets out of them! It is difficult to make the boys bolt the white clothes.

"Too much cook 'em," they tell you. The funniest sight is to see them playing football. I never laughed so much in my life. They just wear lap-laps (loin cloths) and heavy boots, and the match inevitably ends in a hand-to-hand fight.

EVERY evening at 10.30 we listen-in for the news from down south, relayed from Queensland. It makes one homesick at times, but it also makes one feel that "down south" isn't so far away after all.

There is a great bond between these people in the lonely outposts of the Empire—a comradeship one only meets with the people of the great outback in Australia. No man signs on the dotted line. His word is his bond. If it isn't—well, he'd better pack up—and quit.

Everyone who desires to fly in—there is no other means of getting there—to Wau is lined up, weighed, and docketed. If the aggregate weight of the passengers is a few ounces over, the heaviest one gets out.

Everyone is carried into Wau by aeroplane. It really makes one thrill with pride to see the splendid types of fellows who are away up there, on the top of the world, carrying out the best traditions of the Empire in pioneering.

Wau has its tennis courts, library, two stores, beautiful up-to-date bungalows, replete with every modern convenience,

electricity and ice. These bungalows are built from cedar felled in the great forests up there, and the floors when polished are really fine, and comparable with anything down south. At a recent dance, 35 ladies were present, and were as well gowned as any of their southern sisters.

TO get to the great Edie Creek mining centre, one has either to walk the thirteen miles of precipitous mountain, which rises to 8000ft., or else a good Samaritan may allow one the use of one of his mules. In either case, it is a tiring and painful process.

Sometimes, as one stands high on the mountain side and watches the mule packs with stores toiling laboriously up the winding track amid the huge firs, one's mind goes back in fancy to Gallipoli and the same old mule packs on their way up from Syria with stores for the troops.

At Kiandl, Edie Creek, are the great mines, and many bungalows scattered about the sides of the mountains. The best types of womanhood are to be found in this wild and mysterious land, which is often enveloped in clouds for hours at a time. The women here are busy, and therefore, there is no time for petty gossiping.

Every bungalow is well appointed, and has its own vegetable garden—and wonderful flower gardens as well. I have never seen better roses, lupins or carnations anywhere. The boys love the flowers, and I was very touched when my particular boy came in very shyly with one hand behind his back, and then ceremoniously presented me with two lovely red roses.

They are, in spite of their cannibalistic tendencies, very lovable, and my boy actually weeps when I say that I will soon be going away. "No! No! Me belongs you, you no go away!"

At the Creek many women have been working their own claims. Miss Josephine Parer has with 20 boys been at hers for some time. A doctor's wife from Port Moresby also with the aid of boys works her claim, also little Mrs. Rex, from Rockhampton.

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(Please mention Women's Weekly)

POLO SECRETS Told by The HORSES

By ETTA COWAN, who interviewed the ponies before the play started at Kensington this week.

"MY Dear Palato, what a perfectly lovely monogram you have on your modish polo coat!"

"Yes, it is rather sweet. Wallace Horsley is a most thoughtful man. He knows I understand all my duties in life, and, of course, when he whispers to me 'Go, I always do my best.'"

"By the way, have you seen the 'Silver Queen'? She is a modish woman. You could truthfully describe her as a platinum blonde. Curtis Skeke took her ticket from Camden; she really does look very regal, and Camden rather prides itself on her silvery pony-skin coat."

"You should watch out, too, for the smart creature wearing the latest thing in sea-bitten-grey suiting. Will let you into a secret. His owner makes a great friend of him, and they will be seen together at Kensington."

"Coramal is a pony with a clean, white face. At the word 'chucker' one ear is pricked up; almost the same effect as the word 'actress' has on the man-about-town."

"Kundabund is wearing the loveliest



SHE: It doesn't matter whether I wear chiffon or velvet; you like me anyway, don't you?

HE: I'll always love you through thick and thin.

thing in blonde pony-skin. A mere man would describe this color as light chestnut, but anyway, she looks a pukka men-sahib. Of course, you know that Ken Mackay pays all her tiffin bills, and W. H. Mackay is equally proud to pay Vivit's corn bills. Both these visitors look just full of beans."

"Yes, my dear, we ponies are too thrilled for words at the prospect of a real polo season once again. It makes all the ponies feel virtuous, and besides, it is so good for business. Ponies have to have their train fares paid. All our neighbors are busy travelling, and the shops are doing a good trade in polo clothes."

(There are pictures of the horses on the Pictorial Page.)

HUNDREDS IN SEARCH FOR BEAUTY QUEST*

Magnificent Prizes Offered

Already hundreds of eager entrants are sending in their photographs for The Search For Beauty contest in which The Australian Women's Weekly and Paramount are co-operating in a quest for Australia's most perfect man and woman.

This contest gives young Australian men and women a really wonderful opportunity of winning what everyone must at some time have yearned for—a screen career. But this is not all.

The contest winners are offered:—

1. A part in the Paramount picture, "The Search For Beauty," at a salary of fifty dollars per week for a minimum of five weeks. 2. Transportation to and from Hollywood. 3. Hotel accommodation during their stay in Hollywood. 4. Chance to compete for special bonus of 2000 dollars, and a wonderful chance of a screen career. 5. Wardrobe of clothes to each valued at £150 by courtesy of Sidney Myer (Melbourne). 6. To the woman winner a canteen of cutlery valued at £200, by courtesy of Viner and Hall, Ltd.

The Search for Beauty Contest will close on Saturday, July 8. The two Australian national winners, to be selected by a special committee of judges in the Paramount Studios in Hollywood from screen tests of the State

winners, will sail from Sydney on the Matson ship, s.s. "Mariposa," on August 23.

Screen tests of the State winners from West Australia, South Australia, Tasmania, and Victoria will be made in Melbourne on July 20 to 22 under Paramount's direction. Screen tests of the two winners from Queensland and New South Wales will be made in Sydney on July 21 and 22. All screen tests will then be despatched to the Paramount Studios, in Hollywood, for final adjudging there of the two national winners on August 15.

All adjudging will be based on the handsomeness, beauty, personality, and talent of the entrants. Entrants should send two photographs to the local theatre authorised to conduct the contest. One photograph should be a facial study, and the other should be a full length. The contestant should preferably be in bathing costume for this second portrait.

In addition to a Paramount contract and a trip to the Paramount Studios in Hollywood, a deluxe walnut cabinet of sterling silver and ivory ware is offered as a national prize to the woman winner by Viner and Hall, the world's leading silverware craftsmen.

The following theatres are authorised to conduct the local contest:—

NEW SOUTH WALES
Sydney Prince Edward
North Sydney Orpheum
Rushmore Park Hurlstone
Camberley Capitol
Paddington Pine Ways
Newcastle Civic
Central Coast Ritz

Mr. P. Viner-Hall, managing-director of the company, designed the cabinet himself. It is constructed of solid walnut on two broad stands, with the upper case and drawer containing a complete set of sterling silver and ivory for the woman winner of the "Search for Beauty" Contest to use as hostess at any party.

The prize is now on display at the Prince Edward Theatre, Sydney, the N.S.W. headquarters of the contest.

MAGNIFICENT GIFT
Mr. Sidney Myer, governing-director of Myer's Emporium in Melbourne and Adelaide, has offered a complete outfit to the two Australian national winners. Recognising the importance of Aus-

tralia's man and woman representatives being well and properly dressed when they are sent to Hollywood in August to appear in the Paramount picture, "The Search for Beauty," Mr. Myer generously made the offer of £150 worth of frocks and other apparel to the winning woman, and the same amount in clothing to the winning man.

"Australia's most beautiful woman and most handsome man are entitled to the finest we can give them in personal dress," said Mr. Myer, "for the many parties and receptions they will attend in Hollywood. We shall see to it that the two winners of the Search for Beauty Contest will be completely and properly outfitted for their personal appearance anywhere."

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LOVELY HAIR is the key to feminine charm . . .



An adorable face, faultless skin, sparkling white teeth . . . how often these girlish charms are spoiled by hair that falls woefully short of perfection! And how often the plainest of features are glorified . . . made truly beautiful by lovely hair! Indeed, the most important secret of feminine charm is lovely hair, as every skilled beauty expert will tell you. Permanent Waving DONE WELL will create naturally wavy or naturally curly hair, increasing its lustre and lending to it the fresh, glamorous tints of youth . . . Much depends on the operator. Buckingham's only employ senior skilled operators, and in their sachets use only the best ingredients—Aqua Pure Oil costs three times as much as the Oil generally used—none other will do us—it is the attention to such details that give such satisfactory results. So next time let Buckingham's give you a perfect wave—ring F3141.

Amazing Offer—Expertly waved—& guaranteed
ANDREE OIL WAVE, now only 15/-

CHIROPODY

Nothing aches a person more than tired, aching feet—there is no need to suffer excruciating agony caused by corns, callouses, and improving toe nails. These can be removed in a few minutes, and cured permanently by our expert Chiropodist. Corns removed from 1/- No pain—immediate relief guaranteed. CHIROPODY DEPARTMENT, 2ND Floor.

This is an amazing offer—NO EXTRAS—no shillings added after you are in the chair—and it is a genuine OIL wave . . . Waved on a world-famous machine (we cannot disclose the name on account of price)—we guarantee every head perfect—satisfaction or refund. Long Bobbed heads—exactly the

same process, 21/- The reason that Buckingham's can wave your hair so well, and at almost half the down-town prices is that rates, taxes, and charges are less than in the heart of the city—another honest fact is, that we simply have to offer better value and give better service to attract business.

EUGENE WAVE

World-famous Eugene Wave, done with imported sachets . . . Soft undulating waves—so deceptively natural, and of lasting permanency for many months. Our new machines make this an absolutely safe and comfortable wave. SPECIAL PRICE, from 25/-.

Madame Day—New Beauty Specialist



We have secured the services of no less a person than the famous Beauty Technician—Madame Louise Day, trained by Elizabeth Arden, San Francisco—Maybelline Laboratories, Chicago—and Max Factor, U.S.A. Madame Day has come to us with all the most modern methods of beauty treatment. An important phase of modern Beauty Culture is the muscle strapping, skin-toning method now used in the best American salons. Under her scientific methods, stimulation can be given to sagging muscles and sluggish circulation, thus keeping the contour of the face compact. Lines at the eyes—a double chin—sagging throat—all are tell-tale signs where age shows first . . . these disappear under Madame Day's treatment as if by magic.

Treatments only 5/6 ea. Course of 6 sittings 30/

21 Rooms—the Finest Equipped Salon in the City

Beautiful rooms with lacquered panelling in two tones—and every interior done in different pastel shades . . . thick piled carpets—plus the most modern equipment procurable, make these rooms incomparably the best in Sydney.

Special services include the new automatic drying—which obviates that "dried skin" feeling—metal hood dryers are now becoming things of the past. Every customer has a separate room—free from prying eyes—then you may have your lunch, morning or afternoon tea brought you for a few pence—or be manicured while your hair dries. Enjoy complete luxury—excellent service—and save the shillings. Ring F3141 for appointment.



BUCKINGHAM'S LTD.
OXFORD STREET - - SYDNEY

Careers For Women



MISS IDA LEESON, B.A., is one brilliant University woman who has succeeded; she is now chief librarian of the Mitchell Library. But very few such positions ever offer themselves.

The UNIVERSITY WOMAN as a JOB-GETTER

This article upon what the University offers women in the way of careers is continued from last week. This is the third of our Special Commissioner's articles upon careers for women.

THE University year is only about 30 weeks long, divided into three terms. The first term opens about the middle of March, and the third term ends when examinations commence about mid-November. Examinations are nearly always over by the first or second week in December. Students have the rest of the year free.

People (not only men), undertaking studies at the University should realise (a great many never do), that there are two great barriers between University graduates and employment:

(1) The prejudice and resentment (sometimes justified) still felt by many business people towards University graduates.

(2) The unjustified confidence of many graduates that their degree will (or should) bring them an immediate job.

Both are due to erroneous ideas which have grown up through a series of misconceptions.

A degree indicates a certain amount of knowledge, but not necessarily tact or wisdom. This depends entirely upon the graduate. Universities turn out a good many prizes, but a great many prizes have never been near a University.

Advice is really unnecessary on this very vexed matter. Every graduate who has learned to think clearly and reasonably during University years will realise that his or her degree can be a peril and an impediment unless there is an honest and reasonably clear mind behind it.

The graduate should be confident in his special knowledge, but realise its limits.

No friction can then possibly occur. Such a graduate cannot but be an asset. A widened, alert, and trained mind must help any business.

The majority of Sydney's employers realise this, and give a graduate of the right type preference. The returns of the University Appointments Board confirm this.

Above all, a degree does not guarantee a job, even in good times. Used properly, it can be a tremendous help even in bad times.

The B.A. is probably the most mistrusted degree of all as far as the general public is concerned, simply because its merits have been misconstrued. It is worth a great deal more than many think, and a great deal less than many others (mostly recent graduates) think. But, as a job-winner, its value is not very high.

In Economics

The woman training for a responsible position in the business world has far more to gain by, and more to hope for from, the degree in economics. Coupled with the B.A., the B.Ec. is an extremely

valuable combination. This double course, however, takes a minimum of six years. The B.Ec. alone takes four years.

In the economics course students are trained in theoretical economics, public finance, commercial and industrial law, modern political institutions, industrial organisation, accountancy, business principles, economic history, and other subjects with a direct bearing upon business.

The woman equipped with such a training, particularly if she has also studied shorthand and typewriting, has a distinctly good chance of securing a position. But even then, many women graduates in economics have had to be content with an initial salary not much higher than that paid to a thoroughly untrained girl. Still more does this make it clear that a degree, even an honors degree, is not a passport to riches, although it may easily be a tremendous help.

It is possible to take the B.A. course, a year shorter than the B.Ec. course, and include in it certain "economics" subjects. A wise and useful course can thus be planned by a girl seeking a University training which will make her more capable of filling a responsible commercial position.

These are all for the girl, however, who does not want to undergo a definite course of training in one of the professional faculties—medicine, dentistry, law, architecture, engineering, not forgetting massage.

The tragic lesson of the last few years has been that even here the possession of a degree has not guaranteed employment.

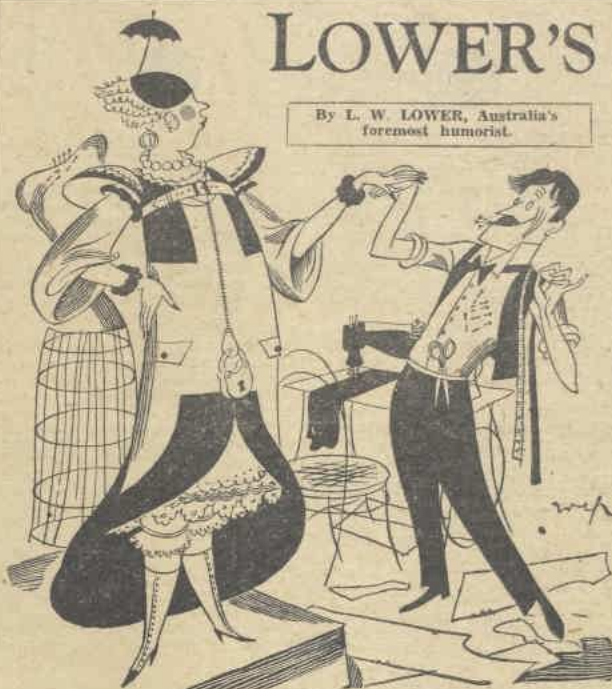
It would be entirely wrong to suggest that a degree is not an asset.

The bulk of women who pass through universities, and seriously look for employment, do find positions relatively better paid than those which go to women not so qualified.

But some University women do not get jobs. But any woman who takes to heart the lesson supplied by these women—that a degree is not a guarantee of employment—stands a far better chance of gaining lucrative employment than others. She will then guard against the dangers of her position.

The University does give careers to women, brilliant careers to some. Every woman who can possibly do so should take a course. She will gain more if she deliberately plans the course to some useful end. In any case she will probably gain—in cultural and mental development.

What this article has attempted to show is that besides the recognised professional training in law, medicine, and so on, women can be trained in other faculties of the University in subjects that will open many other careers to them.



By L. W. LOWER, Australia's foremost humorist.

LOWER'S IDEA of the Perfect FROCK

astrakhan with a bolero effect at the hips.

ZIP! AND LO!

The way I have made this one, it is imperative that the lady who wears it should have no bust, and one shoulder should be slightly higher than the other. A zip fastener runs down the front, enabling the wearer to sit down if necessary.

Hats are even smaller than the custard-ple ones that were so popular a few months ago. The new hats fit snugly inside the ear-hole and are quite plain. For garden parties and the like the picture hat is again coming into vogue. They are extremely large, and would not suit a short woman as she might be mistaken for a marquee. The trimmings may be of feathers, flowers, fruit, vegetables, or nuts.

Handbags are designed to match the times, being just large enough to hold the powder-puff and the lip-stick, with a cute little separate compartment for sole tickets.

Sports wear is almost entirely of knitted wool, except, of course, the shoes, which may be of some other material.

A chic little sports suit for reading the race results in is a mission oak shade of feather-stitched lamb's wool with two hip-pockets and a knitted pencil-sharpener. It is quite simply made.

One needs two No. 5 knitting needles (or one No. 10 will do if these are unobtainable) and about twelve pounds of wool.

First of all one casts on two rows of plain, then two rows of purl. Cast off. Then you do the chain.

First lady forward; the gentleman bows. Corners.

Keep on doing this till the wool runs out, and then join pieces.

When Mons. Pierre Lecouf saw this costume, he said, "Monsieur Lower! Boulevard tres mais donc le guerre! C'est pas avec vous vin blanc le chien triste!"

And coming from a man like Mons. Lecouf, I regard that as high praise indeed.

Now get back to your kitchen.

NOW, although married, I am not like that.

Nothing pleases me better than to design little things for my wife and her lady friends, and I am never happy unless I am pottering about doing a bit of rucking or box-pleating. As a matter of fact, pleating boxes is one of the best things I do, although I have done a fair amount of accordion pleating for those musically inclined.

This season's designs are much above anything I have done before. I should say that they are approximately eight inches above.

The waist, to be fashionable, must be worn under the armpits.

As all you girls know, woman's fashions are mostly designed by men. I should imagine that they are all single men. The average married man's idea of the perfect frock for a woman is a large chaff-bag with holes cut in it for the head and arms. Wool-bales for the winter.

An unique and exclusive model which I have just finished says slightly at the back, and is a bit short in the front. The even hem-line is obtained by the wearer walking in a slightly crouched position, as though just about to jump. The costume is in a pale cream velvet organdie with black silk goudet (pronounced "Good-") slightly box-pleated in the front and shirred a little at the back.

The skirt is slit as far up as the waist, to allow for expansion and distraction.

Another of my models is a straight sheath gown of pale dog-colored

HE FELL IN LOVE WITH HER SMILE



HER VOICE WAS THE SWEETEST MUSIC TO HIS EARS.



HE WORSHIPPED THE GROUND SHE WALKED ON

TILL... DUTIFUL DAUGHTER THAT SHE WAS... HER HANDS BEGAN TO TELL THE WORLD THAT SHE HELPED MOTHER WITH THE HOUSEWORK



AND THEN... HOW HE SUFFERED TO SEE HER SWEET HANDS LINED AND STAINED...

BUT SOON... HAPPINESS AGAIN! SHE STARTED USING SOLVOL..



..AND NOW HE'S DYING TO SLIP THE RING ON THAT SOFT WHITE FINGER!

Red Bedrooms Are DANGEROUS

Dr. Donald Laird, of Colgate University, for many years has studied the sleeping habits of all kinds of people.

In his report, which he has just completed, he states that people should be taught how to sleep just as babies are taught how to walk.

"Sleeping is not a simple accomplishment that anyone can do well," he says, and adds:

If your body is awake your mind will not sleep. Red in the bedroom may keep you awake.

Older persons sleep longer, but not so well.

There is no substitute for sleep, but the loss of two hours of sleeping time can be slightly recompensed by substituting a generous supply of carbohydrates, particularly sugars.



"CINDERELLA HANDS" can regain their attractiveness.

No matter how grimed and stained the housework makes your hands, a few moments with SOLVOL'S rich lather will make them soft and white, and lady-like once more. Away come the deepest stains, the most obstinate grime in that safe gentle but thoroughly cleansing lather. Give your hands soft whiteness in spite of housework—use SOLVOL

An Editorial

JUNE 24, 1933.

NATURE BALANCES
HER BUDGET

THESE are economical times we live in. Governments are cutting expenditure, factories are cutting costs, shopkeepers are cutting prices, and individuals are cutting out luxuries. Old Mother Nature herself is doing her bit to balance the budget by cutting down the size of our families!



We think of Nature as hostile or at best indifferent to man, but at times she seems to show an uncanny knowledge of the needs of her human family. The high proportion of male children born after the War was her attempt to redress the disparity of the sexes caused by the disastrous weakening of our man-power.

Nature gives the gift of fecundity where it is most needed. The birth-rate in country districts, where labor is precious and food plentiful, is always higher than in the cities.

The birth-rate in Australia has been falling steadily during the depression. In 1921 there were 15 babies born to every 1000 of our population, in excess of deaths per 1000. In 1930 the rate of natural increase (births over deaths) had dropped to 11 per 1000, in 1931 to 9, and last year there were only 8 babies per 1000.

All over the world Nature is trying to live within her reduced income and the Australian birth-rate is still high in comparison with countries in which the depression is even more acute. For every gain of 10 babies per 1000 in England in 1921 there were only 3 in 1931, and the same ten years showed in Germany a drop from 11 to 5.

The average Australian woman nowadays marries after she has passed her middle twenties, and accordingly the likelihood of her having a very large family is not great.

There is probably consternation in the Land of the Unborn Children about the difficulty of finding parents nowadays.

LYRICS OF LIFE

THE DREAM OF GOD

I shall not see it nor will you,
Nor will our children—this new earth
That this old earth is coming to,
When worth will be the only worth;
And yet the world at last will find
There only is one race—mankind.

I shall not see it, nor will you,
Nor will our children—earth one sod;
And yet that dream will yet come true,
Because it was the dream of God.
Turn back to Genesis and scan
That dream again: "Then God made man."



POINTS OF VIEW

Seeking a Blackguard

SOMEWHERE a blackguard is at large! But the law is on his track. No woman can fail to note the significance of the District Coroner's remarks in the Muswellbrook trial. He said that Irene Marden, the young Glen Innes girl, who is accused of throwing her baby from a train, had gone through a terrible ordeal, and that a man would get a girl into trouble and desert her was a blackguard.

Who the blackguard is the law will find out. Fifty years ago it probably would not have bothered. In those days it was the women who always paid.

Why Not Our Own

IN the first edition of your splendid new Weekly a writer deplored the fact that she was forced to buy tinned oysters which were not produced in Australia. No doubt many people are still unaware of the new industry that is rapidly coming to the fore at Port Stephens. Some few months ago an enterprising young Australian leased a large factory right on the shores of Port Stephens and began to tin oysters. From a small beginning with a staff of two or three young girls he now has approximately 20 employees, and has extended the scope of the business to embrace the tinning of fish—G.

Troubled German Women

WE have become fairly hardened now to the excesses of the German religious and political temperament. A good deal of these have mostly concerned men (although women have suffered bitterly also), but most home-loving women could afford to pass them by. Now, however, the least imaginative woman in Germany must look forward with anxiety. Frau Goebbels, wife of the Minister for Propaganda, has established an official fashion bureau. The decrees issued by this bureau will decide what women's dress shall be. Even the editors of fashion journals and the leading dressmakers must observe the decrees.

Thunder On The Left

IF one could believe that the activities of the bureau would be limited to "the encouragement of simplicity and good taste" (as Frau Goebbels says they will) then Germany might still have a shred of happiness. But the threat that "aesthetic offences will not be tolerated" and that "one of the first tasks will be to decree the correct expanse of back for new bathing dresses," is like the old Roman thunder on the left. It means trouble.

Historical Document

MR. J. S. McDONALD, the Director of Sydney's Gallery, has not the funds at his disposal to buy Rembrandts and van Eyks and Flemish triptychs, and Rodin's casts of his sculpture, but he has added to the fine collection of works by Australian artists which our Gallery has built up. He, by the way, is a Melbourne man.

Victorians are, indeed, very prominent in the life of Sydney. Is our city to the rest of Australia what London is to the rest of England? At any rate, so I began to reflect when the other day I met Miss Janet Mitchell, who has just taken charge of the Women's College at Sydney University, in the stead of Miss Williams, who is spending the year overseas.

Miss Mitchell is a Victorian, and so is Miss Williams. The new acting-principal, who is a daughter of Sir Edward Mitchell, K.C., has had a vivid life. Her articles and lectures on Manchuria earlier in the year described her wanderings in the East. But despite those experiences, or perhaps because of them, she was a great success when, a year or two ago, she was thrift officer for the Government Savings Bank. She is a graduate of London; Miss Susie Williams, of Cambridge.

Railway Eyesore

IF you have ever been held up by traffic while crossing Central Square, darting hither and thither in a frenzied attempt to preserve the safety of life and limb, you will be pleased to learn that Sir John Sulman (Member of the Town Planning Institute of London, and Vice-President representing Australia of the International Federation for Housing and Town Planning) is desirous of making the path across the roadway safer for you.

In a speech last week, Sir John Sulman said that at present Central Square was one of the most unattractive open spaces in our city. There was no sense of ordered design in the whole area, and to cross it from east to west during peak hours of traffic was a nightmare. He proposed to meet the difficulty of crossing by forming safety islands, one of which (the enlarged central space) could be grassed and planted with flowering shrubs and dignified by a fountain or a public memorial.

If these suggestions were realised, Central Square, instead of being an eyesore, would be worthy of the city of which it was the focal centre.

They All Have Bags

THE Municipal Library is at present hung round with notices reading—"Borrowers are informed that on and after Monday, June 12,



THIS DELIGHTFUL DRAWING by Augustus John, R.A., has recently been purchased privately in Sydney. Augustus John is probably the greatest living painter. He is a decorator as well as being a master of portrait painting.

1933, no person will be allowed to enter the library if they have bags or parcels with them. The bags and parcels will not be taken charge of at the counter, and if they are left outside the library it is at each person's risk."

If the regulation had meant a tightening-up of the rule that bags and parcels must be left at the counter, then no fault could be found, as it would be realised that it was meant to safeguard the public's property. But, as it stands, the regulation is going to be as much a useless irritation as it is a safeguard.

The Municipal Library is not a charitable institution. It is maintained by the people, and even the out-of-work reader is paid for by somebody. I am inclined to think most people will agree there are other and happier ways of obtaining what the regulation is aimed at.

The Romance In
House NamesStrange, Intriguing
Stories in Them

Lions rampant, gules, and all the jargon of heraldic lore are one way of expressing family traditions. There's another—and you need go no further than Brighton-le-Sands to see it, on the simple nameplate of a house. It is as richly symbolic as any coat-of-arms.

THIS nameplate commemorates one Peter Moginie, an ancestor of Mrs. C. Moginie, of Brighton-le-Sands, who settled in 1069 A.D. in sleepy Avoncum (now known as Chescales), in Switzerland. Ever since 1740 members of the family have used this name for their homes.

The Moginies claim that they can trace their descent back to B.C. 517.

This fascinating story was brought to light recently by the curiosity of Miss Dorothy Vautier, one of Sydney's youngest woman announcers, who wanted to know how people came to choose the names of their homes.

She asked her listener friends recently to tell her the story of their house names. Here are some of the many other interesting replies:—

Mrs. V. E. Porteous, Maroubra, said: "Our house was called 'St. Albans,' but we did not like the name. One day my husband brought home some wooden letters for baby to play with. Baby promptly started to destroy them, so I suggested we make a new name for the house with them. There were enough letters undamaged to make up my first name, 'Evelyn.' After the letters were mounted and gilded they made a smart nameplate."

AFTER THE CHILDREN

Mrs. Ivy Lunetin, Centennial Park, wrote about her sister's home, named "Dor-jachar."

"It has mystified most people, especially the pronunciation," she says. "My sister has three children, Doris, Jack, and Harold, so she took the first three letters of their names, with, I think, excellent results."

Mrs. Barbara Thomson, Campsie, said of her mother's home, "Auld Reekie":—

"Sixty years ago my eldest brother parted from his mother, sister, and, younger brother at Auld Reekie (Edinburgh) to come to Australia in search of fortune. After many years he made good and returned to Scotland to fetch the rest of the family. When we arrived in Sydney he took mother to a house he had bought her and had named 'Auld Reekie.'"

Mrs. L. M. Carroll, Sans Souci, who has the very uncommon christian name of Lanoma, wrote that she uses it as the name for her house. It means "Lonely Dove."

Mrs. L. White, Campsie, has a house called "Arcidialis."

"No, it is not Welsh," she wrote; "it is the name of our first home, and was made up by my father out of the initials of the various members of our family."

Mrs. T. Vincent, Maroubra, and Mrs. F. Hargel, Kogarah, both use names which have attracted them since they were very young.

Since she was a child Mrs. Vincent has loved the name "Warrabee," meaning in one native dialect, "Come here," and Mrs. Hargel was taken by the name "Veronique" when she saw the musical play of this name in London years ago.

Mrs. M. Lothian, Concord, wrote: "My husband was secretary of a club known as the 'Wandian Club' before we were married. It was just a social and entertainment club, which held many dances. 'Wandian' means a place of entertainment, and as this is what I wanted our home to be for our children we called it by that name."

Mrs. F. G. Pace calls her house at Penshurst "Lambeth," because her husband's people live in South Lambeth Road, London, and it reminds them of their overseas relatives.

STAGE v. SCREEN DEBATE

MR. HAYWARD, of General Theatres, pointed out in a debate on the stage versus the screen, that there are 1200 Australian picture theatres and only 12 active legitimate theatres.

This was really the last word in the argument, and proved conclusively that the screen has already won the right to the lion's share of the entertainment business.

There is still room for both, of course, and while the stage can never compete with the films in adaptability, the films can never provide the personal appeal of the stage.

PROBATION

Her romance! Must everything be taken from her?



HERE was a vigorous knock on the door.

"Simpson, are you there?—Simpson!"

Nurse Simpson turned from the window. She was small and slight, and, contrary to regulations, her hair persisted in escaping from her prim white cap—"a tail to every corner of the heavens," as the Matron put it.

"Simpson!"

Nurse Simpson sighed. She wished the other nurses wouldn't call her by her surname, like being in a school. It seemed years since anyone had called her Frances.

"Come in," she answered.

Nurse Kirkland entered the room. She was tall, thick-set, and capable, with hands made for lifting; no matter who the patient, she never needed help.

"Dreaming again," she said. "I'm just going off duty and I want to know if I can borrow your suede gloves."

Nurse Simpson mentally compared her own small hands with Nurse Kirkland's large ones.

"If you think—" she said hesitatingly.

"Oh, sure, I needn't wear them. But I want to look real smart this afternoon—" She paused expectantly, but Nurse Simpson did not ask why. She merely opened her private drawer and brought out the gloves.

"You won't lose them, will you?"

"I won't. Thanks, Simpson; you're a sport."

Nurse Simpson sighed again and mechanically set about tidying the bedroom, which she shared with two others—raw country girls with whom she had little in common.

She wished she could get used to things; to being addressed as Simpson, and being but a cog in a big machine that seemed to grind up the nurses even as it liberated the patients.

But she supposed a hospital must be run that way. The trouble was that she oughtn't to be a nurse.

On the death of her father, a year ago, the gates of happiness had, metaphorically speaking, closed in her face. Chemical research is an expensive hobby, and Professor Simpson had little to leave to his daughter. Before her eyes the house, the furniture—everything had disappeared to pay debts; and at length the lawyer confronted her with the grim question: "And now, Miss Simpson, what are you going to do?"

"I—I don't know."

"Can you type?"

"No."

"Know shorthand?"

"No."

"Well..." The lawyer drummed on his desk. That was the worst of these impractical people. Like father, like daughter.

"Could you advise me?"

The drumming ceased.

"I'm afraid, Miss Simpson, you haven't the experience for an office—and he might have added: 'The necessary qualifications either.' The only thing I can see for you is a shop, or you might become a nurse."

Miss Simpson's vivid imagination immediately conjured up visions of shops and nurses; tall, supercilious people fingering things; short fat people arguing about things; a heated atmosphere and the blaze of electric light... and then a nurse ministering to the sick, wearing a uniform

Illustrated
by
Syd
Miller

SECOND-HAND SHOP

By SYDNEY GORDON

"From him that hath not shall be..."

Aye, from him

This little that he had Fate

took away,

And in a window dirty,

small and dim,

It waits the eyes of those

who care to stay.

The flotsam of a hundred

varied craft,

Torn loose and jettisoned in

time of stress;

Lost and forgotten as it

drifted off...

And then there is the little

parly dress.

A dress of thin, cheap stuff,

in colors gay,

It hangs beside some sea-

brown fishing nets,

And at its shoulder is a tiny

spray

Of tender, garden-gathered

violets.

True flowers, hardly faded

yet, and so

She wore the dress last

night, and maybe laughed.

Her life to-day I know not,

but I know

A bunch of flowers, and a

dress, drift off.

Surely the calling of a nurse was a noble one!

"I had better be a nurse," she said.

"Then I'll give you a letter of introduction to the Matron of the Northborne Hospital for Women."

Miss Simpson took her letter and interviewed the Matron; and of the two Matrons was certainly the less impressed; but she needed nurses, especially educated ones, and perhaps dreamy, grey eyes could be trained to become less dreamy.

So Miss Simpson was enrolled as a probationer at twenty pounds a year and all found; and forthwith she became Nurse Simpson, with immediate and pressing duties that related to scrubbing and cleaning.

THERE were times when she felt she must go, that she couldn't stand the soul-grinding routine any longer; but she was always stopped by the question: Go where? She had no one in the wide world, and careful as she tried to be, her twenty pounds was swallowed up in things that simply must be bought.

So sternly she repressed herself, and tried to remember that polish a ward means polish a ward, and not leave greasy marks on the floor.

But it must be admitted that she learned slowly. The Sister in charge was cold and impassive—a mere machine—and "Nurse Simpson, you will have to do that again," or "Nurse Simpson, those sheets must be folded

straight," sometimes nearly drove her frantic; and once she had to retire hurriedly to prevent a public and disgraceful exhibition of tears.

Her contact with the patients was purely impersonal. She had to help lift, to wash, to change the bedding; and when anguished eyes were raised to hers and a voice whispered: "Nurse—" she was struck suddenly dumb. What could she say? Pain—she seemed so near to it and yet so far away.

Her skill, such as it was, seemed because of the patients, not for them.

By BERNARD J. FARMER

The Sister was the one they were appealing to: she was all-powerful—even when the Matron or the Doctor came round, her opinion mattered; but she, Nurse Simpson...

So "Yes" she answered, and "I'll ask Sister," and anguished eyes would follow her down the ward. She would ask Sister...

Her off-duty time was spent mostly in long walks or at the public library. She discovered that a ticket could be taken out free, and committed herself to the ruinous expense of an electric torch so that she could read under the bedclothes at night—an antidote to the whispered conversation of the other two girls.

The district she did not find very interesting: the hospital was in the midst of smoke and factories and chimneys and streets and streets of

little houses; and the people in it were thrifty and hardworking, but with few interests other than the painful acquisition of money.

Even her bedroom window looked out on to chimneys, and the tall blackened shafts, so thrust under her very nose, seemed the personification of a hard exterior.

She had no friends: the ones of her father's time seemed to have forgotten her, and she was at once too proud and too shy to approach them.

Then one day, while sitting in a small square almost denuded of grass, but called by courtesy a park, waiting till it was time for her to go on duty again, she made an acquaintance—a young man who by virtue of a certain superiority in clothes seemed as out of place as she was.

He did not immediately become known to her; indeed, she was hardly conscious of his presence at the other end of the bench till a sudden gust of wind blew the paper he was reading in her direction.

As she picked it up and returned it to him he smiled as he thanked her. "Pretty windy," he remarked.

Nurse Simpson agreed with reserve and returned to her book.

"It usually is windy here."

Again she agreed with reserve.

But he did not appear to notice and made other remarks of an equally casual nature, and presently, despite herself, she was entering into conversation.

In a more normal existence she would not have dreamed of speaking to a strange young man without a proper introduction, but now things seemed different; she had not spoken to anyone outside of the hospital for over three months, and it was hard to resist one who so obviously found her attractive.

At three o'clock she rose with a start. The young man rose, too.

"You're not going yet?" He had not told her his name or asked for hers, and she thought it rather tactful of him not to do so on such short acquaintance. "Surely, when we are just beginning to know each other—"

"I must go, or I shall be late for duty."

"Then I must see you again." But Nurse Simpson had suddenly remembered the proprieties.

But it must be admitted that she learned slowly. The Sister in charge was cold and impassive—a mere machine—and "Nurse Simpson, you will have to do that again," or "Nurse Simpson, those sheets must be folded straight," sometimes nearly drove her frantic.

"I don't think you should. Good-bye."

"Please—" He caught hold of her arm and smiled charmingly, persuasively. "You've no idea how lonely I am."

"Well," she relented a little. "I usually come here on Sunday afternoons when I'm off duty. Good-bye."

"Good-bye. And I shall come here, too."

Dreamily she walked back to the hospital, her mind unconsciously fitting him to her ideal. Her experience of men was not large—her mother had died when she was sixteen, and from then she had been too busy looking after her mild but erratic father to attend many dances—and if others might have suspected weakness behind his charm she merely found it a relief from the brusquerie of her daily contacts. He really was very nice.

"You're on nights, Simpson," was the first intimation she received when she returned.

Nurse Simpson jerked her mind back to work. She was on night duty. She had expected that would come. It meant extra work—the patients had all to be washed before the day nurse came on; and yes, it meant that she would not be able to keep her appointment on Sunday afternoon—for she was required to be in bed then.

She swallowed. It was too bad. The Sister had arranged it just to spite her!

"What's the matter?"

"No-thing."

Nurse Simpson turned to the window to hide her tears.

"Here, Kirkland—Simpson's started blubbing because she's on night duty."

"Oh, shut up, McClure. Leave the kid alone."

Nurse McClure, who had expected the joke to be received with the mirth it deserved, turned huffily away. Really there were times when Kirkland was past all bearing!

"Here's your gloves."

"Oh—thanks."

Nurse Simpson put them away in her drawer. Nurse Kirkland regarded her curiously.

"Nursing's not so bad when you get used to it," she said. "Same as in any other profession, the times off make up for the times on. You want to get a boy; that'll cheer you up."

(Continued on Page 38)

Military Uniforms of Other Days

Uniforms, medals, and a fanfare of trumpets to greet the patron, Major-General Sir Charles Rosenthal, helped to put a sparkle into the 37th anniversary regimental ball of the 36th Battalion.

On the stage, awaiting the arrival of the guest of honor, was an interesting group of six soldiers dressed in uniform of different periods.

The earliest of these uniforms, worn when the battalion was first founded by the Hon. Lieut.-Col. Cash Neild in 1897, was of bright red with the busby (or in summer the white helmet). The khaki uniform, puttees, and bandolier many recognised as the uniform worn during the South African War. With the khaki breeches and shirt of the compulsory training uniform nearly all present were familiar; but there was no one in the hall who did not recognise the khaki of our Diggers.

Now this uniform is changed, and the up-to-the-minute style shows no high breast pockets, the tunic is more fitting, and the collar and cuffs are green.

BIOLOGIST Hits Back AT AUSTRALIAN Feminists

By DR. BURTON BRADLEY.

"We cannot replace the architecture of a thousand million years' evolution in a day," says Dr. Burton Bradley, a distinguished Macquarie Street specialist, in this very critical article in which he says that the attitude of many leading feminists is "founded upon a very incomplete understanding of biological principles."

IN the first issue of The Australian Women's Weekly, Mrs. Linda P. Littlejohn summarises the proceedings of the Women Voters' Federation.

Among other things, she mentions that the conference affirmed that all positions in the Civil Service should be open to women as well as to men, that there should be equal pay for both sexes, and that all laws, measures, or regulations dealing with public morals should be so framed as not to differentiate between the sexes.

This attitude on the part of some representative women in our community, which insistently stresses the desirability of equal rights of the sexes in all economic, social, and moral matters, seems to me to be founded on a very incomplete understanding of biological principles.

Like it or not, we must, in the long run, admit that these biological principles are better guides to the practical control of social matters than any man-made or woman-made schemes, which fail to take cognisance of the essential animal nature of us all.

Biologists' viewpoint of a man and woman is that they are complementary organisms, each with their special definite spheres in relation to the family and communal life of the species homo sapiens, and neither measurable with the same foot rule, nor likely to possess equality.

Thus no one, giving even quite a little consideration to man's place and woman's place in nature, can reasonably agree with the idea that seems to underlie so many of "women equality" movements.

In particular relation to the above-quoted resolutions, which demand equal opportunity for women for all posts and positions, and equal pay for same, and ask that woman should be treated in the same way as man in regard to all matters of laws and morals, it would be interesting to consider the precise effect if this idea were logically carried out.

I AM sure Mrs. Littlejohn and her enthusiastic friends would not ask for equal opportunity without conceding equal responsibility. In other words, she would not contend, I take it, that woman should have the right to all the nice jobs, but that the masculine gallantry should cause him to still hold the rough and unpleasant ones.

One need not go into objectionable details, but surely there are many posts



HE (displaying new pet): "Yes! I bought it at a sale."
SHE: "Of what?"

and positions held by men in the Commonwealth and State Civil Services, that common humanity, let alone the considerations of the biological make-up of woman herself, would not approve of woman undertaking.

I doubt very much if the most enthusiastic women's rights advocate would suggest that sewer work, ploughing, or even many less objectionable forms of manual labor are physiologically suitable for women. Only the Soviet authorities have, in this respect, carried Mrs. Littlejohn's idea to its logical conclusion.

As regards the contention that equal pay for the sexes should be established, this again can be approached from a biological standpoint. The ordinary laws of supply and demand make it imperative that the purchaser of labor of any kind should get the maximum reasonably possible for the amount paid. Without going into any detail, it is obvious that, in many occupations, the animal make-up of woman will not enable her to give the same out-put as a man.

The insistence on equal wages will automatically unship numerous women from employment.

As regards the third contention, that woman should be treated by law, and her morals should be legally and socially governed by the same rules as govern man, even the most elementary experience in the understanding of the ways of living creatures of all kinds (including homo sapiens), shows that Nature, at any rate, has not made the sexes in such a manner as that this doctrine can be applied.

THERE is one other aspect of the proceedings reported by Mrs. Littlejohn, that amused a mere man, who happens to be a student of biology. Apparently, these good women contend that a mother should have equal rights with her husband in, say, divorce cases, in the guardianship of her children.

No biologist could fairly admit this, for, as a female animal—as a mother—the woman has infinitely greater attachments and rights to her children.

SHE WILL Miss "Lovely Sydney"

Even in cases where the woman was the guilty party, and unless very convincing evidence was produced to show that she was unfit to look after her children, the biologist would say that the woman should be made the custodian of

Lady Street has been very busy saying "au revoir" to her many friends during the week. First, there was the reception at the Queen's Club, which struck a new note in the decorative use of pomegranates. These came from the North Shore garden of Mrs. H. S. Dettmann, the wife of the popular headmaster of Sydney Grammar School.

Lady Street was one time president of the Forum Club, and was entertained at luncheon by its members.

"It will be difficult to find a more beautiful city than Sydney, and I will miss it all, especially the meetings in which I have taken an interest," said Lady Street.

Holding her bouquet of red roses and violets, and sitting beside the president, Lady Street, Lady Street, chattered to the members, assuring them she would tell the Forum Club, London, about its Sydney sister.

Lady Street, with her husband, the Chief Justice, Sir Philip Street, will leave at an early date for an extended holiday abroad.

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HIS BRIGHT IDEA

A YOUNG man whom I know has both a glory box and a trousseau. He is engaged to be married, and as he gets some spare cash he buys silk shirts, singlets, pyjamas, and similar articles for his trousseau, or else household articles for his glory box. The latter consist of such tools and gadgets that are useful to a man about a house. Some might call him a crank, or even suggest that he is effeminate, but this is not the case. Personally, I think it is a good idea—5/- to "Bunyip," Wollahra.

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The DEATH Scream

READ THIS FIRST

KATHERINE LACOMBE is staying with her uncle, Professor Philip Lacombe, an Egyptologist, with a private museum of ancient tomb relics in charge of an Arab servant, Haj Ibn Mayyud.

Guests of the professor are Dr. Kyne and Stewart Merriton, who are helping him in his work. Harrison Berkeley is the Professor's assistant. The household is awakened late at night by an unearthly scream.

Katherine phones DAN CORY, son of a police sergeant, against wishes of her uncle and his friends. She overhears their conversation in which they refer to the cry as the Death Scream, a Bedouin battle-cry.

Cory arrives and discovers that Merriton has been found by Dr. Kyne, stabbed to death in his bedroom. The weapon is missing, and the windows of the room are locked. The door is not. Cory notices hostility between Kyne and Katherine. As he is questioning them, the scream is heard again.

He searches outside the house, and finds marks of a heel and footprints on the beach. He later discovers that the room next to Merriton's bedroom had been raided by a Charles Burrill, who had left the previous day to stay at the local inn.

Inquiries disclose that Burrill is not in his room at the inn, but had left that night after receiving a 'phone call. Professor Lacombe tells Cory that Merriton had killed an Arab while in Egypt, and had been threatened with retribution.

Later, in a small office attached to the museum, Cory finds an overturned waste-paper basket. He picks up several pieces of paper bearing reference to "the Jewels of Amakkin, buried with the body of Ibrahim behind the temple of Sak Tahat." As he is reading them, the lights are suddenly extinguished.

Illustrated
by
WEP



Dan Cory raised his head. He saw the whole crowd, Katherine Lacombe, the professor, Dr. Kyne—all rushing toward him in horror. They must have heard the shot, of course.

him with: "You don't have to. He's on his way here." "Dad?"—incredulously. "With his twisted ankle?"

"When he heard you'd been hurt he said he'd get somebody to drive him out and be here by 9 o'clock—twisted ankle or no twisted ankle."

"Well, that's like him, all right," muttered Dan Cory. He sank back, frowning, his nerves quivering. And after a pause he asked abruptly, "Did Dr. Westfield say how long Burrill had been dead?"

"He thinks Mr. Burrill must have died sometime before midnight yesterday."

Before midnight! . . . And Stewart Merriton had not been killed until 3 a.m.

Dan Cory closed his eyes—a curtain lowered over mental chaos. He lay very still, thinking, struggling to gather all that had happened into a coherent sequence.

Charles Burrill, at any rate, had been definitely eliminated as a suspect—by Death itself. True, his tragedy created a mystery of its own. But Cory did not want to confuse himself by considering too many riddles at once. For the moment only one problem held his thoughts:

WHO had stabbed Merriton? Someone what perversely, he still found it difficult to believe, with conviction, in a vague, jinn-like, Bedouin avenger. The guilt of so ghostly a figure would not account for the savage attack of Haj Ibn Mayyud in the museum.

Haj? Was he guilty of the killings? If so, how explain the motor boat which had carried someone away in the fog?

Cory finally opened his eyes to find the girl watching him worriedly. He realised, with a little start, that she was holding his hand. Had, indeed, been holding it for several minutes.

He looked at her. And somehow, despite all this tragedy and horror he wanted to smile. But he didn't. He remained quite grave and asked, in a surprisingly crisp voice:

"Has anyone been able to explain why Haj flew at me?" Katherine Lacombe cast a swift nod towards a chair. "Those bags over there," she said quickly. "Harrison Berkeley thinks it was because Haj feared you would find them—or had already found them."

(Continued on Page 14)

Q UITE suddenly, without the slightest warning, the lights in the museum were extinguished. Blackness, then a blinding blackness. . . . He stood rigid. His nerves began to twang, and a prickling sensation crawled over his scalp like a chill. He saw nothing, heard nothing. Yet he knew, he sensed, that through the darkness of the museum something was creeping towards him.

"Who's that?"

Dan Cory's voice shot out harshly. He stood unshrinking, his heart pounding crazily. His eyes blazed in an effort to penetrate that wall of blackness. But he could not see. Nor did his words evoke a reply.

"Who's there?"

Again he flung out the challenge. His revolver was pointing straight into the museum. His left hand rose to grope for an electric switch on the wall of the office. It slipped up, down, left, right, in a swift search, but encountered nothing.

Then his straining ears caught a sound. A queer sound. The scraping of a foot, perhaps. Or—

Dan Cory did not see the thing that flew at him out of the darkness. He knew only that something heavy, like a rock, crashed viciously against the side of his head, just over the left ear, and plunged on to smash the glass of a bookcase.

It was not a direct blow. Yet it staggered him. For an instant the blackness seemed filled with explosive lights. He reeled back against the desk. Groaned. A thousand daggers were stabbing agony through his head. He tottered on the brink of oblivion, his arms reaching out as if to seize something for support.

And as he swayed there, sick and dizzy and stunned, somebody leaped upon him with the ferocity of a tiger.

A spurt of hot breath struck his face. Savage breath. He opened his

eyes to catch a momentary impression of a raised arm holding something poised to strike. . . .

Dan Cory squeezed the trigger of his revolver.

A crack—a flash of flame—

Then a shriek ripped through the blackness. Whoever had sprung upon Cory went down in a writhing, worm-like spasm of pain. He must have thrown himself about the floor in sheer agony, for the office was filled with the sounds he made among the scattered papers. His moans became guttural, gripping, terrible.

Dan Cory stumbled away blindly until he struck a wall. He doubted that he had the strength to cross the museum to the electric light switch. So, leaning there limply, with warm rivulets of blood twisting down his cheek, and the world spinning about his head, he sent trembling fingers into his pocket for matches.

Why this thing had happened, or who had attacked him, he could not attempt to guess now. Not while his knees sagged under him, not while his brain struggled desperately to cling to consciousness. Not while he had to exert all his strength and will merely to remain on his feet.

He found a match and struck it. A burst of weird yellow light filled the office. It was dim enough, yet momentarily it blinded him. Cory had to blink painfully as he gaped down at the figure on the floor. He recognised the wounded man at once. And gasped.

It was Haj. . . Haj Ibn Mayyud! . . . The Arab lay writhing like a serpent, both his hands pressed to his stomach. Cory stared at him as though he were looking upon a miracle.

Then, as the match flame neared his fingertips, he shot a wild look at the desk. It held a lamp. Cory staggered to it and pulled his little chain just as the match lost its fire.

Now a steady golden radiance filled the room and he dropped to his knees beside the man he had shot. A spat-

tering of his own blood splashed on Haj Ibn Mayyud's forehead.

Cory could not reason now. Nor could he temporise. He could only leap to a wild conclusion.

"You!" he rasped thickly. "You killed Merriton!"

"No!" groaned Haj Ibn Mayyud. "No-o!"

"Don't lie to me now!"

"I didn't! I didn't kill him!" the Arab gasped. "I didn't!"

Cory jammed the muzzle of his gun against the man's heart. He had no intention of shooting. But he was madly determined to get facts.

"You tell me the truth!" he smashed through his teeth. "This is no time to—"

"I tell you I didn't kill him!"

"Then who did?"

"I don't know!" Haj Ibn Mayyud felt another hard jab of the revolver and suddenly screamed in an insane mixture of terror and pain and defiance: "I won't tell! You can't shoot it out of me! I won't tell!"

Then the museum was ablaze with lights.

Dan Cory raised his head. He saw the whole crowd—Katherine Lacombe, the professor, Dr. Kyne, Harrison Berkeley, Dr. Westfield, the servants—all rushing toward him in horror. They must have heard the shot, of course.

He grinned crookedly, tried to rise. His left hand rested for support on the malleolus that had struck his head—a grotesque piece of Egyptian sculpture. Why Haj had thrown it at him he did not yet know. And he was too dazed to try thinking. He managed to lift one leg.

But that was all. A sudden flood of darkness overwhelmed his senses, and Dan Cory toppled forward into oblivion.

"You—you feel better now, don't you?" anxiously whispered Katherine Lacombe.

"Much," Cory assured her, trying to smile.

He was stretched on the settee in the library. The girl sat beside him, adjusting with deft, yet nervous fingers, the bandage that encircled his head like a turban.

It was some ten minutes since he had regained consciousness. And, though his bruise still throbbed cruelly, he could think lucidly enough.

He glanced at the window to discover, in surprise, that it was daylight.

By OSCAR SCHISGALL

His face was white as he demanded.

"Who—who told you about this?"

"Your father. He phoned for Dr. Westfield. The doctor has been in to see the body and now he's back."

"Has anyone any information about it?"

"No!" The girl shook her dark head wretchedly. "All we know is that Mr. Burrill received that 'phone call at 9 o'clock, then went out and was killed!"

"I've got to call Dad!" Cory rapped out, decisively. And he started to swing off the settee.

But Katherine Lacombe stopped

The DEATH SCREAM

(Continued from Page 13)

CORY glanced at the chair she indicated—and with one wild heave swung his body out of the settee. He crossed the room shakily, but resolutely, despite Katherine's efforts to stop him. In the excitement of this new discovery his disfigurement was ignored. And his eyes were exceedingly bright.

For the chair held several sacks bound into two bundles. When he picked them up, in eager hands, he found they were moist—and grains of sand spilled out of their folds. He stood there like a turbaned Hindu, weak yet heedless of his weakness, all his senses focussed in agitation on the sacks.

"Where were these picked up?" he demanded.

"Harrison Berkely found them behind a bookcase in the museum office. A piece of the mummy was sticking out. Are they really so important?"

"Important?" cried Cory, swinging towards her with flaming eyes. "Why, these are the bags that made the prints on the beach. They're still wet and sandy!"

She gaped at him. "You think Haj—" "I think the fact he knew they were in the office and feared I'd find them indicates he was the one who put them behind the bookcase. And if he put them there, he was probably the one who made the marks on the beach!"

"But, good Heaven!" ejaculated Katherine, her own countenance white. "That's impossible! Haj certainly didn't go off in that motor boat! You know that. He was on shore with us. It was somebody else."

"Yes, I know, I know. . . Wait." Dan Cory sat down, grimly. He clasped his hands between his knees and stared with burning eyes into the hearth.

"This thing has to make sense," he declared almost savagely. "There must be a way of explaining the screams, the killings, the motor boat, the prints

in the sand—everything! Let's try to figure this thing out."

He sat unthinking for many minutes. Katherine Lacombe watched him in despairing silence. Of the puzzles that had accumulated around the murder of Stewart Merrison she herself could make nothing. Rather hopelessly she sank to the settee and waited for Dan Cory to speak.

When he did speak, suddenly, it was to utter a most unexpected question. He looked at her sharply.

"What time," he asked, "did you all go to bed last night?"

"Why—?" She was startled. "Early. Very early. We had all been losing so much sleep this past week that we were glad to retire almost immediately after dinner."

"What time was it?"

"About eight, I think."

"And you all went to your rooms?"

"Yes."

Cory jumped up as if he had struck the most important feature of the entire case. His eyes actually glowed upon the girl, held her hypnotised.

"It's beginning to clear!" he whispered excitedly. "I wonder if you can tell me something else."

"What—what?"

"In the museum office I found some scribbles about the treasure of Amakhin II. Do you know anything about that?"

"Oh!" Katherine rose quickly, seized the back of a chair. "Yes, of course. I've often heard them discuss it though it was a secret among them. But I don't see what connection—"

"Tell me what you know!" he urged fervently.

"Why, it's all based on some hieroglyphics they dug up near Niri ed Baza. The four of them—that is, Uncle Phil, Dr. Kyne, Mr. Merrison, and Mr. Burrill—have been working to decipher the writings. As soon as they discovered a reference to the jewels of Amakhin II, they all became dreadfully excited."

"It seems that those jewels, though often mentioned in other hieroglyphics, have been lost for thousands of years. And they're worth an Imperial fortune. Uncle Phil and the others were certain they'd at last struck a clue to the whereabouts of the treasure."

"There was talk of the Egyptian Government claiming it if it was found. But Uncle Phil and the rest didn't seem to mind that much. They didn't want the treasure itself—just the triumph of locating it. And they—"

"Oh, hello, Cory! So you're up again, eh?"

The deep, harsh voice of Dr. Westfield interrupted as the heavy police-surgeon hurried into the library. He was a portly man of 50, and he appeared very tired this morning, with purple puffs under his eyes.

"How's the head?" he asked.

"Better," Cory assured him. "How is Haj?"

"Not so well, not so well." Dr. Westfield shook his head ominously.

"It's a nasty wound."

"Any chance of talking to him soon?"

"Talking to him! Don't make me laugh." But there was no sign of humor in the doctor's face as he lowered himself wearily into a chair.

"I haven't let anybody even see him for hours, and I don't intend to except the nurse I've sent for."

"I expect we'll have a neat case of delirium when he comes out of his coma—if he does come out. . . . I say, Miss Lacombe, any chance of getting a cup of hot black coffee?"

She nodded quickly and went to ring for the housekeeper. And the doctor eyed Cory narrowly.

"Say," he asked, "are you getting anywhere with this confounded mystery?"

"Yes!" Cory swept a swift glance at Katherine as he answered in a whisper. "I think I am—at last!"

"Really? H'm." Dr. Westfield, however, looked sceptical as he leaned forward to take a cigarette from a little box. "Well, that's encouraging."

I'LL WRITE TO-NIGHT

*I'll write to-night—no, write to-morrow;
But there is many another's sorrow
That cannot wait another day.
Yet time's a debt we seldom pay,
A thing to spend and not to borrow.*

*I'll send a friend a word of greeting,
But not to-night, we keep repeating;
And so the words are never said
That might have lifted someone's head,
Some heart another morning meeting.*

"I suppose you heard about Tom Merrill's motor boat?"

Cory stiffened. "Heard what?"

"It was missing this morning. You know, the boat he kept moored at the old wharf. Somebody stole it. I heard about it when I went in to see Burrill's body. Seems—"

"Good Lord!" hoarsely cried Cory. "Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"Before"—dryly. "Last time I saw you, young fellow, you were unconscious."

Dan Cory scarcely heard the words. His face was suddenly flushed, the eyes gleaming. A motor boat stolen last night! . . . His mind pounced upon the fact as if it had reached its goal.

Cory saw things now—dazzling things.

For a few seconds he stood still, organising the wild thoughts in his head, planning. Then impetuously, he seized the doctor's arm.

"You and Professor Lacombe," he said tensely. "Are the only ones who can help me. Will you come with me?"

"Where?"—in surprise.

"I'll explain as we go. Come on, Doctor!"

HIS ardour amazed yet swayed Dr. Westfield. He rose, forgetting his coffee, an expression of wonder on his round countenance. From Katherine, in equal bewilderment, came:

"Uncle Phil went into the museum with Dr. Kyne and Mr. Berkely. You'll find him there. . . . What is all this Mr. Cory? Do you mean you—"

She paused, and Cory eyed her curiously, hesitatingly, his teeth pressing his lip. Then of a sudden he said:

"I'll tell you everything in a little while. No, don't come. Please. Just wait here. I'll be back with an explanation as soon as—"

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the surgeon. And then, because he did not augment his statement, they looked dazedly at Dan Cory.

"It's a horrible story," Dan said in a low, hard voice. "I may as well tell it to you at once."

And he did. He spoke in curt, staccato syllables that were utterly certain of the things they pronounced. His narrow eyes blazed first upon one face, then upon another. It was a weird theory he propounded. But he outlined it as if it were already an established fact.

"The explanation for the murders of Merrison and Burrill is this: You gentlemen had discovered the location of an ancient Egyptian treasure—the treasure of Amakhin II. It was a discovery you kept secret among you."

He saw a startled glance dart from Dr. Kyne to Professor Lacombe, but he did not pause.

"One of you decided to make it a one man secret. To have the entire treasure at his own command! But, in order to do that, the others who knew of Amakhin's jewels must be silenced permanently."

"It was a dangerous thing to attempt. But the fortune at stake was so tremendous, so fabulous, that any risk was worth taking for the sake of—"

"Look here!" gasped Harrison Berkely, his young face grey, his voice choked. "Are you trying to accuse one of these two gentlemen of—"

"Please let me go on," snapped Cory. His narrow gaze met Berkely's in a sort of deadlock. And after a moment he won silence.

"Once the murders were decided upon," Cory resumed in that same implacable tone, "a very ingenious plan for diverting suspicion occurred to the killer. At any rate, he considered it ingenious."

"He knew his friends were under the shadow of a Bedouin threat. And he decided to profit by that circumstance. To do it, he sought and obtained the help of Haj, Ibn Mayyud. Haj, when he learned of the plan, expected himself to profit enormously when the treasure of Amakhin was unearthed. So he greedily complied."

"The screams were Haj's contribution to the scheme. He himself, an Arab, slipped out at night to emit those cries and create the impression that a Bedouin avenger—fantastic as the idea might be—was somewhere around."

"Now, listen!" again gasped Berkely. "You can't make such accusations without—"

"Let me finish!"

Once more there was a moment of dumbstruck silence. Cory had an objective in delivering his words in this manner. By outlining his theory in such detail he gave himself time to study those pallid faces before him. To judge from their expression whether his shots were striking bull's-eyes.

What he saw encouraged him. He knew he was right. He went on succinctly.

"Last night the killer, instead of going to sleep, slipped out of the house and went to Point Harbor. There he telephoned Burrill. And when Burrill came to meet him he committed his first murder. This was shortly after nine."

"When the killer returned to Evergreen Point it was in a stolen motorboat—a boat stolen for a purpose. A very clever purpose. For later, when Merrison had been killed Haj Ibn Mayyud used that boat to shroud advantage."

"He screamed to attract attention to the beach. Then he started the motor and sent the boat out into the sea alone—without anyone in it!"

A second Cory paused. Then—

"That was clever of the killer, who planned the trick. The boat, putting out to sea, was intended to create the impression of some unknown murderer—the Bedouin, no doubt—making his escape."

(Continued on Page 34.)

FROM THE HEART
OF THE CRUDE

SINCE
1861

What is the value of Atlantic's
72 years' refining experience?
1000 miles proves it.

ATLANTIC
PURE PARAFFIN BASE MOTOR OIL

ATLANTIC UNION OIL CO. LTD., Marketers of Petrols, Industrial Oils, Greases, etc.



SHE: Oh! Harold, you English are so slow.
HE: Er—I'm afraid I don't grasp you.
SHE: Yes, that's just it!

ation as soon as—as we have the idea might be—was somewhere around."

DR. HENRY ALDRICH KYNE, silver-haired and handsome, stood in a corner of the fantastic museum, arguing in low tones with the gaunt Professor Lacombe and young Harrison Berkely. But when Cory and the police surgeon appeared in the doorway, all three men turned in astonishment.

"Well, Mr. Cory!" exclaimed Dr. Kyne. "I didn't know you were up again!"

Dan Cory did not reply. Frowning, his head still encircled by the bandage, he and Dr. Westfield crossed the museum until before two staring mummies, they confronted the other men.

Cory was grim and uncompromising. He did not intend to waste time. Having finally evolved an astounding theory which would explain the mystery of Evergreen Point, he wanted to test it immediately.

His idea was founded on everything he had discovered since coming to this house. And he felt strangely confident of its accuracy.

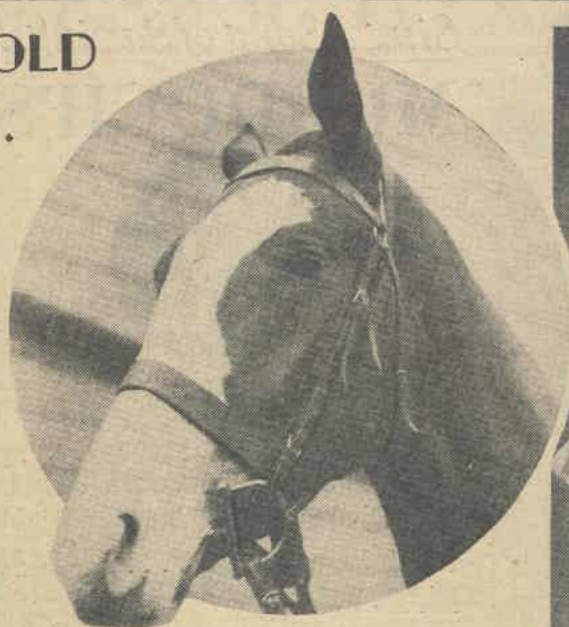
ON the way from the library he had briefly confided in the police surgeon and had enlisted the man's aid. And now Dr. Westfield played his role with the gravity of an experienced actor.

"We have just heard," he snapped scowling from one face to another, "a very ugly and amazing story!"

Silence. . . . Breathless silence.

First the three scientists stared at

WOMEN'S NEWS AS TOLD BY THE CAMERA



LITTLE SPANKY of Hal Roach's "Our Gang" fame, advocates plenty of cereals and milk to keep in the best physical condition.



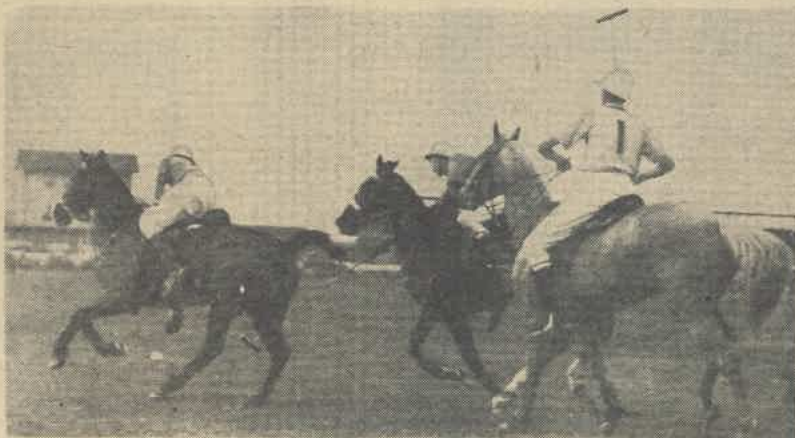
ABOVE: A gathering of interested spectators at polo included Enid Hull who sat beside Mrs. Collin Chisholm, who the night before was such a piquant "Dolly Varden." The group was completed by Mr. and Mrs. Roy Buckland.
IN CIRCLE is Carnival, one of the lovely ponies, and, at the left, is the famous Palato.
RIGHT: Valmai Ramsay is seen sporting her handsome leopard skin coat, so cosy at Kensington when the wind blows across the field. With her came Mrs. A. F. McDonald.



OF COURSE the Gundagai contingent to the polo included Miss M. Horsley, with her sister, Joan, a smart figure in lapis blue, wearing a scarf of blue and white, in which a polo pony and his rider gleamed in diamonds.



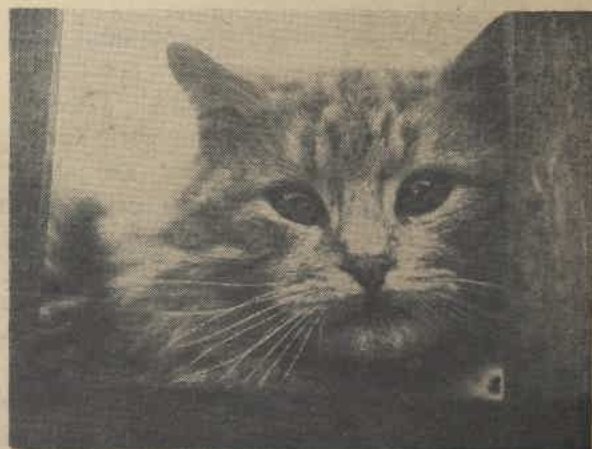
A DUKE OF WELLINGTON CLOCK, and Jane Austen's wedding frock are two beautiful exhibits being shown at the Loan Exhibition of Antiques at Frymök's Rd.



AN EXCITING MOMENT at the polo when the thud of ponies' feet came thundering down the ground at Kensington.



ON ANOTHER PAGE Nell Murray describes the recent Court function at Buckingham Palace. This picture shows prospective presentees receiving instructions in the curtsey at a school which exists in London specially for the purpose.



"CHAT" IS A GREAT PET, and is seen here looking through the fence, enjoying the sunlight; he is happy, so his claws, otherwise "the thorns in his feet," as his owner explained, are well sheathed.



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16/11 Boys' Suits 12/11

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Boys' fancy all-wool Pullovers in colourful designs. V neck style, in sizes 20in. to 28in.

Also 13/11 to 17/6 Boys' Lumber Jackets. SALE PRICE 7/6

20in., 22in., and 24in. only.

SALE
4/6 Boys' Flannel Tweed Knickers . . . 2/6
5/11 Boys' cosy Pyjamas 3/11
6/6 to 9/6 Boys' Combinations, sizes 20in. and 30in. only 2/11
2/11 Boys' Golf Hose 1/11
—And Thousands of Others!

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PARK & GEORGE STREETS



—the guest was fidgety—
(if only her hostess would offer her a cigarette)

You may be only an occasional smoker yourself. All the more reason to remember to provide cigarettes for your guests. There's nothing like cigarettes to put guests at their ease. Capstans, of course—the cigarettes that are smoked by more people than those of any other brand.

fresh
as a

CAPSTAN

CAPSTANS contain only long-matured pure Virginia Tobacco. The blend is exclusive to Capstans.

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10 for 6d.

20 for 1/-

Also in Round Hermetically Sealed Airtight Tins of 50, and in Boxes of 50 and 100.

FEAST of PRIZES

FOR READERS

An avalanche of mail poured in to the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly again all the week.

All of them acclaimed the second issue of this paper as better than the first, and the first, judging by the way it sold, was a remarkable success.

THIS is just what The Australian Women's Weekly aims to do—to make every issue just a little better than the one before. The "Best Letter" competition was organised with this end in view.

We want the constructive criticism of our readers, and are prepared to compensate them with prizes for the trouble they take in helping us to make The Australian Women's Weekly just what they want it to be.

Last week's first prize goes to Miss Barbara Goode Mathews, 145 Macquarie Street, Sydney. Here is her letter. It is brief and to the point:

"I like your Women's Weekly. It is alive and promises growth from the impetus of its kick-off."

"I like best of all its humor. Lower's ludicrous sayings give a tang of saltiness glamorizing the drab, every-minute happenings . . . even the detestable washing-up. Good luck to it."

WHAT THEY SAY

Other letters, winning consolation prizes of 5/-, came from:—

Mrs. E. Davis, 25 Clarendon Rd., Roseville: "Your paper is interesting and instructive in every detail. I am sending a copy to a friend in London. I like all the news it contains, and also trying my skill on the competitions."

Mrs. D. Goldsmith, 4 Anzac Parade, Kensington: "One cannot praise your general cover, for your many interesting features cater for all tastes. Where possible you have accentuated the human interest, weaving your news matter around real live personalities. Your valuable hints are practical, and you have given quality at a surprisingly low cost."

Mrs. Grace Spang, 476 Pacific Highway, Lindfield: "You evidently realise that women read primarily for enjoyment, secondarily, for knowledge. You have given us the best of both. I loved the fashions from Vienna and Paris, and the excellent and well illustrated articles and stories."

Mrs. E. Wright, 608 Old South Head Road, Bellevue Hill: "The compact pages, containing an amount of reading matter you would expect to find in the most expensive overseas magazines, is very much more than any woman could expect for twopence."

Mrs. E. L. Raymond, Moore Street, Toronto: "The general make-up strikes a modern, convincing note. The articles possess a simple interest, intelligently presented."

Mrs. Margaret Fulton, 105 Queen Street, Alex.

Picture Words Popular

RECORD entries poured in to The Australian Women's Weekly for the No. 2 Picture Words competition last week. Hundreds of readers sent in entries to this easy, interesting puzzle, for which £50 in prizes has been offered each week.

The puzzle itself appears on this page, and the entry form on Page 43.

HERE are details of No. 3 Picture Words. Entries for this close on July 1. Entries for No. 2 close on June 24. Prize-winners in each of the four competitions will be announced in The Australian Women's Weekly issue of July 18, 1933.

The £50 allotted each competition will be distributed as follows:—

£35 will be awarded to the competitor whose solution is correct or most nearly correct.

£10 to the second best entry.

£5 to the third best entry.

There is no entry fee, and the prizes must be won.

ENTER NOW

Look at the series of eight words pictured below. One letter is missing from each word. In each case there is a clue to the whole word at the side, and to find the missing letter you simply take the initial letter only of the word illustrated by the picture.

Find the eight solution letters and fill them in IN INK (in block capital letters) on the form on Page 43.

CONDITIONS

In cases of ties, the prize-money may be divided, but the full amount of £50 will be distributed.

All attempts must be made on the proper forms.

No responsibility can be undertaken for entries lost, delayed, or mislaid, nor proof of posting be taken as proof of delivery.

The decision of the Editor will be final and legally binding throughout. Employees of The Australian Women's Weekly must not compete.

Details of No. 4 puzzle, the last one, for which another £50 has been allotted, will appear in next week's issue.

No person can receive more than one cash prize.

£5 for the best letter giving constructive criticism of The Australian Women's Weekly. Not more than 50 words. Other prizes of 3/-.

£5 for the best recipe, with other consolation prizes.

10/- for the most original "Clever Idea," and 2/6 each for the four next best.

10/- for the best contribution to the "So They Say" column, in which are published notable sayings about women.

£2 in prizes for contributions from children to Connie's page.

10/- for the best joke sent to "Brain Waves."

10/- for the funniest item sent to "Things That Happen" and five prizes of 1/-.

andria: "Cheap and good. Acropolis quality for submarine prices."

Miss A. King, 22 Spencer Street, Rose Bay: "Having read both ample issues, I congratulate you on style and production. Every type of woman is provided for with some sort of interest."

Miss F. Heave, Box 4407, G.P.O., Brisbane: "I am a convert. You have broken fresh ground, covering the whole gamut of women's interests in a way not dreamed possible."

Miss Margaret Horwood, 14 Martin Place, Sydney: "After watching the sale on a busy thoroughfare, I am convinced that the paper has aroused a great deal of feminine interest. The pictures, illustrating what smart Sydney is wearing, should prove most popular. In the musical section, Sarahade gives promise of articles of general interest to the musical world."

Miss R. D. Ansell, 118 Street, Manly: "To banish depression . . . take one Australian Women's Weekly (ingredients already mixed). Digest slowly."

Mrs. Ida Coop, 8 Oakley Street, Crow's Nest: "I met with an accident, and have been confined to my bed. Your paper has been a great source of entertainment to me."

Miss E. J. McGee, 15 Herbert Street, Dalwood Hill: "I like best the articles of Mr. L. W.

To knock	UNCH
Confusion	URRY
Work inland with pieces of wood	ARQUETRY
To press	REASE
To crush	ASH
A garment	IRT
Exclamation of disgust or contempt	AH
Throw from the hand	LING

ENTRY FORM WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 43.

Lower. They are deliciously refreshing, and a sure cure for the most hopeless case of blues." Mrs. W. Thornton, 4 John Street, Woolahra: "Illustrations brighten any paper. One cannot help admiring the quality and pleasing tone of the photographs. They are so clear in detail while the pleasing sepia tone makes them rich." Miss D. E. Ford, 115 Victoria Street, Felix Point: "Its outstanding feature is the pleasant, friendly, feminine tone of the entire publication."

OTHER WINNERS

Readers who won prizes in other features will find their names published with their entries on other pages.

The sum of £30 will be given away this week, and for the two weeks following, making £90 in all since the "coming out" of The Australian Women's Weekly.

The Editor's decision will be final in all matters. Owing to pressure of space, all letters and contributions should be short and to the point.

Congratulations have been pouring in since our first issue, and every letter has been read with deep appreciation. There are still three issues to go, including this one, before the competition closes down, so read your Women's Weekly carefully and write a fifty-word letter criticising it constructively. Tell us what you do not like, as well as what you do like.

Other letters which won the 5/- consolation prize, and which cannot be quoted for lack of space, were from Mrs. G. G. Grayham, 25 Union Street, North Sydney; Miss A. Nicholson, "Albat," 38 Park Street, Ashfield; Miss C. Morris, 22 Nelson Street, Mayfield, Newcastle; Mr. A. H. Turner, 50 Carrington Road, Randwick; Mrs. M. Brinson, 25 Richard Street, Five Dock.

Blessed Barrier

A STORY OF... RELEASE

However, in the end it was Shirley who was to find her way into the tormented labyrinth of Sterling's dilemma.

SOMEWHERE in the heart, the mind, and the spirit of young Sterling was a barrier as high, practically, as his life was long. Had you even suggested anything of this to any member of the Buhlow family, they would have met the implication with loyal and heated denial.

How could Sterling secretly feel himself an outsider in the Buhlow family, when not one of the Buhlow children, although they had quite simply been told when they each became eight, had an atom of consciousness that Sterling was not blood brother.

As a matter of fact, bending too far backward perhaps to achieve this end, Ann and Proscow Buhlow took pains to see to it that Sterling received even more than their own children of parental solicitude.

The fact that Sterling had been adopted by Ann during a previous marriage was as remote in the minds of her present husband and children as if it had never happened.

Sterling belonged. As the senior member of a remarkably alert group of children, he was the acknowledged leader of the clan.

"Sterling is too outrageously clever," Ann was wont to remark of her alleged eldest, treating him in the colloquial young fashion of the modern mother. "He sets a dreadful example to the rest of the children. They have to live up to him."

"Sterling is not clever," Ann's really eldest, Shirley, would sing out on such occasions. "He's a soulless misanthrope, an acid-tinged cynic, a misbehaviorist, and he passes off among the unworldlings of my mother's generation as clever."

"Oh, Shirley, be yourself," Terry, two years below Shirley, would retort on the fling of a sofa pillow. "You know you'd give your sleepy head to be as clever as Sterling."

"What Shirley can't be, she is not going to bid for," remarked her father, dodging in turn the same sofa pillow flung by Shirley toward him, that had been flung by Terry to his sister.

"Father, it is a good thing you make it a point to speak your true words in jest. Otherwise, your family would never grant you a hearing."

TYPICAL, all this, of the way Sterling stood in the admiration of his so-called parents and brothers and sisters. Not only the two older of the Buhlow children vested him thus in their full and enthusiastic approval, but the stroller of younger ones followed suit with hero worshipping eyes.

"Sterling this," "Sterling that," "If I had Sterling's brains," "Sterling is the genius of this family," "If only Sterling would take the trouble he could be anything he set out to be!"

Something, undoubtedly, there was in Sterling. The something that would not take the trouble. Time after time, her sweet, anxious eyes scrutinizing this youth, Ann tried to analyze that trouble. Proscow, too. And as Ann said banteringly of her husband, as a famous alienist whose job it was to analyze the workings of the human brain, Proscow ought to be able to ferret out the way to attack the streak of cynical inertia in Sterling.

"Darling, with all your brains, isn't there anything you want to be?"

"I want my father to subsidize me with ten thousand a year as guarantee against the horrible thought of ever wanting to be anything."

"Sterling, won't you be serious just once? You're twenty now. The time has come when you simply have to decide what you want to do with your life. You're too talented! Music. Painting. Writing. I've a suspicion you can be a great person in any one of them."

"Perhaps," "Proscow, you talk to him."

CURIOUS, with any one of their own children, this problem would have been treated in quite another manner. In fact, the problem of Terry had already been handled with decision and the school for his medical training selected. With Sterling, just because of his equivocal position in the household, the dilemma of stimulating him to action was a subtle and troublesome one.

"You know, after all, Sterling, your father, in spite of his wealth, could never be wealthy enough to encourage a dilettante in the family."

A flush ran beneath the pallor of the best-looking member of the Buhlows. Ann had struck in. Proscow, and rightly, would not permit one of his sons to live off his largesse. Much less Sterling, the outsider.

How to convey to these dear, warm, discreet people that gnawing, sickening sense of his outsidiness. The very coloring of the eyes and hair of his five foster brothers and sisters was something Sterling could never look upon without the cold sense of being alien sweeping through the lonely inner moors of his desolation.

The Buhlows were blonde, every one of them, blue-eyed, straw-haired. Dark, aloof, alone, he stood in their dear, kind world—the alien whose isolation no one dared mention. The alien, who by very virtue of the anomaly of his position, was treated with consideration that hurt more than helped. All of his childhood, Sterling

It was not alone the sense of being the outsider; it was the knowledge that their unspoken sense of it kept them all so cruelly considerate, so deferential to his special position.

Not even his foster father was to sense this out as the secret of the curious problem confronting him in this foster son of his.

Too bad. Most gifted member of the family. Brains. Talent. Will get his bearings in time, of course. But a curious licked kind of psychology to the lad. Doesn't care a great deal about anything. Fine intelligence. High strung, but not unduly nervous. Sensitive, of course. But somewhere in the machinery of the boy's fine mind, a monkey wrench.

For a while Shirley had seemed to have easiest access to the confidence of Sterling. They were so close; so filled with admiration, each for the other. Their entire childhood had been like that. Merciless in their repartee, gibe and banter they were none the less closer than any other two of the children.

BUT then, at this stage, when more than ever Sterling had become the

IN MARTIN PLACE

In Martin Place o' rainy nights,
Romance puts on a spangled gown,
And under flowered primrose lights,
Goes swinging blithely up and down.

Under the witch's dancing feet,
Wet pavements gleam, long shadows sway;
Rain-damp, the wind romps through the street,
With elfin laughter, wild and gay.

Dim in the arcade's gusty aisle,
The woman with the haunted air,
And tragic eyes and painted smile,
Might be a spirit wandering there.

High up against a misty sky,
The city clock looks slanting down,
Like a benignant giant's eye,
Keeping its watch on Sydney town.

Ah, who that has the pulse to beat—
The ear to hear, the eye to see—
Could walk in that rain-spattered street,
And not thrill to its witchery!

In Martin Place on nights o' shower,
Romance puts on a spangled gown;
And under primrose lights a-flower,
Goes swinging blithely up and down.

—RENA ABBOTT.

had yearned for the heartier reprimands handed out so unselfconsciously to the Buhlow children. No childish dispute had ever been settled against him. The alien deferred to!

The same way now with his retarded decision. With not one other of his children would Proscow have been so indulgent. Terry was a concrete example. Even Shirley, the only girl in the group, had never met the quality of indulgence that had been meted out to Sterling.

It made the bitterness and the hurting and the secret gnawing pain of being special, and a little outside the dear, inner group of people who were dearer than dear to him, almost too vast to be borne.

noncommittal dilettante even Shirley had fallen back defeated. Something was eating Sterling.

However, in the end it was Shirley who was to find her way into the tormented labyrinth of Sterling's dilemma.

The recital of his years of secret anguish and hurt and jealousies came from him one night in a torrent, on the heels of a discussion they had been having together on the subject of his

The Family Album—The Front Door

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

GLUYAS WILLIAMS



HEARS MILDRED OPEN THE FRONT DOOR AND CALLS TO HER TO BE SURE TO SHUT IT TIGHT, THERE'S A DRAUGHT



RETURNS TO PAPER. BEGINS TO SUSPECT FRONT DOOR IS STILL OPEN



GETS UP AND SLAMS FRONT DOOR SHUT



DOORBELL IMMEDIATELY RINGS VIOLENTLY



OPENS DOOR AGAIN TO FIND MILDRED WAS STILL ON PORCH TAKING OFF HER RUBBERS. ADMITS HER AND SHUTS DOOR



HEARS WILFRED CALL HE'S GOING TO RUN OVER TO EDDIE'S FOR A SEC. SHOUTS AFTER HIM TO SHUT DOOR TIGHT



RUNS OUT ON PORCH TO GIVE WILFRED PIECE OF HIS MIND FOR NOT SHUTTING DOOR TIGHT



WIFE CLOSING DOOR CALLING HOW MANY TIMES HAS DADDY ASKED FAMILY TO KEEP THE DOOR SHUT. WANTS IN RAIN FOR ADMITTANCE

3-25

Things That Happen

HOUSES BY TRAIN

TELL "More Rec" that houses have been sent by train in New South Wales, as well as America (A.W.W., 10/6/33). When Cobar fixed out, twelve years ago, houses were sold on the land, for removal. Most went to Dubbo, being packed in sections on the trucks. For days the local train worked at top pressure, carrying Cobar to other centres, while the gaps in the residential area widened into wide open spaces.

Out at Broken Hill, residences are built on mining tenements. When the tenement holder allowed his miner's right to lapse, or desired to change his address, he dismantled the old home, stacked in on to a licker, and carted it to a new site, freshly secured under the miner's right—the cheapest land rental in the world, for it is only 5/- per annum for a quarter-acre.—"Pat Bushie."

KEEN BUSINESS

I CAME across a most amusing "business" sign outside a junk dealer's place in a New South Wales country town. Situated about one hundred miles from Sydney close beside a most dangerous railway crossing, the sign read: "Notice to motorists. Go ahead—Take a chance. We'll buy your car."—"Pallamans."

refusal to compete for an art prize. Sentence by sentence, revealing commitment by commitment, the strange secret tortures of the years lay revealed.

"I'm too jealous, Shirley. Too eaten with the devilish pain of being an outsider to the people I love best in the world, to care about anything. I'm licked before I start. You can't want anything badly enough to go out and get it when you're eaten with a devil like that. It will always be that way with me. Homesickness, heart sickness, to be one of a group that will always too consciously and conscientiously try to make me think I am what I am not."

"You fool," said Shirley, after hours of letting this too long dammed-up confession flow from him. "You darling, blessed, adorable idiot. The only thing, Sterling, that has made all these late years of mine the grand luminous years that they have been, is the fact that you are not one of us in the sense you mean. Fool, darling idiot. Please, please don't sit there pretending you don't know what I mean. Sterling—how terrible it would be if really you were of us."

Suddenly, seeing her there in a radiance that was as beautiful as it was unmistakable to him, Sterling did see... and seeing, came to bless the fact that he was not one of them!

Strange incidents of life that come under your notice, or in which you may be personally involved, may be of interest to others.

The Australian Women's Weekly will pay 10/- for the best contribution to this column, and consolation prizes will be awarded for other published items.

AWKWARD MOMENT

CHALLENGED to swallow his tram ticket, an enterprising youth rolled his ticket into a tight ball and, with a convulsive movement of his throat, accomplished the feat.

Just then a ticket inspector boarded the tram and demanded the child's ticket, and did not seem inclined to believe the story. However, he took my word that the child had really bought the ticket, and then swallowed it—"XYZ."

MISSED THE JOB

JUST heard why a friend didn't get a job she was after. The appointment lay between her and another. The employer couldn't decide, so hit on the plan of asking them to come to the house for his wife to have a look at them. My friend's friends, knowing what a bad time she had had, dressed her for the occasion, and to save fares one drove her over in a car. The wife decided in favor of the other applicant—and quite indignantly told some bridge friends about the girl who came after a job in a car, and nicely hatted and gloved, as well.—M.K.

SEEING RED

IT is curious that terms which are a commonplace to people in the country can be completely misunderstood in the city. Clearing out some old clothes the other day I came across a coat of my husband's, purchased from a city firm two or three years ago.

My husband wrote ordering a leather coat trimmed with "red" kangaroo fur. He enclosed his measurements and a cheque as requested in the firm's advertisement. The coat we expected to receive was a brown leather with a tailored collar and cuffs of kangaroo skin tanned with the hair on. Some two weeks later the parcel arrived. Imagine our surprise when on opening it we were greeted by a coat of silver-grey calfskin with a huge collar of thick, rough, red fur—the sort of thing one uses for mats to hall doors! My husband was very angry at the time, but we found later that that appalling fur was the nearest they had to "red" kangaroo, so we had to write and explain that a "red" kangaroo was really a brown one!—S.P., Inverell.

THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

MAKE-UP as a FINE ART!

The Choice and Use of Cosmetics

Possibly nature has been kind in the gift that is your inheritance, but even so your interest must not wane if you would keep the beauty that is yours.

With the judicious application of powder, rouge, and those etceteras that mean so much, it must be said that make-up gives the opportunity to all who will use it advisedly and well.

Choice of Cosmetics

IN the first place the requirement of a make-up that does not demand constant touching up must be stressed, for real beauty and attractiveness depend primarily upon this factor. Whether your activities are centred in business or the social whirl, that well-groomed appearance is essential, and herein the complexion plays no minor part.

Remember that there is a method of applying cosmetics that ensures a perfect blend for hours on end.

There are two equally important items that assist in bringing about this satisfactory result:—

(1) The careful selection of cosmetics must be stressed. A wrong choice of powder, creams, and rouge, means loss in harmony or color, the effect giving an artificial and unattractive appearance.

(2) The second important factor is the correct method of applying these cosmetics, when they have been selected. Powder and rouge applied without study or method assuredly detract

from the beauty with which they should harmonise, and the loss is yours in either case.

In the first place, harmony of color must be your guide, for this simplifies the routine of every make-up—and there must be no exotics in application. Blondes who are using very light powders, should also use bright shadings for rouge and lip-stick. The dark-haired brunette should keep to darker tints of rouge and lip color.

How to Proceed

Before the day make-up is put on, the face should be thoroughly cleansed, as a preliminary to the application of your powder base. It makes no great difference whether soap and water or cream be used for this purpose, but if soap is used, the skin must be rinsed with clear water as a final procedure. If cream is preferred, it also must be completely removed before patting on a li-

Make beauty culture your hobby. In time it will become a habit—and such a happy one.

eral application of skin lotion or astringent.

Pour the latter into the hands, rub the palms lightly together, then smooth the liquid over the face with a patting movement. Do not overlook the throat and neck for this area must be included in your treatments if flabbiness and facial lines are to be avoided. The basic cream, which is used next, possesses both penetrative and remedial properties, and it imparts a soft and natural appearance to the skin with the application of powder.

A thin, semi-vanishing type of cream is best used as a powder base for the normal skin, but if the latter is inclined to be dry, you may revert to an oil cream base.

The latter must be used very sparingly, owing to its tendency to "run" when you are over-heated.

With this step completed, blend powder or paste rouge carefully over the cheeks as follows:—If the face is round and full, the rouge color should be placed well towards the front of the face, or near the nose, and a little higher than the thin-face type. If, however, the face is long and thin, color should be placed well down the cheeks, and a little more back towards the ears. A touch of rouge added to the chin of the long-faced type makes the face appear less thin.

Powder—Lip Rouge

Powder may be used freely at first, but a clean, soft puff is necessary for its application. Pat over the face and throat, and continue until most of the powder has been absorbed. This patting movement makes it possible for a more generous amount of powder to be applied, and the basic cream and astringent causes it to adhere for a much longer time than when only a small amount of powder is used. If rubbed on otherwise the make-up tends to smear and blur. Finally, a fine toilet brush or swansdown puff should be passed lightly over the face to remove surplus powder. This procedure evens the powder over the surface cuticle, and leaves the skin soft and smooth.

Lip rouge should be of the same shade as that used on the cheeks, and the general line of the lip must be followed. If the natural line of the lips is to be disguised, however, and the mouth made to appear smaller, or the lips fuller or more rounded in contour, it is important that the color be applied evenly, with an equal amount of shading on either side of the bow.



...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

..BY A DOCTOR..

WHAT NOSE BLEEDING MEANS

Question: Is it true that nose bleeding in adults is a sign of high blood pressure?

It is quite true that one of the symptoms of high blood pressure may be nose bleeding. But that is a very different thing from saying that nose bleeding in adults is necessarily a sign of high blood pressure. It can be a sign of one of a number of other far less important things.

Often there may be some local cause. There may be something amiss with either of the nasal passages.

High blood pressure is rarely seen below the age of 35. Nevertheless, if people suffer from persistent nose bleeding, it is wise to have the matter seen to, so that any abnormality may be put right in its earliest possible stage.

To treat nose bleeding (not arising from a serious cause) it is often useful to put cold water or ice on the bridge of the nose, and to place the feet in hot water.

MENTAL PATIENTS

Question: Are asylums for the insane any more than prisons?

Among the common delusions cherished by certain individuals is that there are sane people held captive in mental hospitals. This myth has been exploded yet once again by a well-known Australian doctor, who said that, compared with the difficulty of getting into a mental hospital, getting out is childishly easy. Mental patients these days are not kept in cells, nor are they restrained in any manner whatsoever, unless they happen to be having a violent outburst, or unless they are particularly dangerous. One of the important things in dealing with mental patients now is "occupational therapy." Patients are encouraged to work and find amusement in the hospital grounds.

MEDICAL DUST-BIN

Question: What is neurasthenia?

Neurasthenia has come to the front very much of late, and is now almost as common and fashionable a disease as once was appendicitis. As a matter of fact, although there is a strictly technical meaning for neurasthenia, the name is sometimes used as a sort of medical dust-bin, into which doubtful diagnoses can be thrown.

Neurasthenia is the modern name for the old "nervous breakdown." It is that state of being when the patient suffers (among other things) from exhaustion, constant headaches, and poor appetite. Her outlook on life is changed. She seems to have lost all interest.

Neurasthenia is generally brought about by over-worry, sometimes associated with over-work.

MATERNAL MORTALITY

Question: Is it a fact that much maternal mortality is due to women not seeking treatment?

A COMMITTEE appointed by the House of Commons to consider the question of maternal mortality has just reported its findings. Besides advocating stricter medical attention, the committee made the important statement that in many cases women themselves were to blame by refusing to receive antenatal treatment. This occurs in two ways, first by not engaging the doctor in sufficient time for him to do antenatal treatment, and then by not coming up for examination when required. In the five hundred odd deaths reported from eclampsia alone, the committee said that half need not have occurred.

UNSIGHTLY PIMPLES

Question: How are pimples formed? These inflections of the late teens and early twenties mostly disappear in a few years, a fact which brings little consolation to the person who is suffering from them.

In some cases pimples are formed in this manner: A spot of dirt or dust gets on the face, is held in the natural grease at the entrance to one of the skin glands, and becomes what is known as a blackhead. The next development is the invasion of this little mass by germs, and the skin formation of a pimple, which may even go on to something more serious. It is noticeable that pimples form chiefly on the face, neck, and forehead, those parts of the body which are exposed to dirt and dust.

Question: How can pimples be cured? It will be seen from what we have just said that extreme cleanliness of the face, neck, and forehead may help to prevent the formation of pimples on those parts.

Hot water and a very mild soap applied vigorously two or three times a day does much to preserve the skin in good condition. It should be followed by a cold bathing of the face.

The question of diet, which is thought to be most important in this matter, is now thought not so important after all. Of course, plenty of fruit and vegetables are always good, but many people who indulge quite adequately in these still suffer from pimples.



PLUCKING THE EYEBROWS

The modern beauty culturist resorts to electrolysis as an expedient that is both exact and efficient in its work. By this means unruly brows are plucked and trained to the desired contour, blemishes are eliminated, and moles and like disfigurements are removed with a minimum of discomfort—but such work demands expert supervision.

Did you notice that the "tweezing" habit has been curtailed? No longer is the imaginary brow a thing to be marvelled at in its delicacy of outline—the natural contour is to be retained within limits.

Points to remember are that long, narrow eyebrows add delicacy to the round face, whereas thick, wide brows exaggerate the round appearance of a full face. A prominent jaw-line needs to be balanced by shaping the brows into a narrow, but clearly defined line.

For the petite type of face, a short, but delicate eyebrow is desirable. Therefore, you must "tweeze" with discretion. Pluck the unruly hairs, then shape to a pleasing curve, and fine out to the extremities.

A little cold cream smeared on before plucking makes the hairs softer and more easily removed, or pure alcohol may be applied as an antiseptic.

Once the desired shape has been attained, it is a simple matter to keep the brows in trim by removing unwanted hairs, as they appear. A careful tidying-up once a week is usually sufficient.



BEND YOUR head back and forth slowly six times. This exercise strengthens the neck muscles, and removes ugly neck lines and hollows.



MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN

The Beautiful English Theatrical Star is another of the famous women who use and recommend Mergolized Wax as the Ideal Skin and Complexion Beautifier.

The loveliest girls use it

THE loveliest girls and women use Mergolized Wax to clear the skin, and to keep it clear. They prefer it to greasy creams, for these are liable to clog the pores and merely mask blemishes which should be removed. Mergolized Wax absorbs impurities, and thus removes all defects, such as freckles, moth patches, roughness, and accumulated waste matter; it clears the skin thoroughly, leaves the pores free to breathe.

Follow the example of these lovely clear-skinned girls who succeed in keeping a clear, fresh skin always in spite of summer sun and winter wind. Begin to-night to use Mergolized Wax. Watch the rapid improvement in the health and beauty of your skin. This new beauty will have come to stay if you protect it always with daily use of Mergolized Wax. It is undoubtedly the perfect powder base, and stops powder from clogging the pores.

BUY A 2/6 JAR FROM YOUR CHEMIST TO-DAY



Mergolized Wax

BEAUTIFIES, PRESERVES, PROTECTS THE SKIN

FASHION PARADE

BY JESSIE TAIT

Soft, Rich Furs Exhibit New Cut and Twist

WHEN you pack away your long fur coats and short fur jackets to await another winter, you will be tempted by the new spring furs made up into clever new things with plenty of dash.

Tippets, capelets, bolero jackets, snug little neckpieces, old fashioned boas, sleek capes that touch the elbows, and trick scarves twisted and twirled in new shapes—all ready for your spring tail-leurs, your tweeds, your afternoon or evening costume.

Detachable fur pieces accompany many of the mid-season suits that are seen. They are the product—and a very practical one, too—of the present day school of designing, which prepares any part of one's costume for double or even triple duty.



Capelet of mink fur worn with a dress or coat.



Silver fox wound round the arm-holes of a navy blue coat.

THE generous designers splash fur patches as epaulettes, lapels, shoulder squares, and whirls around cuffs, half-sleeves, and in pagoda-like extensions that add more width.

Fox fur scarves are gone. Fox fur harnesses, twined around the arms, have replaced them. Monkey fur trimmings, puffed out on to barrel sleeves, made into fringes and capes. These times, when so many women have taken to working—if they can get something to do—and the others are generally so busy at home, there is not much time for impractical clothes. The Paris designers have kept the ideal of easy nonchalance before them in designing the new day-time clothes.

An outstanding sign of the times is the revival of interest in tailored suits which, although they do not resemble the "untouchable" mode, can definitely be worn for all daylight hours.

Chanel has made one of the freshest versions of the tailored suit. The jacket, fitted by numerous visible or in-

visible seams, is hip length. Though it may have buttons, the jacket is often worn open in the correctly careless manner, showing a blouse of fine pique or striped jersey, or best of all, her new striped flax muslin that picks up the color of the suit. The notched collar and lapels are a little wider and softer than a man's, and can be faced with the fabric of the blouse. The collar is worn pushed up at the back, and the sleeves should be pushed up over the forearms. The skirt is generally plain and slender to look at with smooth gores, a small flare or plaits to enable one to walk with comfort.

These suits are good in almost any sort of woollen, dark or light, and in any texture. A grey flannel one is smart, worn with a black or navy low turtle-necked sweater.

Another type of suit has the coat of

hip-bone length, with a full-backed swagger look; this is more becoming to many girls than a real tailor made, which calls for a certain amount of careful grooming and a good figure.

Jean Patou uses contrasting jackets with his skirts. You might have a coat to match the wool skirt, a checked silk coat and a plain flax one, or three whole suits could be interchangeably worn with varied effects. Many models feature two and three shades of one color, and others have a plain one-colored coat, with a ptn-striped or checked skirt.



Joan Crawford wears this wrap and huge muff of dark brown mink.

The not-so-tailored type of suit sponsored by Patou falls into the dressy class. The loose half-length jackets flare from the armpits to the hem. They are worn with lustrous satin blouses, having sleeves that show below the elbow length sleeves of the coat. The jackets all have bulky squared off shoulders.

The loose jacket is seen everywhere in Paris, in all lengths and colors, worn with dresses or skirt and blouse. Its sleeves stop short of the wrist in every case. A black suit with a swagger-back jacket and a blouse in saudy stripes, checkers or plaids, is the sign and seal of daytime chic, alternating with the simple longer-skirted dress and the same jacket done in pale color, with the sash at the waistline of the dress.

KNITTED YOKES

Knitted shoulder yokes, by the way, are an outstanding feature of new sports coat fashions, and the last word in athletic comfort. They make the coat fit well, and give great freedom of movement.

A suit of red wool worn with a white pique vestee, turnover collar and belt suit of dark blue, which can be worn without the coat. In place of it there is a sort of Etou jacket in blue and white Scotch plaid, with a small standing collar, going up and down the centre with large blue wooden buttons and with cuff links of the same on a smaller scale.

A dark brown skirt has a yellow square-shouldered jacket, a yellow blouse, brown belt and hat.

An American designer makes a black wool skirt, black and white print blouse tying high at the neck, and a white woollen swagger jacket. With a skirt of wine-red and black checks goes a blouse of plain black, and the coat in the plain wine-red.

Schiaparelli designed a dark purple



Very smart, dressy coat, with huge cuffs and the collar of American badger.

blue skirt, powder blue blouse, and hyacinth-blue jacket. The new color being used with great success by this designer, famous for her color sense, is eel-grey. With it she combines a bright red or a vivid pink. Although grey is one of the most-worn colors at present, it is difficult to decide what shoes to wear with it. Smart Parisians prefer brown, black, and even navy shoes with their grey costumes, although there are now some eel-grey models in the very latest collections.



Jackette of dyed ermine made tight-fitting with full sleeves. Tie-on cape of material, with two bands of fur fur. Huge lapels on a sports coat, lined with fur. Shoulder caps of velvet bordered with fur, to be worn over dinner or cocktail dress.

HORDERN BROTHERS

GREAT WINTER Sale

for value



We are illustrating a few examples of the amazing bargains obtainable in our modern Footwear Department.

bargains

IN THE NEWEST Footwear

45%
27/9



(Above): "HARKNESS" ONE-BAR SHOE, smart extended last. In patent coat, Havana brown kid or black Glace kid.

At Left: SMART VELVET COURT SHOES, in black, white, blue, red and green.



A SANDAL SHOE, for Matrons, has pump sole, covered Cuban heel, and medium round toe. In Havana brown kid or soft black Glace.



PATENT COLE COURT SHOES, white piped vamps, pump soles, medium stilt heels, medium round toes.

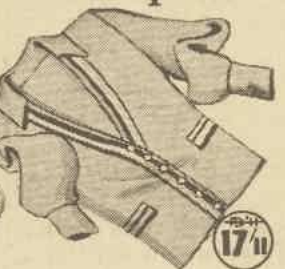


FINE BLACK GLACE KID TWIN BAR SHOES, neat round toes, pump soles, and baby wart heels.



ELASTIC GUSSET OVER-TONGUE COURTS, in black Glace, with suede trimming, Havana and Patent Coat, with suede trimming.

Knitwear Specials



FINE KNIT CARDIGAN, of quality wool, may be had in smart shades of royal, brown, fawn, wine, navy, purple, cherry, grey and black, in S.W., W. and O.S. fitting. Usually 19/11. Sale Price 17/11

BRUSH WOOL CARDIGAN, attractively trimmed with contrasting bands. May be had in black, cherry, royal and fawn, S.W., W. and O.S. fitting. Usually 21/-. Sale Price 18/11

SMART FELLOVER, in plain and striped effect. Similar in weave to hand knit. Obtainable in brown stripes, black stripes, navy stripes. In S.W. and W. fitting. Usually 25/11. Sale Price 19/11

Jolly Ho! A Shopping We Shall Go!

This week finds this "shopping sleuth" in very homely vein. Cuddlesome baby garments evoked thoughts of general warmth throughout the home, and here they are.

For Very Tiny Folk

What is the fascination about baby garments? Is it just the tiny things themselves, or do they evoke a mental picture of the cuddlesome nites for whom they are designed? A glimpse of "something new and something blue."



this time for a babe, not a bride, arrested my roving gaze on my tour this week. Investigation revealed the most adorable little padded dressing gowns, hand-embroidered. For a very long time they have been difficult to procure, and this enterprising firm had just purchased the first shipment landed of late. The lengths ranged from 18 to 22 inches. Hand-embroidered and finished with silk cord, they are only 7/6 to 10/6. In jacket style the prices range from as low as 4/6.

Pausing En Route

On the subject of china, I cannot omit mention of an 18-piece tea set for 8/6. This I glimpsed in a window as I was making all speed to return hence and pen this epistle. I paused long enough, however, to make sure mine eyes had not deceived me. There it was, a delightful tea set, in very nice, white china, with a tasteful design in either blue or green for 8/6.

Our Dogs



OH, the horrid, wrinkled thing! But wouldn't you look tough and worried if you had had to grab bulls by the snout for a living?

Bulldogs seem to have been evolved from an early mastiff-like breed by our sporting forbears, who found great delight in bull-baiting. Since those rough days the bulldog has lived a life of ease, lost most of his fighting powers, and emerged as a civilised being with a taste for cynicism and a desire to just sit around.

His looks terrify the evil-doer, but you'll find him the most amiable of companions, a quiet, reserved Ugly Duckling with a heart of gold.

For the Breadwinner

WITH all this discussion of ideas for the home, one must, perforce, spare a thought for the breadwinner. I have gleaned some tidings for his edification that are at once sensible and economical. Men's topcoats are wont to be a very expensive item; that is to say, if the wearer, and, therefore, the purchaser, appreciates a smart appearance. Then the news that these very necessary garments may be procured for 30/- each is in the nature of a bombshell; but it is quite true. Moreover, they are coats for which one would expect to pay at least four guineas. They are perfectly finished, well tailored, and stoutly lined; in fact, just the "beau ideal" of the man-about-town.

Soft and Soothing

On the subject of sleep, a very appropriate name is one of the recommendations of a fascinating material for slumber garments—"lullaby" cloth. It is, as it sounds, soft and soothing to the touch. But more, oh much more, it is a material that rejoices (even in the chilly months, be it said) in the weekly wash-tub. It is made in colorful stripes, just the ideal medium for pyjamas. The price is a further recommendation, for it is only 1/11 a yard, 36in. wide.

Promoting Warmth

There is one subject in which everyone is perforce keenly interested at the moment; that is blankets or, in fact, anything in the home to promote warmth. So here are two very apt suggestions. The first is all-wool blankets for 14/11 per pair, single-bed size, and they are marked "Guaranteed for 10 years," which sounds very stalwart to me. The second is an electric bed-warmer. It is a flat, uninspiring-looking concern, but of unimaginable comfort. You just plug it on to the power-point and, despite the reading of the barometer, you'll think you are in the tropics. These resourceful arrangements—they are quite small and convenient to handle—are 8/6 each.

Great Little Gadgets

Talking of cold feet, another notion, the full comfort of which must be experienced to be appreciated, is a haseck. Hitherto I have always placed hasecks in the same category as anti-macassars, sort of early-Victorian. Not so; they are delightful little gadgets. The particular hasecks that caught my eye were upholstered in sage blue, and would be an ornament in any room for 3/9 each.

Utility Sets

Someone murmured "utility set" to me. This, I thought, calls for investigation.



tion, and wondered the while whether a "utility set" would prove a lawn-mower that also washes dishes or something of equally surprising propensities! Not at all; this "utility set" comprises 33 pieces of lovely creamy Staffordshire ware, a combined dinner and tea set. The designs are perfectly charming. Staffordshire ware is always that, but it is not always so economically priced. The complete sets have been reduced from 42/- to 30/- each; that is to say, less than 1/- for each piece of china.

One of the most artistic efforts I have seen for quite a time was a brass fire-screen, depicting an old mill scene. It was priced at 19/6, and, nearby I spied a colorful assortment of parchment light-shades for 2/11 each. In my mind's eye I saw a completely rejuvenated lounge-room—softly-glowing lights and gleaming brass—for the expenditure of a little over a guinea.

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ASTRINGENT LOTION

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Turn that loose-end hour, between six and seven, into MONEY, and your CONSCIENCE will thank you when, in 1934, you look back on 1933.

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"CALCUTTA." "DELHI"—the Terra-Cotta browns.
"BURMA"—A beautiful "fallen-leaf" tone; just arrived.
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"KASHMIR"—new delightful tone of Taupe Grey.
"CEYLON"—A rich Rose Beige; very chic; very flattering

Charming Vienna Jumpers

FOR the third of the series of absolutely exclusive Continental jumpers, published by The Australian Women's Weekly, a charming model in red and white is illustrated on the front page.

It is a jumper that is fascinating to knit, and equally fascinating to wear. It features the very newest notions with its narrow bands and bow trimmings and its diagonal stripes in the design. The sleeves have quaintly puffed tops and long, slimy-fitting cuffs that come just above the elbow.

Materials: Seven skeins Paton's 3-ply blue wool, 3 skeins 3-ply white, pair No. 12 steel needles, pair No. 10 bone needles.

Measurements: Length from shoulder to lower edge, 19 inches; bust, 32 inches; sleeve seam, 19 inches.

Abbreviations: K., knit; p., purl; tog., together; st., stocking stitch; st. sl., slip; b., blue; w., white.

Tension: Nine sts. to 1 inch in width, 9 rows to 1 inch in depth.

The Front: With blue wool and No. 12 steel needles cast on 120 st. and k. into the back of them. Rib 2 plain, 2 purl for 31 inches. Roll a skein of white wool into 7 small balls. Change to No. 10 needles and work as follows:—Row 1: Increase 1 st. (by k. into back as well as front), k. 6 b., join on ball of white wool (*k. 2w., 3 b.) twice, 2 w., 8 b., increase as before by knitting twice into the 1st b. st. Repeat from * (joining on a new ball of white wool for each group of 3 stripes) to last 6 st., k. twice into 1st st. and twice into last st.; 128 st. on needle.

Row 2: Join on another ball of w., p. 1 w., 8 b., 2 w., 3 b.; twice, 2 w., repeat from * to last 7 st., p. 7 b.

Row 3: K. 6 b., (*2 w., 3 b.) twice, 2 w., 8 b., repeat from * to last 2 st., k. 2 w.

Row 4: P. 1 b., 2 w., 8 b., (*2 w., 3 b.) twice, 2 w., 8 b., repeat from * to last 5 st., p. 5 b.

Row 5: K. 4 b., (*2 w., 3 b.) twice, 2 w., 8 b., repeat from * to last 4 st., w., 2 b.

Row 6: P. 3 b., 2 w., 8 b., (*2 w., 3 b.) twice, 2 w., 8 b., repeat from * to last 3 st., p. 3 b.

Row 7: K. 2 b., (*2 w., 3 b.) twice, 2 w., 8 b., repeat from * to last 6 st., w., 2 b., 1 w.

Row 8: P. 2 w., 3 b., 2 w., 8 b., (*2 w., 3 b.) twice, 2 w., 8 b., repeat from * to last st., p. 1 b. Continue working pattern in this way, keeping 8 blue st. between each set of 3 stripes. When work measures 12 inches from start, shape armhole by casting off 6 st. each end of needle once, then decrease 1 st. each end of needle every knit row 3 times. Still keeping to pattern, work on these st. for 5 inches.

Now shape neck, k. 40 st. in pattern, cast off 30, k. 40. Next row: P. to last 2 st. at neck edge, p. 2 tog., join on another ball of wool and work both shoulders together, p. 2 tog., p. to end.

Hard to Believe they were Knitted by Hand

In colors tastefully combined, so finely knitted were the prize-winning jumpers in the Sunbeam competition that it is difficult to believe that they were made by hand.

IN their absolutely faultless execution these jumpers are an example of just what can be done with two needles and strands of soft, fine wool.

The winner of the first prize of £30 was Mrs. T. Marlin, 11 Dalmeny Ave., Rosebery. The jumper is knitted in self-color, with artistic contrasts in shade displayed in the broad band with floral design round the body of the garment.

Mrs. Marlin designed this jumper herself. Full directions will be published in The Australian Women's Weekly next week.

The second prize of £15 was won by Mrs. P. Pagand, 90 Garden Street, Alexandria. The jumper shows an original shoulder treatment, the striped effect being carried out also in the sleeves.

The third prize of £5 was won by Nurse Winchester, 11 Chapel Street, Kogarah. The jumper is gaily sporting in its vari-colored stripes, in shades that are reminiscent of Belgian embroidery.

Next row: K. to last 2 st. at neck edge, k. 2 tog. Other side of neck: K. 2 tog., k. to end. Repeat these 2 rows 3 times more. Continue on these st. until armhole measures 7 inches, shape shoulders by casting off 9 st. at beginning of every row 4 times.

The Back: Make the same as for front, but do not shape neck; continue knitting until armholes measure 7 inches, shape shoulders as before, then cast off remaining st.

Sleeve: Both alike. With blue wool and No. 12 needles cast on 60 st., and k. into back of them. Rib, k. 1, p. 1, increasing 1 st. each end of needle every 8 rows until st. have been increased to 100. When ribbing is 153 inches long change to No. 10 needles, and increase as follows: K. 10, k. 2 into every st., to last 10 st., k. 10; 180 st. on needle. Next row, purl.

Next row: * K. 8 b. (2 w., 3 b.) twice, 2 w., repeat from * to end of row. Next row: * (p. 2 w., 3 b.) twice, 2 w., 8 b., repeat from * to end of row.

Repeat these last 2 rows for 3 inches, then shape sleeve by knitting 3 st. tog. at beginning of every row until about 30 st. remain. Cast off tightly.

The Bands and Rows: With white wool and No. 12 needles cast on 13 st., knit in garter st. for 24 inches; cast off. Make 3 more bands measuring 37 and 53 inches long respectively. With blue wool and No. 12 needles cast on 13 st., knit in garter st. for 7 inches; cast off. Make another strip the same width 4 inches long. Make into a bow. Repeat directions for 3 more bows.

To Make Up: Press body and top of sleeves with a hot iron over a damp cloth. Do not press any ribbing or garter st. Sew up shoulder, underarm, and sleeve seams; sew in sleeves, easing any fullness to top of sleeve. Sew on bands, joining ends together at point where bows are placed. Sew on bows.



These jumpers were the winners of the first, second, and third prizes in the Sunbeam Knitting Competition organised by Station 2UW and broadcast in conjunction with Station 2GB. See details in adjoining column.

Make yourself this ROLL-UP Manicure SET

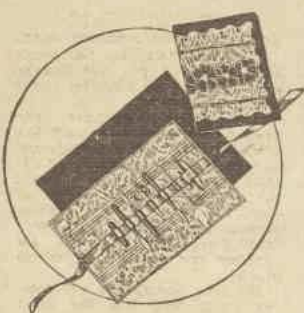
IT WILL KEEP YOUR SET HANDY

Nearly all of you have made pouches at some time or other, and found the process perfectly simple. It is even simpler to make a roll-up manicure case, in which to house your implements.

All you require is a length of thick silk or moire ribbon, 11 inches long by 2 inches wide; a piece of silk of the same dimensions for lining, a yard and a half of inch-wide ribbon and a skein of embroidery silk.

THE RIBBON FASTENING

Turn down a narrow hem all round the silk, and tack it securely. Treat the lining in the same way, and, laying it flat on the silk, tack the two together, being careful to get the edges exactly level. Secure them by means of fancy stitching worked in embroidery silk, on the lining side, taking



special note to take the stitches through to the outside of the case.

Now cut a piece of ribbon a few inches longer than the case itself. Find the centre of the case and fix the ribbon across, catching it down at intervals, with embroidery silk to form loops to hold your implements. The number and size of the loops will vary with the size and extent of your tools.

If you happen to possess a pochette you do not use, this can be turned into a manicure case with the greatest ease. Simply unpick the side seams, lay it out flat, and attach the ribbon for holding your outfit, and the task is done. A length of ribbon, stitched to the middle of the case outside, forms strings to secure it when it is rolled up.

Elaborate Sleeves

Sleeves are fashion's fete. Puffed or ruffled, or scintillating with gold sequins, or as minuet of knitted silver, they give a medieval touch to the long robes that caress the body to flow in sculptural lines. Designers of to-day have but reconstructed and intermingled designs of bygone days, lending grace and dignity to the beauty of women.

BLAME GUTENBERG!

MORE than fifty thousand million books have been printed since printing was first invented.

MOST UNUSUAL COLLAR & CUFF SET

The roses differ in size according to the number of layers or petals, and also by the size and weight of the thread used.

Material:—Coats' Mercer-Crochet, size 50. Steel crochet hook, No. 12.

Ch. 8, join into a ring.

1st Row.—Ch. 5, 5 d.c. under ring, with ch. 3 between each d.c., ch. 3, fasten with slst. in 3rd of ch. 6.

2nd Row.—Over each ch. 3 work 1 s.c., 1 half d.c., 3 d.c., 1 half d.c., 1 s.c.

3rd Row.—1 s.c. over each d.c. of 1st row, with ch. 5 between.

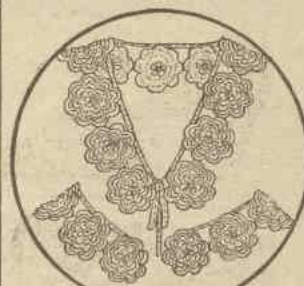
4th Row.—Over each ch. 5 work 1 s.c., 1 half d.c., 5 d.c., 1 half d.c., 1 s.c.

5th Row.—1 s.c. over each s.c. between petals of 3rd row, with ch. 7 between.

6th Row.—Over each ch. 7 work twice, 1 s.c., 1 half d.c., 3 d.c., 1 half d.c., 1 s.c., or, if a more regular outside edge is preferred, work 1 s.c., 1 half d.c., 7 d.c., 1 half d.c., 1 s.c.

For a larger rose, work additional rows, increasing the ch. loops 2 sts. and the petals 2 d.c.

Work as many roses as will fit round the neck of your frock. Join each rose by sewing the outer edge of one petal to the outer edge of one petal of the next rose. This collar would look very effective if every alternate rose were worked in a contrasting shade to tone with your frock.



The cuffs are made similarly and sew to the sleeves of the frock.

Some color suggestions are: Maize and tangerine worn with a buff frock, eau-de-nil and white worn with a green frock or sky and dove-grey with a dove-grey or blue frock.

CURE FOR "NERVES"

WHEN we are out of sorts, things get on our nerves; the most trifling annoyances assume the proportions of a catastrophe. It is a sure sign we need rest and fresh air.

Proof that Dandriff Destroys the Hair!

"I had a very bad form of dandriff and spent a lot of money trying to cure it without avail until I used KOKO. With KOKO I noticed my hair getting cleaner every day until the dandriff was quite gone. Since then THE IMPROVEMENT IN MY HAIR IS WONDERFUL!" (Voluntary Testimony).

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Notice how aged a bald man or a skimpy-haired woman looks; see how they are shunned socially... discarded in business. So keep your scalp always clean, vigorous, and quite comfortable with KOKO.

You will enjoy using KOKO immensely. Purposely we made KOKO so clean and refreshing to use that you will eagerly use it as a daily dressing to keep the hair bright and wavy, always abundant and colorful... as this lady did!

"I am 36 and without a grey hair, thanks to using KOKO for over 28 years."

Make a note NOW to try KOKO. KOKO is sold at all Chemists and Stores.

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What PARIS Designers Ordain

A Miscellany of Models to Delight the FEMININE EYE

TO SECURE THESE PATTERNS

Copy of the original patterns can be obtained in 36in. bust for 2/- each.

When ordering, address to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney, giving name of model and date of issue.



THESE charming Paris models are French official designs reproduced by arrangement.

Reading across the page the frocks are:—

• **LE REFLET**, by Agnes, is one of the new high crowned hats made in extensible material. The wearer here has the model in pink to match the pink flowers pinned to her black frock.

• **SUPERLYA** is a very smart sports frock by Marcel Rochas. Tailored jacket and skirt of tweed of a pink tone with narrow lines of black running through the material. Note the four big flat pockets and the very new neck line. Black gloves, scarf, belt and hat are very necessary etceteras.

• **RED AND PURPLE** is by Vionnet, and is one of the most successful models in Paris. The violet matt crepe corsage is beautifully swathed into a bow tying at the back with

long ends. The skirt is of red matt crepe beautifully and simply cut on the cross—the whole distinction of



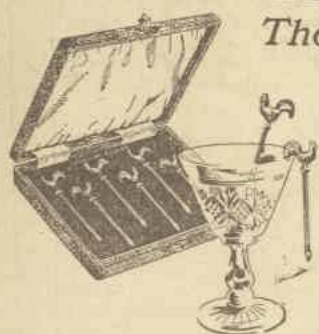
Parisian houses. The skirt is very straight with one inverted pleat, made of mint green woollen material. Vestee is of white cotton knitted in a coarse ribbing, while the cravat picks up the white of the jacket and the green of the skirt, and has as contrast a black stripe. Hat of green felt with black band.

Above:—

• **CIRE** is a frock of black cire satin designed by Alix Barton. A long straight frock, it is cut on the cross with side seams. White organdie doubled makes the swathing shoulder bands and bow at back. The contrast between the dull textured organdie and the gleaming cire satin makes a fine effect.



The sketches herewith are intended to show in greater detail those features of the frocks which are not so clearly discernible on the photographs. Patterns for these Paris-Vienna fashions are supplied only in one size, but a chart is enclosed showing how to alter the patterns to suit bigger or smaller sizes.



The Latest Idea! Hook Tail Cocktail Picks IN ENGLISH HALL-MARKED SILVER.

Note how the tails of the birds form a hook so that the picks may be hung on the rim of the glass. Ideal for your next Cocktail party—or as a novel and useful gift.

COMPLETE IN HANDSOME CASE, 21/-

This Attractive Cocktail Shaker

will give many, many years of service, being very heavily silver-plated on hard white metal. Well designed and finished in every detail.

35/-



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Army Uniforms By Poiret

Famous Fashion Designer's Many Vogues

One would not imagine that army uniforms would have to be designed by the creator of beautiful Parisian frocks. But they once were!

DURING the war a new uniform for the French soldiers was designed by the famous M. Paul Poiret, whose fashion work is well known. The happening was not without its humor.

Describing the incident in his memoirs, M. Poiret says: "That was not my way of making garments. I did not know how. Not without showing some contempt for my ignorance, the Commissariat officer



POIRET

drew up a note addressed to all the tailors of France and Navarre. It was a ludicrous document, in which one read:

"... that the buttonhole of the side of the capote must be orientated ac-

cording to the bisector of the angle in such sort that its projection would meet the last buttonhole in front, etc. . . ."

This notice in the Bulletin Officiel was sent to the regimental tailors in every district, and each replied that he did not understand the new instructions.

M. Poiret was therefore sent in his own car, first to Marseilles, to assemble all the tailors of the region and show them his new model capote and explain the way to make it.

SPY! FOR HIS PAINS

When he got there he was arrested as a spy suspected of having a case of explosives concealed in his car.

But all that is long past, and M. Poiret is now seeking fame as a film star. He has temporarily deserted the creation of fashions to create the part of Father Ursule, a shoemaker, in the French picture, "Panurge." He has a further interest in this film, for the frocks are named "Poiret."

Intimate Jottings

Would You Like In Your Home—

THE aero trophies which simply smother Mrs. Dan Collins' dining-room? Whenever her husband leaves home for a contest, he promises to bring back a cup or a pair of stockings, and Mrs. Collins does not rely upon him for stockings.

Mrs. Monty Severn's silver bowl, which was presented by the women of England to Sir James Stansfeld (a connection by marriage)?

The "Princess's chair" now in Mr. R. H. Swainson's Sydney home? Whenever Princess Helena Victoria attended meetings at his London office she used to sit in this chair, which was specially brought from Mr. Swainson's home.

The Sydney University Geology School's whistling kettle, which Philip Game says he can hear from the Union?

Mr. A. J. Vogan's unique water-color executed by Australian aborigines in the days when Mr. Vogan was artist correspondent for the "Illustrated London News"?

The relics, including part of a diary, of Ruskin, in the possession of Mrs. Track, of Pymble, whose family were intimate friends of the great writer?

Something New

Good wishes for their school have been sent by "old girls" of Ascham who are at present in London to Miss Bailey, Principal of the school. As many old girls go abroad either to live or to travel, a branch of the Old Girls' Union has just been formed in London, of which Mrs. Drinkwater is president, and Valerie Spitzer hon. secretary. This is probably the first Australian Old Girls' Union to be formed overseas. Valerie, whose life in London seems to wander from theatre party to dance and back to the theatre, lives right in the centre of things, at the corner of Baker Street and Marylebone Road, in a lovely home which is complete with roof-garden. Mrs. Drinkwater, too (formerly on the staff of Ascham), has a charming home near London, so Sydney visitors should be well looked after.

Eligible

Sydney girls are wondering whether red-headed Johnny Maunder, who has so far proved unsuspensible to their charms, and has just obtained a position in Queensland as Veterinary Scientist (for Sydney being the only State to give Vet. Sci. degrees, our graduates are in demand all over the Commonwealth) will follow the lead of his B.E. friend, Harry Juniper. Harry recently left for Melbourne a lonely bachelor, and returned with a pretty bride.

After The Concert

Laughter and merriment abounded in the flat at the Astor, where Philip Hargrave is installed with his teacher and guardian, Miss Gordaunt, and her niece, Miss Fisher. The sound of childish mirth came from little Delphina Brownlee, who fled before Philip disguised as a Red Indian.

When the games were over and Delphina was leaving, the little musician said regretfully, "How will you remember me?" Delphina, aged 3 and a bit, answered brightly, "I will not forget you because P stands for Philip and P for piano." Philip was delighted with this answer, and said, "You must give me one of your curls." He took out a pocket knife, which, boy like, he considers his greatest treasure. Little Delphina was frightened and cried. Nurse soon soothed her. Philip didn't intend cutting her hair, but nurse took a curl from the back of Delphina's hair, which was tied up and then given to Philip.

Work-a-day Women

WHY is it that so many Sydney society girls are self-supporting as compared to Melbourne girls? Fact.

One of the few Melbourne girls in that category, Margaret Finlay, has been visiting Sydney. Margaret, who stayed at 52 Macleay Street, has quite a flair for clothes, and has a job in one of the smartest dress shops in Melbourne.

Archbishop's Violin

Apropos of the announcement in these pages, last week, of the engagement of Miss Kathleen Logue, a charming little story is told of that bright young personality. Miss Logue was visiting a friend at Lewisham Hospital, and hearing that Archbishop Redwood, of New Zealand, was an inmate and that he had with him his famous old violin, she asked to see the Archbishop—and, of course, the violin. To her delight, his Grace asked her to play, and as she is a brilliant violinist, that is what she had hoped for. A very happy girl left the hospital a short time later. It had been her ambition to "try" the famous instrument, ever since she had first heard of it.

Careful, Girls!

Hot from London cables comes the news that women in the Big Smoke will soon be wearing glass dresses. Already mannequins are parading glass evening frocks, and Paris is exporting glass lingerie in many shades. These garments are opaque. Nevertheless, you must all remember that women who live in glass dresses shouldn't throw stones.



The Madder Manicure

One of England's sunny blondes, Isobel Elsom, is adding a dash of brightness to our city at the moment. Isobel has come across to treat us to a badly-needed season of comedies under the J.C.W. management, and is, at the moment, rehearsing "When Ladies Meet," in which she will make whoopee in Melbourne anon. Elegant of attire, she brings a new note or two in fashions, particularly intriguing being the diamond-cum-platinum watch whimsy she clips on to her lapel. Also, the very newest in red-lacquered nails. Take note that they name it madder red, and apply same from base to tips—the maiden's farewell to the nude half-moon and tips blandishments.

A Promising Baby

The new arrival (a girl) at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wood is probably a very superior young person. The baby's father is a son of the late Professor Wood and his graduate wife (who was Madeline Whitfield). Mr. Wood is a lecturer in history at Sydney University, and is a scholar and graduate of Oxford and Sydney. The baby's mother (Joan Walter) is also a University woman, and a graceful writer of verse. Professor Hubert Whitfield, the baby's uncle, is the author of the Sydney University anthem, "Grads. and Undergrads."

With such a family history, the new Miss Wood is already on the way to fame.

Sweet Nell!

Listening-in for your benefit at the Polo Ball on Monday night, as the pageant of fair women delighted the eye and stirred the imagination, I caught a couple of bright quips of which I hand you the following as the prize bon mot:

"Nell Gwyn? Well, she was so used to selling oranges, she simply couldn't bear to hand Charles the First a lemon!"

My history is a bit blurred, but, as lovely Dorothy Vernon, of Haddon Hall, glided by I seemed to remember that Sweet Nell founded the Dukedom into which Dorothy married.

The Dark Twins

Still at the Polo Ball. Hard by me swept the current of admiration for regal Irene Anderson, queening it as Cleopatra. Then said one to another, "Marvellous woman, Cleopatra. You know she had twins to Julius Caesar. Must have kept 'em dark from Antony, what!"

Came the rejoinder, "Member Antony's 'this was the noblest Roman of them all'! I bet he wanted to add a codicil to that after he'd suffered the twins tearing up the papyri and scattering the scarabs about."

Off To The East

Usually after a wedding in a family, life for a while is as uninteresting and flat as a piece of dough for the remaining members. But Gerie Hughes, whose sister, Gaynor, will be married shortly, isn't finding it so, for, after the excitement of sister's wedding, the shopping and the parties have become a thing of yesterday, she leaves with her parents, the C. C. Hughes couple, for a trip to the East.

Do You Like—

Professor Wallace's return from abroad accompanied by a bowler hat? Dr. Marie Bentivoglio's eye-veil? The stork chalked by undergrads upon the class-room door the day lecturer Fred Wood's daughter Jennifer was born?



Malcolm Mackay-Sim, with his little sister, "Petto," whose kilted skirt shows the family tartan. The photograph was taken at "Tirenze," Edgecliff Road, where the Mackay-Sim clan have pitched their tent.

—Women's Weekly photo.

Again and again Women come back for these MITCHAM LAVENDER CREATIONS

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TO possess the priceless gift of hear-
ing, enjoy the song of birds, music,
and audible converse with one's fellows,
and then to be deprived of the gift and
forced to live in a world of silence, is
a trial of fortitude that tests the in-
herent strength of character of any
human being.

When Miss Edith M. Baird felt deaf-
ness descending upon her at about the
age of 19 she determined to overcome
the disability and learn to make her
eyes do the work of her ears.

After studying English and American
systems of lip-reading, she set about
perfecting her own system, and so suc-
cessful has she been with it that she
is able to carry on conversation in a
beautifully modulated voice, watching
the speaker's lips form the words, and,
more than this, she has been able to
teach many deaf people her system,
thereby opening to them a new vista of
hope, happiness, and interest.

Experiences of life that seem un-
related to each other are often found to
dovetail in such a way as to make finally
a proper sequence.

It was the fact that she had spent 12



MISS DOROTHY WORMALD, president
of the Red Cross Headquarters
Younger Set, who will present a
cheque representing the balance of
the £300 quota raised by the
Younger Set during the current
financial year at the fourth annual
birthday dinner to be held at David
Jones Ltd. on June 29, Lupton Studios.

months on the island of Sachalin, a
convict settlement for murderers in
Siberia, that started Miss Baird on her
career as teacher of lip-reading.

The way of it was this: Coming out
to Australia she related some of her ex-
periences on the island to fellow pas-
sengers, and, on being asked to address
a gathering at night on the top deck,
replied that she could not do so as she
would be unable to see their lips in the
dark, and thus would be unable to
answer their questions. It was then that
her friends discovered her deafness, and
a doctor on the ship who was interested
asked her to take a case in Melbourne.

Although Boston specialists say that
it takes 180 lessons to master the art,
Miss Baird finds that she can teach the
average person in about 36 lessons, al-
though deaf mutes take longer.

SCOTS COLLEGE AMBITION

With the pertinacity of the true Scot,
members of the Scots College Ex-
Students' Union, Parents and Friends,
and all interested in the college, are
making a valiant attempt to raise
£10,000 to build an Assembly Hall at
the College. They are not content with
dreaming about the hall, but are help-
ing to make it a reality by organising
entertainments to raise funds.

The Minister for Education (Mr.
Drummond) is an ex-student of the
college, and he shows his interest in its
welfare by attending these entertain-
ments whenever possible.

He arrived early at the Old Boys'
dance at Romano's, and so thoroughly
enjoyed the fun that he stayed till late
in the evening, and was only one of
those present whose eyes strayed with
memory and pride to the college pen-
nant hung above the official table.

The president of the Old Boys' Union,
Mr. E. R. Cox, was best, assisted by
Mrs. Cox, who maintained her reputa-
tion for exquisite table decorations. Her
table on this occasion was gay with bark
logs, covered in blue and gold panes
and trails of smilax.

Souvenirs of the occasion were pre-
sented to the official guests, in the form
of little Dutch dolls, dressed in their
school colors, by Mrs. A. Warton, mother
of the honorary secretary.

WOMAN and HER WORK



MISS ETHEL M. BAIRD

Massaging the CRIPPLED back to HEALTH

WITH no hope of reward other than
the sight of their patients improv-
ing daily and a small honorarium, 15 ex-
perienced masseuses give their services
to help the sick and suffering in the
orthopaedic department at the Sydney
Hospital each week.

Cases, seemingly hopeless, are cured,
and the patient brought to normal health
by the marvellous perseverance not so
much of the patients as of the mas-
seuses.

Hot-air treatment, massage, and
diathermy—the latest in electrical treat-
ment—are given in this ward to out-
patients and in-patients.

Those who can afford to pay for treat-
ment do so, and those who cannot—
well, they just don't. All are treated
with the same courtesy and kindness,
whether they have paid a penny or a
pound.

Dr. John Hoets and Dr. R. V. Graham
are the doctors attending the depart-
ment. Miss Adna Cornwell, who has
given her services for the last 14 years
in the capacity of masseuse, was ap-
pointed in charge of the department last
year.

MANY CASES

Men, women, and children are treated
in the ward, which has 13 cubicles, a
gymnasium, doctor's office, patients'
waiting-room, and, of course, central
heating. In addition there is the plaster-
room. This is most important, for it is
here that all kinds of supports for the
patients—indoor and out—are made.

The foot supports made in the plaster-
room have helped thousands to health.



MRS. STANLEY HEMPTON, of
New Zealand, who, three years ago,
founded the New Zealand Women's
Association and was its president for
two years.

Milk Problem— Housewives View

WHEN thousands of housewives
read about the holding of a
Royal Commission to inquire
into the milk industry, they were very
definitely interested. Every housewife
knows why.

Women do not want to pay a good
price for milk from which the rich cream
has been taken, nor do they want to
buy cream which, owing to the addition
of preservatives, refuses to "whip" and
make cakes and sweets a success.

The Housewives' Progressive Associa-
tion has never ceased trying to keep the
price of milk low.

The present attitude of the association
to the milk industry is that consumers
obtain from reliable companies milk
that is above the Government standard
all the year.

If the milk were sold as it came from
the farmer, it would be richer in fat in
the winter time, and in summer months
it would probably be as low as the fixed
standard. The association thinks that,
in summer, when cows do not give such
rich milk, the difficulty could be over-
come by companies taking some of the
afternoon milkings.

As regards preservatives in cream, the
association thinks also that the addition
of preservatives is not in the best inter-
ests of the consumer, as stale cream
could be foisted on the public.

Although the matter of the standardi-
sation of milk has not been definitely
discussed by the executive committee
of the Housewives' Association, a wary eye
is being kept on developments, and all
necessary steps will be taken to main-
tain consumers' interests.

Housewives Combat Butter Scheme

FOLLOWING on their resolution to
protest against the Butter Stabili-
sation Scheme, the Housewives' Progres-
sive Association of New South Wales has
sent letters to the Prime Minister, the
Premier, Federal and State Ministers,
pointing out that, if the measure be
placed on the Statute Book, it would
have the effect of raising the price of
butter and cheese locally.

The association, which is definitely op-
posed to the granting of Statutory
powers to any board or Department to
fix prices, has received a copy of a letter
sent from the Department of Agriculture
to the Premier's Department on the
matter.

A portion of the letter, signed by the
Under-Secretary, reads:—

"I desire to point out that at the present
time prices for butter are fixed by an Inter-
state Committee, consisting of representatives
of the producers and trading interests. In
fixing these rates, the Committee is guided by
prices ruling overseas and local conditions."
"It is understood that there would be no
departure from this course if the proposed leg-
islation is passed by the Commonwealth and
State Governments."

The Minister of Agriculture has sug-
gested that the Housewives' Association
arrange a conference between representa-
tives of the Association and of the
Primary Producers' Union, in order that
the matter may be discussed, and any
misapprehension removed.

The Housewives will follow up the sub-
ject and endeavor to arrange for the
conference.

Endorse Your Envelope

Contributions and entries in competi-
tions addressed to The Australian
Women's Weekly must be endorsed on
the envelope with the name of the sec-
tion to which they are forwarded. Thus,
if you are sending a recipe, mark your
envelope, "Recipe," "Fashion," "Com-
petition," etc.

With the large mail being received at
the office it is necessary to observe this
condition, in order to facilitate the duty
of sorting the letters.

Cases occur every week. A few weeks
ago a young man came to the ward,
limping dreadfully and hardly able to
walk.

With the use of foot supports and the
daily treatment of hot air and massage
he comes and goes from the hospital
with steps that are light and springy,
and expects soon to get his discharge
as wholly cured.

MY dentist's waiting-room sports
neatly printed and framed, the fol-
lowing rhyme:—

"It's easy enough to be jolly,
When life is one bright, rosy wreath,
But the girl worth while
Is the girl who can smile
When the dentist is filling her teeth."
5/ to "Nailch," Rockdale.

SKIN DISEASES

AMAZING SUCCESS OF NEW FORMULA AND DIAGNOSIS METHOD

A Milton (N.S.W.) woman who suffered agony
from Eczema for eight years, a Sydney girl
whose condition baffled four skin specialists,
and a Queensland man suffering from Thaps,
who had tried scores of "cures," are among
the recent cases successfully treated by Mr. J. J.
McHugh, the brilliant consulting chemist and
skin specialist, of 547 W. Elizabeth Road, Mar-
rickville, N.S.W.

A remarkable new and secret formula com-
bined with individual diagnosis methods has
enabled Mr. McHugh to successfully treat (by
post and personally) distressing cases of
Eczema, Psoriasis, Germ under Nails, Varicose
Veins, Ulcers, Tropical Ringworm, Barber's
Itch, Ringworm, Acne, Pruritis, etc.
The new treatment has produced phenomenal
results in so-called "hopeless" cases throughout
Australia, New Zealand, and Pacific Islands.
That many who suffered for years, spent
pounds and almost lost hope, have been released
from torture, is proved by scores of letters from
patients. Mr. McHugh will be pleased to send
copies of these and answer, without obligation,
inquiries from any reader.—Advt.

Extra Special Purchase!
DIRECT FROM THE MILL

Woollen Dress Fabrics

ON SALE
AT



GRACE BUILDING YORK ST SYDNEY & GRACE BROS LTD BROADWAY SYDNEY

9,900 YDS! ——— 36 INS. WIDE
PIQUE CORDS-WOOL FRISCA
and DIAGONAL WEAVES



Offering in the following colours — RHUM BROWN
RED, BURGUNDY, BOTTLE, FAWN MIDBROWN,
NIGGER, LIDO and NAVY. Regular value, 3/11 and
4/6 yard SPECIAL PURCHASE PRICE . . . Yard

1 YD
1 1/2

36 in. All Wool DRESS FLANNELS

A big variety of all the newest and most popular shades; nice, warm quality for winter wear.
JUNE SPECIAL.
Yard

2 1/2

36 in. Needle Cord VELVETEEN

In all wanted shades.
Usual Price 2/11 1/2 yard.
JUNE SPECIAL,
Yard

1 1/2

29" All Silk Spun Crepe de Chine

Heavy quality in Ivory only. Regular Value, yard 2/11 1/2
JUNE SPECIAL,
Yard

1 1/2

54 inch All Wool CREPE DE CHINE

Light weight, fine weave in Black only. Regular Value, yard 8/11.
JUNE SPECIAL,
Yard

4 1/2

46-48 inch Silk SUMMER ERMINE

An entirely new fabric with Kid-like finish. New crushed effect, suitable for Coats, Cravats, Berets and Bags. Ivory, Fawn, Squirrel, Brown and Black.
JUNE SPECIAL,
Yard

24 1/2 YD

50" All Wool Black KASHIR PIQUE IN WIDE CORD

A serviceable fabric for Ladies' Coats. Regular Value, yard 6/11.
JUNE SPECIAL,
Yard

2 1/2

36" All Wool Black and White DRESS FABRICS

Medium weight. Black Basket-weave Kashir, Pique Cords, Self-diagonal Stripes & Black & White Friscales. Regular Value, yard 4/6
JUNE SPECIAL,
Yard

1 1/2

36 inch All Wool CREPE DE CHINE

Beautiful, even weave in the following colours:— Mustard, Arab Green, Signal Red, Saxe, Grey, Wine, Bottle, Navy, Beige, Brown, Henna and Black.
JUNE SPECIAL,
Yard



3 1/2 1/2 YD

VISIT GRACE BUILDING TO-MORROW (Friday)

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SPECIAL CUTTING-OUT DEMONSTRATION

Your Dress Materials (if purchased at GRACE BUILDING or GRACE BROS., BROADWAY) will be **CUT OUT Free of Charge.**

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Debs. Must Adhere To Catholic Fashion Decree

DEBUTANTES at Catholic Balls often find it difficult to adhere to the decrees from the Vatican regarding modest dress, and at the same time to fashion frocks that will be smart as well as modest.

With the ingenuity of their sex, clever fingers drape billowy folds of tulle over gleaming white shoulders during the procession in which their presentation takes place. Afterwards, owing to the heat of the room, the tulle can be removed. One bright lass, who was one of the forty-one debs. presented to His Grace, Archbishop Kelly, at the Catholic Ball, held at Mark Foy's, last week, tried to innovate a new style in her debutante ensemble. She wore a quaint little white velvet cap perched at a jaunty angle on her head, and caught under the chin with a diamante strap.

Knowing the strictness of His Grace in the matter of dress, a wary Matron of the Debs. persuaded the lass to remove her head-dress. Somewhat dejectedly, the girl did so, but resumed it later, eliciting much interest and envy for her bright idea of attaining something a little different in style.

Floral Pageant for Blind Institution

IN connection with the William Street Blind Institution, a floral festival is being organised to take place at the Sydney Town Hall on October 5 and 6.

The festival will be after the fashion of the one held last year, though the committee, headed by Mrs. A. D. Roberts, hopes to make it a more elaborate affair. There will be a Queen of the Roses competition, and Lady Game will crown the winner.

A street garden competition has been inaugurated throughout the suburbs, and a special feature will be a pageant of decorated small vehicles such as prams, dog carts and wheelbarrows, which will leave the Botanic Gardens, passing through the city streets to the Town Hall. In the hall itself all stalls will be enclosed with white lattice, and special attention will be given to model gardens. Lady Walder will have charge of the ferns and all manner of pot plants in the basement adjoining a tea garden carried out on real tea garden lines.



MRS. R. S. MACKINNON

ANNUAL BALL FOR SWIMMERS

The Combined Swimming Associations are holding their Annual Ball at the Wentworth Hotel on July 13.

VAST VISION GREW TO BIG REALITY

MANY of those nations where it is such a living force are among the oldest in the world, but it is from the youngest nation that the great movement has come, and New South Wales has the honor of cradling it, and first lighting the flame of youthful service. Since its inception Mrs. Mackinnon has continued her

Vision, that wondrous gift of being able to see vast possibilities in a single idea, came to Mrs. R. S. Mackinnon, when in New South Wales in August, 1914, she founded the Junior Red Cross, a movement that now numbers among its members some twelve million children in fifty countries throughout the world.

appliances, crutches, optical glasses, and similar necessities.

Another praiseworthy work is the distribution twice a year of thousands of warm and comfortable garments to the needy children of sick and disabled soldiers.

The clothing is made by the J.R.C. children themselves, and at the beginning of every winter the gifts made for the purpose are displayed at the annual J.R.C. exhibition.

Knowing how they themselves appreciate a visit from Santa Claus, the Junior Red Cross circles provide a "Christmas shelf" of clothing, books, and toys for children less fortunate than themselves.

In both the metropolitan and country districts the J.R.C. members visit their local hospitals regularly, taking with them gifts of fruit, eggs, flowers, and the like.

"Lest We Forget"

Ever mindful of their motto, "Lest We Forget," the J.R.C. members visit the Cenotaph in Martin Place every week to place thereon a fresh green laurel wreath and remembrance card. The various circles take it in turn to perform this act of loving remembrance.

Yet another branch has been added to the great organisation in N.S.W. This was by the enrolling of smaller children attending the infant schools as "J.R.C. Koola" members. The first "Koola" members were the infants of Cleveland Street Public School.

The wee ones, who are proud to belong to such an organisation, have grasped the idea that no child is too small to be kind to others.

Through the activities of the Junior Red Cross in New South Wales three homes are maintained—"Shuna" Home for Girls at Laura, "Juong" Home for Boys at Springwood, and "Gudgelo" the seaside home at Ramsgate. The homes are maintained entirely by the efforts of personal service, as the children of the J.R.C. in New South Wales earn every penny they contribute, and do not collect it.

Thanks to these homes supplying a holiday and loving care, nearly 2500 delicate boys and girls have been transformed into sturdy young Australians, and most of the children who have benefited from a visit to the homes are sons and daughters of returned soldiers.

Thus these needy children have been prevented from being a charge upon the State as inmates of public hospitals and sanatoria.

Splendid Record

In addition to maintaining the homes, the society in this State carries out another programme of helpful service by supplying milk for sick children awaiting admission to hospital or to the J.R.C. homes.

The Junior Red Cross Crippled Children's Fund, which the society has maintained for some years, has a splendid record for a fund of its size of numbers of children supplied with surgical

Clear up complexion faults with REXONA Medicated SOAP

—a healing
soothing
skin tonic



This charming girl is Miss Betty Doyle of Coogee who writes: "I am pleased to tell you that since using Rexona Soap I have noticed my skin becoming clearer and finer. Rexona is a lovely soap to use."

Every little blemish on your skin, every tiny pimple, is a bar to happiness and self-confidence. If you want a lovely skin and clear, healthy complexion give your skin the protection it needs—use Rexona Medicated Soap.

For whether your skin is too dry or too oily, whether you are troubled with enlarged pores, blackheads or pimples, Rexona Soap is medicated to heal them and to prevent blemishes from forming in the future.

Ensure baby against infection — bath him with REXONA SOAP

Rexona Soap keeps baby's skin clear and healthy—free from irritating rashes or other skin-blemishes. And because it is medicated, Rexona Soap removes germs and guards baby against all kinds of infection.

This happy little girl is Baby Rebe Sanders. Her mother, Mrs. R. Sanders of South Hursville, writes: "I have used only Rexona Soap for her skin and hair. I find it keeps the skin smooth, just like velvet, and I would use no other soap for her."



Why REXONA SOAP heals where other soaps merely cleanse

You cannot expect an ordinary soap to do more than cleanse. Rexona Soap is not an ordinary soap—it contains the same healing and soothing medications as Rexona Ointment. Each time you use Rexona Soap you are giving your skin a very beneficial beauty-treatment.

The sure way to skin beauty

Even the first time you use Rexona Medicated Soap you will notice the added clearness of your skin. But to have a really lovely skin you must use Rexona Soap regularly, always.

REXONA OINTMENT SOOTHES PAINFUL SKIN-INFECTIONS

So marvellously soothing is Rexona Ointment that it quickly relieves the pain and irritation of Ringworm, Rashes and even dreaded Eczema. Its marvellous healing powers make the skin clear and healthy again.



At all
Chemists
and Stores.

Rexona
MEDICATED SOAP
Cleanses... Purifies and Heals

Useful Gifts in exchange for REXONA COUPONS

You have to save so few Rexona Soap coupons for these useful gifts that you will have the required number before you realise it.

See full particulars and complete list of gifts on the Coupon wrapped round every tablet of Rexona Soap.



PAIR OF SCISSORS

Make sewing easier with a pair of these sharp scissors. A good size—6½ inches—for general use.

OTHER FREE GIFTS—Ladies' Wristlet Watch with dainty mother-of-pearl case, Platinum Propelling Pencil, English-made after Vanity Case, Pocket Knife, and many other attractive gifts.



SOON WE will be planning our wardrobes for the spring days ahead. It is not always an easy matter to purchase new frocks at the outset of a new season. The charming gauntlet cuffs and inset vest seen here will help you out of your difficulty. Cut a "U" shape out of your frock and insert the vest of printed silk, slipping it through the slot, as here shown. A lace or net edge will make a charming finish.

FUNDS FOR HOSPITAL.

ON behalf of the ladies' auxiliary of the South Sydney Hospital, Mrs. Fred Flowers, president, handed over £120 towards hospital funds at the conclusion of the auxiliary eighth annual meeting.

ADDRESS ON INDIA

CAPTAIN F. A. Pisk, president of the auxiliary service department of Royal Alexandra Hospital for Children, gave an address on India, illustrated with cinema pictures, at the Handwick Soldiers' Hospital recently. During the past two and a half years Captain Pisk, who has lived for many years in India, has raised about £300 for the auxiliary by his lectures.

Mrs. H. L. Primrose, president of the Royal North Shore Hospital auxiliary, accompanied by her committee, visited the institution recently and handed over a cheque for £25 as a further result of the auxiliary's activities during the year. They were afterwards entertained at afternoon tea by Matron Charles West.

Classes for Girls Out of Work

IT is hard for women who have only themselves on whom to depend, to be out of work. But harder still for them to know that each day they are becoming more and more out of practice in their one particular sphere of work, and that probably, should they obtain a position, they will have become so hopelessly inefficient that they are unable to hold it.

To help these women, the Government has established training classes, so that they may maintain their proficiency until such time as they obtain employment.

There are at least three hundred unemployed young women, who, though short of fees to pay for regular practice, at a college, are determined not to allow their stenography to lapse, and they are on the roll of the Government Speed Classes in Hunter Street. Each attends one day weekly.

Miss Heath, a qualified commercial teacher, who has been associated with girls' organisations all her life, is in charge. She has succeeded in imbuing the girls with a spirit of hopefulness and courage.

Boon to Girls

The readings are graded from 60 to 140 words a minute, and, since the commencement of the classes in August of last year, 160 students at the classes have been placed in positions.

The class has been a wonderful boon to stenographers. Though to many it may seem only a small thing, to these young women it means something in their lives to which they can look forward each week, knowing that at least in their own line of work they are becoming daily more efficient—they are going forward, not backward.

What Is Good Government?

WITH a nice appreciation of the duties of government, Sir Philip Game had a word of praise and encouragement to say to members of the Quota Club of Sydney, in presenting the club with the charter from the headquarters of Quota, Washington, U.S.A.

He said he was glad that Quota believed in good government, and that members were endeavoring to make the world better by improving themselves first.

After several thousands of years of trial the world had not yet decided what good government really was, but there was no harm in keeping on trying. Most people tried to improve others first. You could not have a good Government without high ideals of service, cheerfulness, and good fellowship.

the mirror of SYDNEY

by Jane Ann SEYMOUR

SEVERAL of the girls at the Ravenswood ex-students' dance for the Cot Fund at the Children's Hospital (Camperdown) had their frocks so much out away at the back and courage that several youths, not so sophisticated as the average, whispered to their partners, "Let's dance closely behind her so I can see how it stays on." To them, as with many others, it was little short of a miracle that the gowns remained on the wearers at all. Miss Mabel Fidler, who entertained the guests of honor, has been the president of the union since its inauguration 22 years ago.

DETERMINED to make a success of her party, Mrs. Arthur Bryant engaged two rooms at the Pickwick Club for her bridge party and musicale to raise funds for St. Anne's annual ball. Music-lovers went into one room and card enthusiasts enjoyed their games in peace and quiet in another room.

SURELY at the Court of Louis XV there were not more lovely ladies in white wigs and panniers than were seen at the Pompadour ball held to raise funds for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Institution and the Children's Hospital. It is certain that, were many such balls to occur in Sydney, women would realise the charm of white hair, and all the manufacturers of hair stain would be in liquidation. Only about 20 per cent. of the dancers were in fancy costumes—generally of the period—though most were persuaded to wear masks, during the early part of the evening at least.

AMONG those who have gone a-cruising on the "Maloja" to New Guinea are Lady Gordon and Mrs. Reg. Allen. It added to the excitement that the boat left the wharf at midnight on Friday last.

WITH Mrs. W. Stone (of French descent), Miss Myreen Collins (of Spanish-Irish extraction), and Miss Pyffe Henderson (of Scots origin), there was food enough for conversation as the trio sat and watched the faces of the players at a bridge party given by Mrs. Stone at the Hotel Carlton, with the object of raising preliminary funds for the "Wanganella" dance on June 30, in aid of Tresillian Homes.

Conversation became even more animated when mention was made of the Maori Princess Wika, grand-daughter of the great chief Piti, of the Arawa Tribe, who, in full Maori costume, will dance and sing at the ball.

YASS is an interesting place, but, oh, dear, the winter is a cold one. To avoid its rigours Mr. and Mrs. Joe Connell have booked by the "Nieuw Holland," and will enjoy two months' stay at Singapore.

A TEAR-BOTTLE, little figurines, and part of the actual wrappings of a mummy, shown by Mrs. Maynard Paine, were among the many and varied objects at the exhibition of members' interests at the Girls' Secondary Schools' Club on Wednesday.



MRS. BOB BUNTING, of Papua, has taken a flat at The Astor. Her cousin, Joyce Merrilees, recently accompanied her to the Wau, which they reached by aeroplane, when they visited the goldfields of New Guinea. Joyce is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. James Merrilees, formerly of Melbourne, where her uncle, Dr. Orlin Merrilees, is the M.O.H. They are enjoying Sydney gaieties, and are shown here waiting for their car to wait them off for a dinner engagement.

—Women's Weekly photo.

MARIE JOSEPH, of Brisbane, who has been in Sydney for some time, has now booked her passage by the "Taiping," and will travel for some time through the glowing East.

PRINCIPAL Dr. E. E. Anderson ("the bird" to his friends) evidently thought enough was as good as a feast, for at St. Andrew's College dance on Thursday he kept to his inner fastnesses after a brief first appearance. He did emerge once, however. One of the visiting flappers had decided to souvenire one of the cardboard college badges with which the hall was decorated, and was happily lifting it down when a gentle but firm voice remarked that, as the badge cost 6/-, would she mind leaving it for next year? John Loxton, son of the K.C., managed to have his birthday fall on the same day as the ball, and spent quite a hectic evening with friends continually rushing in and out of his room to tell him they were glad he had been born.



COCKTAIL PARTY IN CELLAR.—Madame Dussap, the famous novelist, who writes under the name "Guy Chantepleure," and has the right to wear the small red ribbon that denotes she has been honored by the great Literary Society of France. Next to her is one of the guests of honor, Lady Bavin; in the centre the other guest of honor, Mrs. T. H. Kelly. The hostess, Marchesa Ferranti, is offering Mrs. Kelly a cocktail. (See paragraph below.) —Women's Weekly photo.

SYDNEY'S SMART Set searched in the by-ways for the basement in Macquarie Street, where the Dante Alighieri Society was entertaining at a cocktail party, with the popular Italian Consul, the Marchese Ferranti, and his wife the Marchesa (who is an American) as host and hostess. The guests of honor were Lady Bavin and Mrs. T. H. Kelly. Mrs. Kelly, whose daughter married an Italian, spends a great deal of time in Florence, so she is much in touch with modern Italy.

ALL OF the gowns of the debutantes at the A.I.F. ball at Blaxland Galleries had a similarity of cut, classical and falling in soft folds to the feet, except one worn by Miss Gladys Roberts. The Canterbury girl's lovely gown was made on princess lines, fluting out below the knees in billows of tulle and net.

MRS. JOHN JOSELAND, of Canberra, has been spending a few weeks in Sydney as the guest of Mrs. Wilfred Fairfax. Mrs. Joseland was Helen Grace, before her marriage, and sister of Frena, who was married in London only a few months ago.

LADY BEATRICE MORETON, now living at Woolwich, is one of the seven daughters of the late Earl of Duple, and was born and brought up in Queensland, where her father (then the Hon. Berkeley Moreton) was Colonial Secretary and Minister of Public Instruction, and afterwards Postmaster-General. His two brothers were in Australia also, and the family is well-known in Queensland, especially in Maryborough and Toowoomba. Lady Beatrice is a nurse by profession, and was matron of Dr. Macdonald's hospital in Toowoomba.

TO THOSE who are used to afternoon tea accompanied by dainty cakes, scones and savories, it is hard to realise the joy that a mere cup of tea and a slice of plain cake gives to the mothers who come to the city depot, Thomas Street, of the Renwick Hospital for Infants. A cup of tea under one of the jacaranda trees in the quadrangle compensates many a mother for a long, tedious trip to the institution. It is not merely the tea—it is the chats with new acquaintances that go with it.

"CHECKERS," the new station home of Bob Ashton, will soon be habitable. It is named after one of the Ashtons' most famous polo ponies, and promises to be one of the show places of the district. I believe Bob got some of his ideas while travelling, and the home can boast of a most unusual weather gauge, in the form of the horse itself with rider and polo stick complete, carved in bronze.

NORTH EAST WEST SOUTH

VICE-PRESIDENT of the N.S.W. Executive of the C.W.A., Mrs. Fanning, who is staying with her husband, Colonel Fanning, at Hotel Victoria, Moree, has promised that branch of the C.W.A. to approach metropolitan branches for assistance in the work of reducing the overdraft under which the Moree C.W.A. is laboring.

Also, to assist in clearing the debt, the monthly meeting of the branch decided to hold a Wattle Ball on August 1 and, in September, to co-operate with the Memorial Hall Committee in a bazaar.

MUNGINDI BRANCH of the Country Women's Association has now achieved its object for 1933, in having the "covered way" at the Mungindi Memorial Hospital approved of, and the building of this will be commenced shortly. The present maternity ward at the hospital was mainly built with the money that the C.W.A. members gathered.

MISS EDIE BRAINWOOD, of Wollstonecraft, has been enjoying all the festivities of Spring Plain and Mulla-wa picnic races. During her stay in the North-West she was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Hunt, of "North Nowley," Burien Junction.

ORGANISED by secretary Mrs. Eric Channon and members of the committee, the first ball under the auspices of Bellata branch of the Bush Nursing Association was the most successful in the annals of Bellata. An attractive color scheme of blue, silver, and black decorated the hall, and the supper room was designed to represent a roof garden.

AMONG THE passengers by the "Jervis Bay" was Miss Mary E. Crockett, who has returned after an absence of six years in Edinburgh. There she had a three-years' course in domestic training, afterwards taking a position on the teaching staff under the Board of Education in Edinburgh. Edinburgh Domestic Science School is considered one of the best of its kind in the world, having earned that reputation during the Great War.

HIPS and haws and bright holly berries from the home of Mr. W. A. Holman at Mount Wilson were used at "Haldane" Gordon, when Mrs. Holman gave a welcome-home party to Gertrude Mack, who has been for two years in England. Of course, Mrs. Lanoelet Harrison was there. Other guests included Mrs. Leonard Dods and her son Arthur, Mrs. G. de V. Davis, and Mr. Walter Bone, who, with Carl Budden Morris, played interesting music. Mrs. Holman's sisters, Misses Una and Stella Kidgell, helped entertain. Mr. B. E. Minna, the well-known artist, who lives nearby, brought his wife to the party. Mr. and Mrs. Holman have taken a flat during the winter months nearer to the city, and their address is now No. 9 Waratah Street, Rushcutters Bay.

FOUR MONTHS of wandering about the East has kept Mrs. Annie Box away from Sydney. She was accompanied by her niece, Nellie Patterson. The two travellers are due in Sydney by the "Kikano Maru," which will arrive shortly.

IT IS cold down there, and a good idea is to dodge the worst of the Melbourne climate. This is the opinion of Mrs. Carty Salmon, of Toorak, who, with her friend, Mrs. Pett, of East Malvern, are installed at "Belvedere" King's Cross for the next few months.

BARBARA BAIRD gave a cocktail party in her effortless way the day before she sailed for New Guinea on the "Maloja." I knew the party was going to prove a great success when I caught sight of the line of cars outside "Marion," where the Bairds have taken a flat. Audrey Maple-Brown looked smart in a black coat and skirt. Ena Edwards, fresh as ever in brown; and Nuttie McKellar, in the smartest tweed suit. Joan Clifford, Billie Wentworth, and John Hedges were other faces I knew in the throng.

IN THE cause of chivalry, so that their fair partners should not run the risk of having their gowns torn, several men at the A.I.F. ball, Blaxland Galleries, on June 17, flouted the law, and had there been any members of that force present to observe, they would now be preparing a defence at court. In fact, were this the middle ages and not the twentieth century, the penalty for their offence would be death. For it is against the law to deface the coin of the realm, and while the partners of the debutantes were waiting to escort their partners to Lady Deas's I noticed that, instead of the usual sharp rowels in their spurs, they had inserted silver coins. Some had threepences, while the more affluent had sixpences.



SHEILA MYERSON of St. Kilda Road, Melbourne, has just the right personality to wear this gown with its full sleeves and white tucker. —Brother.

THE FIRST party of its kind at Newtown since 1894 will be the Newtown-Erskineville Mayoral Ball on June 26, in St. George's Hall. There is a great span between the years, but lovely girls in graceful chiffons and georgettes and a bevy of debutantes will have nothing to fear from departed glories of the time when coaches lined the streets outside. The Mayor of Newtown, Ald. Fred Newnham, is the president; the Mayor of Erskineville, Ald. J. W. Elliott, the vice-president; Mr. W. G. Salmon, the hon. treasurer; and Mr. Charles Coffill, the hon. secretary. Debutantes will be presented to Lady Fuller and the Mayoreess of Newtown (Miss Newnham) and the Mayoreess of Erskineville (Mrs. Elliott).

Douglas—Thomson

ST. JAMES' CHURCH, King Street, was chosen for the marriage, on June 12, of Miss Ivy Thomson, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, of Arfarnon, to Mr. Fred Douglas, second son of Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Douglas, of Cronmore.

The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a lovely gown of ivory angel skin velvet, showing a high neck and long cowl sleeves. A plaited halo of silver velvet held in position the long veil of cut tulle. The bridal bouquet was composed of hyacinths and pink rosebuds.

Miss Leda Douglas and Miss Billie Williams, as bridesmaids, wore frocks of angel skin flat crepe, finished with capes of silver sequin, and their hats were of the small, smart variety, in matching shade. Shower bouquets of pink carnations and mignonette made a charming finish.

A reception was held at the New Cavalier, where the mother of the bride received the guests in a frock of black georgette and lace. The mother of the bridegroom was in black satin and gold-embroidered lace.

Single—Lambert

ON the evening of June 14, Miss Joyce Lambert, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lambert, of Manly, became the wife of Mr. William Fraser Single, younger son of the late J. D. Single, of Wallar, Mudgee, and Mrs. Single, of Mosman. St. James' Church, King Street, was chosen for the ceremony.

The bridal gown of magnolia satin was cut on long, graceful lines, the skirt terminating in a train. A wreath of orange blossoms secured the veil of cut tulle, and a bouquet of white roses with trails of hyacinths was carried.

The Misses Jessie Single (sister of the bridegroom) and Helen Morgan were bridesmaids, wearing frocks of satin angel skin in delicate pink, with capes of the same material. Their summer felt hats were in the same shade. Delphiniums and pink rosebuds were used for their bouquets.

Miss Pamela McCrone was the small train-bearer. She wore a dainty frock of blue and silver, shot-lafette, and carried an Early Victorian pony. Mr. Philip Haleigh was best man, and Mr. Geoffrey Hodge was the groomsmen.

A reception was held at the Women's Pioneer Society, Macquarie Street. The bride's mother received in a gown of black flat crepe, worn with a wrap of amethyst velvet.

The mother of the bridegroom was gowned in black lace.

Cayzer—Cooper

A DELIGHTFUL decorative scheme in all-yellow flowers—French marigolds and poppies, interspersed with trails of asparagus—enhanced the interior of St. Thomas' Church, North Sydney, on Saturday evening, when Bishop Wilson solemnized the marriage of Miss Elizabeth Cooper to Mr. Leonard Cayzer, B.Sc. Agr.

The bride is the second daughter of Mr. E. Cooper, and the late Mrs. A. G. Cooper, of King Street, Waverley. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Cayzer, of Tyron Street, Chatswood.

Given away by her mother, the bride wore a graceful frock of ivory angel skin velvet, appliqued with satin. Her hair, set of tulle, formed a train, and was held in place by a coronet of orange blossoms. The bridal bouquet carried bouquets in torchia times. Mr. Mason

WEDDINGS

Ironfeld—Smith

ST. MARY'S BASILICA was the scene and June 10 the date of the wedding of Miss Biele (Billie) Smith, only

was in shower effect, and was composed of roses, hyacinths and orchids.

Yellow silk net in heavy mesh, over satin, was worn by the bridesmaids, Misses Jean Cooper and Wendy Malloch. They added smart little coats of velvet in a matching shade, and



Mrs. GEORGE MALCOLM RITCHIE, who was Miss Norma McKillop, and whose marriage took place at The King's School Chapel on Wednesday evening, June 14.

Dorothy Welding.

Cox was best man, and Mr. Quentin Pitt the groomsmen.

At a reception, held at her own home, the mother of the bride wore over her frock a coat of coral velvet, and carried a posy of roses in the same shade.

The mother of the bridegroom wore a gown of black velvet relieved with lace.



Mrs. K. HAWKER, wife of Dr. Hawker, of Adelong, New South Wales. Before her marriage she was Miss Kathleen Willshire, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Willshire, of Beverley, Queensland.

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Smith, of Cabramatta, to Mr. George Ironfeld, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Ironfeld, of Macleay River. The Rev. Father McHugh officiated.

Ivory georgette was used for the bridal frock. A veil of point lace formed the unusual train, and fell from a coronet of orange blossoms. It was lent by Mrs. James, of Thirroul. The bouquet was of lilies of the valley, carnations, roses, and orchids, with trails of hyacinths and tulle. With the bridesmaid's bouquets it was made by Miss Mabel Hampton.

Misses Jean Cherrington, and Dolly Krough (bridesmaids) were frocked in lavender flat crepe, with trimmings of violet velvet, with which their hats and shoes toned. Their bouquets were of sweet peas and lavender, with trails of violets and velvet streamers to match.

Mr. Maxwell Smith, brother of the bride, and Mr. Cecil Butterworth were groomsmen.

The mother of the bride, wearing a frock of black etinked crepe with touches of white, and carrying a posy of sweet peas, roses and mignonette, received the guests at The Green Trees, in Rowe Street.

Silbert—Lieberman

MISS FREDA LIEBERMAN, for her marriage to Mr. Olsch Silbert, at the Great Synagogue, on the evening of June 15, chose a charming frock of ivory matt velvet, classically designed, having dolman sleeves and beaded in panels. With it she wore a rich lace veil (lent by Mrs. W. Lieberman), mounted on tulle and held in place by a coronet of beaded satin. She carried a garland of Roman hyacinths and orchids.

As matron of honor, Mrs. W. Lieberman wore a frock of hydrangea blue matt velvet, trimmed with silver sequins. Her velvet hat was in matching tones, and carried a spray of coral flowers.

The ceremony was performed by Rabbi Cohen, assisted by the Rev. Enfield and the Rev. Falk. Mr. Sol Ginkson, of Perth, was best man, and the groomsmen were Mr. J. Beckman and Mr. W. Ross.

The bride is the eldest daughter of Mr. A. Lieberman and the late Mrs. Lieberman, of Darley Road, Randwick. The bridegroom is the eldest son of Mrs. Silbert and the late Mr. A. Silbert, of Perth, Western Australia.

A reception was held at Romano's, where relatives and intimate friends were entertained at a dinner dance.

Dawes—Oldman

Miss Gladys Oldman, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Oldman, well-known residents of Manly, was married on June 10 to Mr. George Thomas Dawes, of Yass, the ceremony taking place at St. Mary's Church, Manly.

An unusual frock of pale pink champagne was worn by the bride, and a flowing veil secured a coronet of orange blossoms, a bouquet of Cecil Bruner roses and autumn leaves completed the ensemble. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Dorothy Oldman, who wore a frock of lettuce green flat crepe, contrasting with a bouquet in autumn tones. Mr. Clarence Grogan was best man.

Sheldon—Ovey

AUSTRALIANS in all States will be interested in the marriage of Mr. Thomas Cuthbert Sheldon to Miss Elizabeth Ovey.

The ceremony was celebrated in London on June 12 at St. James' Church, Spanish Place, by the Rev. Father Trafford, O.S.B., assisted by the Rev. Father Rawlinson, O.S.B., C.M.G., O.R.E.

The bride is the second daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Richard Lockhardt Ovey, D.S.O., and Mrs. Ovey, of "Barnes," Henley-on-Thames, England; and the bridegroom is the eldest son of Sir Mark Sheldon and Lady Sheldon, of "Trallice," Bellevue Hill, Sydney.



MISS JILL HUFF, third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Huff, of Lucratic Avenue, Longueville, who has announced her engagement to Mr. Clive Neely, youngest son of the late Mr. Neely and Mrs. T. H. Neely, of Hunter's Hill.

ENGAGEMENTS

MISS MARGARET GORDON, second daughter of Mr. T. S. Gordon, M.L.C., and Mrs. Gordon, of Ourimbah Road, Mosman, has announced her engagement to Flying-Officer R. A. Holmwood, eldest son of Mr. A. P. Holmwood and Mrs. Holmwood of Singleton, New South Wales. Flying-Officer Holmwood is attached to No. 3 Squadron, Richmond.

AN INTERESTING engagement just announced is that of Miss Freda Chambers, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Chambers, of Kensington, to Dr. Irwin Smith. Dr. Smith is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Smith, of Woy Woy and Narramine. He is a graduate of the Sydney University, and is now attached to the Western Suburbs Hospital. Miss Chambers is an enthusiastic tennis player, and is a popular member of a large circle of friends and acquaintances who are keeping her busy acknowledging congratulations.

MISS MOLLIE SEABORN, one of Sydney's most attractive girls, in personality and appearance, has been kept busy receiving congratulations on her engagement to Mr. Neil Buchanan. Miss Seaborn is the only daughter of Captain Leslie Seaborn, and Mrs. Seaborn, of "Fairlight," Edgecliff, and the bridegroom-elect is the only son of the late T. R. Buchanan and Mrs. Buchanan, of Wahroonga.

Lucky Bride Learns Washing-day Secret — by Matt Moore

WELL, SOON YOU'LL BE IN YOUR OWN HOME

I KNOW I'LL LOVE IT KEEPING HOUSE WILL BE SUCH FUN

HER FIRST WASHING-DAY

I THOUGHT KEEPING HOUSE WOULD BE FUN — BUT SCRUBBING CLOTHES IS TERRIBLE

NO ONE SCRUBS ANY MORE. GET SOME RINSO — IT SOAKS CLOTHES SNOW WHITE

NO WONDER EVERYBODY PRAISES RINSO. I NEVER SAW SUCH WHITENESS AND SUCH SUDS. WHAT A FOOL I WAS TO BUY A WASHING BOARD

HER SECOND WASHING-DAY

I FINISHED THE WASH IN NO TIME TODAY. I'M GLAD YOU TOLD ME ABOUT RINSO

DOESN'T IT GET THE CLOTHES WHITE! AND IT'S SO SAFE FOR COLOURED THINGS

I LIKE THE WAY IT SAVES MY HANDS, TOO

Extra-creamy suds quickly loosen dirt

THE secret of easier washing days, and whiter washes is all in the lather. The rich creamy suds that foam up from just a little Rinso make all the difference on washing day. These lively, long-lasting Rinso suds quickly loosen the dirt—soak it out, with no need of hard rubbing at all. In a very little while you can be hanging out the way of washing is just as safe as can be. Let the extra-creamy lather work for you next washing day!

A LEVER PRODUCT

Rinso

Creamier lather... more washing power

TOWN and COUNTRY Merge in GLORY of GAY POLO WEEK

Polo Week!
Visions of gaiety, of reunions and future joys.
An abandonment of spending in money, in effort, and in self.
A harvest of friendships (perchance a depleted bank balance), but seldom a harvest of regrets.
In country and in city the same mixed feelings accompany this great week of social festivity.

THE return of better times has brought a return of polo, and Sydney this week will enjoy not only the game, but all the festivities associated with it.
Ken Austin is now in New Zealand, but his successor, Colonel R. Dowse, is entering wholeheartedly into the job of hon. secretary.
Passing around the field, one sees many of the well-known identities. A haunting memory is evoked by the name of George Lambert. The famous artist was always one of the most enthusiastic spectators, and his picturesque personality gave added interest to the gatherings at Kensington.
Many bright young debutantes add new interest to the scene in between the chukkers. Pretty Pamela Osborne, whose station home is at Juglong, now the guest of Lady Fairfax, is enjoying her first polo season, and enters into the spirit of the game wholeheartedly.

Ball at the Palais Royal

The huge hall was crowded for the polo ball, with its added interest of seeing Sydney's fair women as "living portraits of famous characters." History was made on the night of June 19 this year, and the list of those who took part is well worth studying.

The Duchess of Devonshire, as the President, Mrs. Anthony Hardern, fulfilled the requirements of Gainsborough's presentation of that famous beauty. Lady McKelvey was on the committee, together with many of the most popular women in town and country.

Magnificent Costumes

Gretel Bullmore looked magnificent as the Du Barry, gracefully poised with the long walking stick of the period.



NEGLIGEE, in heavy pink silk and lace, worn by Heather Angel, Fox Film player.

There was a general murmur of admiration for her picture.
Mrs. Warwick Fairfax wore a dress of foamy frills, and looked alluring as Mary Pickford in "Secrets." Irene Anderson had the winged circlet on her brow, which Cleopatra wore as the Queen of Upper and Lower Egypt.
Mrs. Byron Wrigley gave the characteristic note to her impersonation of Henry VIII's second wife.
Mary Dobson would have delighted the artist Romney as her brilliant coloring made the reproduction of his painting live again.
Jean Osborne Wilkinson looked fascinatingly slender, although scarcely as fragile as the heroine of "Dumas' famous story, "The Lady of the Camelias." Miss Pamela Osborne had the charm of Shakespeare's Juliet, the youthful daughter of the Capulets.
Stars of men around Tony



JOAN KYNGDON, who is the grand-daughter of the late Dr. Kyngdon, and the niece of Dr. Kyngdon, who practised many years at North Sydney, is seen here looking through her field glasses at the Polo.

Fairfax Musicales

Mrs. Walter Swinson's bright idea of reviving music as a means of entertainment in the home, had a high polish put on it last Friday by the musicale given by Miss Fairfax at her residence, "Ginahgulla."

HE would have been a reckless artist who dared do any musical rollicking in an atmosphere so austere, but what fun it would have been if, in response to some such mad Pied Piper, the marble statues in the hall had stepped off their pedestals to foot a merry modern measure. Diana jangling with Apollo and the Laocoon telling his serpent to buzz off and do a spot of flirting with Eve, as he had a date with Psyche!

Alas! No such bright mischief was done. Instead, Gerald Walenn, Athos Martelli and Stanley Clarkson kept their respective gifts with bow and baritone within classic restraints, and there was nothing in their numbers calculated to stir a quiver of protest in the hearts of the walled ancestors-in-silence. They were good numbers, though, and each of the trio is a gifted artist. After all, you can't expect a Pied Piper more than once in a Browning life-time.

About a hundred and fifty guests were bidden to the musicianing—Fairfaxes, Allens, Knoxes and others of allied Bestness. Beaming as brightly as the candles in their sconces was the face of A. D. C. Gifford. I believe Giff does know "God Save" from "The More We Are, etc." but, otherwise he and music—Which makes his beaming benison the better Boy Scouting. Stout Pella!

Hardern's table called attention to the fact that they were partnerless until the "pictures" were released. Lorna Sear's table was an offering from her father, Fred Sear, who decorated it with artistic skill. On a field of green moss a statuette of a polo rider and pony in silver dominated the table, with a hedge made by red roses.

The menfolk of many polo enthusiasts had a special table reserved for them, at which Mrs. James Ashton acted as hostess. This was always done at the Extra Chukker balls, and proved an unqualified success.

The production of the living pictures, who advanced into the spotlight as they were announced, had taken much care and forethought. They were duly appreciated, and for once dancing took a secondary place at a Polo ball.

The Tournament

The Polo Tournament at Kensington started with added zest, as, for the last few years it had been in abeyance. Merry parties in an endless stream of cars parked in their favorite points of vantage. All the women were well tailored tweeds, shepherd's plaid being exceedingly popular. Bologues and stout shoes were the order of the day.

What a busy morning it was, preparing hampers, filling the thermos, not forgetting a "spot" necessary, should a chukker be extra exciting. Rugs were folded, and put in the car, to be used later for sitting on—or as wraps to snuggle down into.

Additional engagements that form part of Polo Week are in full swing. After play on Thursday, a number of hostesses will entertain at the Lawn Tennis Association's clubrooms to meet the Polo players. Jessie McMaster and Margaret Allen are the busy hon. secretaries of the party.

Exquisitely Made
Subtly Perfumed
Smartly Packed



The NEW 'Australian Rice' Powder is a SENSATION!

Australian Rice Face Powder is different. It is silky-soft, gossamer fine, fragrant and flattering. Australian Rice Powder spreads evenly and smoothly upon the skin, giving a transparent bloom that makes the plainest skin adorable, while there is no hint of harshness or artificiality. The shades are rich, vibrant and modern—specially created for Australian conditions, which are unlike those of Europe. The value, at 1/3 for a really big and exceptionally smart box is easily the best in the Commonwealth. Australian Rice Powder is inexpensive but not cheap—its quality would be impossible were it not for the enormous sales. So good is this powder that it sells overseas at a higher price in competition with foreign makes—be proud that your country can achieve such things—buy 'Australian Rice' and help Australia become a world-famous for powder as for primary produce.

The Thrilling Face Powder—

'Australian Rice' LOOKS BETTER, STAYS ON BETTER & COSTS LESS!

Try also Australian Rice Powder, Rose Cream, Australian Rose Rouge and Lipstick, New-Gle Manicure Preparations, Last Alure Eye Lash and Brow Cosmetic, Vi-Glorious Talcum and Vi-Glorious Honey, Almond & Balm Cream. They're all Australian—they're all great values! Don't miss them!

THE SOFTEST POWDER IN THE WORLD



After her bath comes this simple rite! ... a daintily perfumed powder refreshingly cool.

Just a gentle dusting of this exquisitely perfumed powder after her bath—no more—but what a difference it makes. How soft and soothing it is ... how comfortably cool it will keep her, no matter how strenuous the day's programme. Yes! the modern miss has discovered that this superlatively fine powder, really made for tender baby skins, is ideal for her own use. Its refreshing coolness and mildly antiseptic ingredients prevent perspiration odour, or any other discomfort.

And so always now comes this simple rite to make bath-time freshness stay.

Just try this softest of all tales yourself. Get a tin of Johnson's Baby Powder to-day; you will appreciate the soothing comfort it brings.

The price is 1/6 a tin at all chemists.

Every mother knows that for her baby no powder is as good as Johnson's Baby Powder.



A Product of Johnson & Johnson—World's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Zo Adhesive Plasters, Etc.

WILL YOU SEE THEM THROUGH?

Every man is a hero to his own children
—the Greatest Man in the World.



Few fathers there are who do not respond to the trust — who do not think ahead and visualise the secured future of their boys and girls.
But can you do for them what your father-love impels you to do?

A Prudential Policy Makes Planning POSSIBLE

Taken out on the father's life in the heyday of his earning capacity, such a policy will place his children out of the reach of personal tragedy or misadventure. By putting a few shillings a week aside, you may take out a policy which will provide you at the right time with funds to complete your

children's higher education and thus increase their earning capacity.
Or it may provide money to start your son in business, or comfortably endow your daughter. Whether you live or die you accomplish the result you have planned for.

PLAN PRUDENTLY—

Any Prudential Representative will show you how—and tell you also of the various types of children's policies designed by the Empire's Greatest Assurance Institution to meet the needs of Provident Parents.

Assets exceed £263,000,000 English Sterling

There are 28,000,000 Prudential Policies in force—Share in the Confidence of this Vast Army

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THE KITCHEN SITTING-ROOM is the latest innovation. It was introduced at the Ideal Home Exhibition, which was opened at the Olympia Hall, London, by Mrs. Stanley Baldwin. This exhibition is held every year, and reveals improvements in the modern home during the past year. —Air Mail photo

LOUNGES and KITCHENS can serve DUAL PURPOSE

By Our Home Decorator

ADVENT of flats and the less commodious dwellings that are the general rule to-day have been the means of completely altering the character of the actual rooms themselves.

Kitchenettes and bed-sitting rooms, breakfast porches and sleep-out verandahs are more or less commonplaces among the amenities of life.

FOR instance, it is not so long ago since every home comprised a drawing-room, a dining-room, and a kitchen, each entirely distinct, both in purpose and appearance. They have been superseded by the lounge or the living room, both of which terms often cover a multitude of omissions.

Living rooms can serve a dual purpose. The staple item of the furnishings in the lounge may be a Chesterfield suite, supplemented by extra chairs.

But to limit the scope of the lounge to purposes of a sociable nature were to do its possibilities a rank injustice. A table that can be folded and placed in an inconspicuous corner is brought into the light of day—or evening—when dinner is served. The lounge becomes temporarily a dining-room.

Again, resourceful furniture manufacturers have foreseen the trend of the times, and convertible lounge-beds can solve the problem of an overnight guest.

With spring mattress concealed by a cretonne-covered cushion, and a reposeful back, they present an inviting aspect during the day.

When the bridge enthusiast has missed that last conveyance, the cretonne cushion is reversed, and a ticking mattress disclosed; the sturdy back, it develops, is a movable affair, and is lowered out of sight.

Not Only Culinary

The dual purpose notion is one that is equally applicable to the kitchen, so that

this room, which has hitherto only served as the sphere for the preparation of food, also masquerades as a living-room.

The stove can be placed in an alcove in such a way as to achieve complete obscurity by the drawing of a curtain or, on safety first principles, the placing of a screen.



LOVE in a cottage is a good theory, but it is helped out by making even the humblest cottage smart and up to date, which can be done cheaply with modern furniture ideas and furnishings.

The familiar canisters assume a very pleasing appearance through the application of a gaily-hued coat of paint. Curtains, light shade, and cushions on a sea-grass chair or two can also be planned to conform to a pleasant and cheery color scheme. The kitchen becomes a living-room in the fullest sense of the term.

Following the trend of overseas ideas, we find that stoves can be purchased which have much the appearance of a kelimator. That is to say, the doors are so simply designed and pleasantly finished that the kitchen stove is in no way an eyesore.

The sink and its appurtenances are built in to a small scullery just off the kitchen, so that the "dirty work" of dishwashing a meal and washing-up does not mar the effect of this cosy room.

Thus, in a flat or bungalow containing just two living-rooms, one becomes a formal room. It houses all the more valued items and best furniture, while the second room is a kitchen-lounge.

To the busy housewife who has, perforce, to spend the greater part of her day in the kitchen, this pleasant atmosphere is an unmitigated boon.



"LOUISE, this is the FOURTH time you ask what is wrong!"
"But, Charlie dear, you URGED me to take some interest in the game!"
Prize of 10/- to E. Osborne, 24 Boulevard Street, Five Dock.

MA (discovering daughter in the embrace of the boy friend): "Well, I never!"
Daughter: "Oh, mother! You must have!"

THEN there was the girl, who thought that a draft agreement was when two people got up to shut the door.

THERE'S no doubt about some doctors being absolute robbers. I read only the other day about a woman who had her face lifted by one of them.

Conducted by L. W. Lower

"YOU just do what I say, old man, and she'll be eating out of your hand in no time."

"I'll try it," said the harassed husband—

"Well, how did it go?"

"You were right. She ate out of my hand, all right. Had to get six stitches put in it, and the doctor says I may lose the use of two fingers."

MISS L. MARTIN, of Leichhardt, wants to know why all barristers are nicknamed "Casey."

The only reason, we can think of is that they have so much to do with cases that, after a while, they get Casey. Sorry, but you brought it on yourself.

NEVER throw away old linen shirts, etcetera, they make excellent dusters.

What rot! Never throw away old linen dusters; they make excellent shirts.

STYLES of the MOMENT OUR FASHION SERVICE

One Pattern FREE

WX3—Evening jacket, with washed neck-line and short fur-trimmed sleeves. This smart little jacket is fashioned in velvet. Material required, two and a half yards 36 inch. To fit size 36 inch bust. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX6—Double cape, with high neck and back opening. The upper part of this cape is made of linen, and the under part and collar of striped material. Material required, five-eighths yard 36 inch and half a yard contrasting for top cape. To fit size 36 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 9/1d.

WX7—Smart track of velvet with fastening down back, also one-sided skirt effect. Material required, three and seven-eighths yards 36 or 40 inch and three-eighths yards contrasting. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem, two yards. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX8—Small boy's tailored coat of tweed. Material required, two and a half yards 54 inch. To fit size 12-14 years. Other sizes: 2-4, 4-6, 6-8, 8-10 and 10-12 years. PAPER PATTERN, 9/1d. Size 12-14 years. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX9—Short coat and skirt of check material. Material required, four and three-quarter yards 36 inch. To fit size 36 inch bust. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. Width of skirt at hem, one and three-quarter yards. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.

WX10—Frock of wool-de-shine, with scalloped cape, collar and cuffs. Material required, four yards 36 inch, five-eighths yard 36 inch contrasting, and three-eighths yard 36 inch for lining. To fit size 36 inch bust. Width at hem, two and one-eighth yards. Other sizes: 32, 34, 38 and 40 inch bust. PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.



THIS IS THE FREE PATTERN

Here is a track suitable for the business girl or housewife. A fast colored track, such as "huntsman green," with tan collar and cuffs, would look delightful. Darts at the front of the shoulders give a good fitting line to the bodice. You will require three and three-quarters of a yard of 36 inch material. Directions to make are enclosed with the pattern. The pattern is cut to fit size 36 inch bust. When cutting all seams and hems must be allowed for.

FREE PATTERN

In return for this coupon and stamp for postage you will receive a Free Pattern of the frock illustrated above and full instructions for cutting out. Address requests to The Australian Women's Weekly, G.P.O. Box 4088W, Sydney.

Name
Address

Pattern Coupon, 24/6/1933.

All these patterns may be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly at the prices indicated. Enquiries and orders regarding the pattern service should be addressed to the Pattern Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 301 Pitt Street, Sydney; or Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

Clever Ideas

For the best "Clever Idea," 10/ will be paid. A minimum of 2/6 will be paid for other ideas published.

THIS WINS 10/

TO PAINT a ceiling without making a mess, get a large rubber ball, cut in halves, and then drive a hole through the middle of one half. It should be just large enough to fit the handle of your paint brush tightly. The arrangement will catch all drips and save a great deal of cleaning up.—10/ to Mrs. C. Goode, Kingswood P.O., Kingswood.

AN OLD clock which has had its day should not be thrown away. Keep it for the sick room. After giving a patient medicine, turn the hands to the hour when the next dose will be due. This is better than trusting to memory.—2/6 to Miss Ella E. Smilie, 10 Raglan Street, Mosman.

TO SOFTEN butter these frosty winter days, fill a small, thick basin with boiling water, cover and let stand three minutes; empty basin and quickly turn it upside down over a plate holding a quarter pound of butter. Leave it like this for ten minutes, after which the butter will be beautifully soft.—2/6 to Mrs. R. Simmonds, Conway Street, Wyalong.

A NOVEL bedroom stove can be made from two flower pots. Get one six inches in diameter, and another an inch smaller. Stand the larger pot on the washstand with a candle or night light burning inside; then put the smaller pot over the night light, inside the larger pot. This gives out surprising heat.—2/6 to Mrs. Margaret Patrick, 55a Ridley Street, West Cessnock, via West Midland.

A WARDROBE or linen chest may be fitted with a low-power lamp to illuminate the darkest recesses. This can be controlled by an automatic switch which operates with the opening and closing of the door.—2/6 to Mrs. Shaller, 50 Kellott Street, King's Cross.

TIPS On Curtains

CURTAINS are the main furnishing of a room, and so on them and their harmony or contrast with the walls depends the character of your room.

For sunny aspects in our bright atmosphere a good plan is to have double sets—thick and thin. On the shady side single sets of semi-transparent curtains are sufficient.

If you prefer the more diaphanous window curtain on the sunny side, you will be faced with the necessity of sun blinds.

The choice of the materials used in the curtains will depend on the rooms. Brocades, damasks, and velvets look better in the spacious room, while silk and chintzes (plain and patterned) go well with the intimacy of flats.

Century-Old Linen

Buxton French housewives wander around the mountainous stack of linen in the shops, buying it up in dozen yards. For despite the economic depression they can never resist the annual white sales, and when their own linen requirements are replete they start buying for their daughters even if they are only a year old. In consequence of this storing it is not unusual to find in their cupboards hand-woven cloths a century old. They love their linen, and not even the tea-cloths escape their eternal embroddering and drawn thread.

But at least there is not much lingerie left to embroider nowadays, for it is reduced to a silk-stockinette two-in-one, cut skin tight, which, with elastic, moulds the hips impeccably. This is all one can wear beneath the tight-fitting dresses, so that the predicted revival of pre-war undies with their flounces, ribbons, and laces has not materialized.

THE NEGLECTED WIFE—by "STEVE"



SHE THOUGHT:
JIM WAS MADLY IN LOVE WHEN WE
MARRIED. WHY IS HE SO COLD AND
DISTANT NOW? IT'S NEARLY
BREAKING MY HEART.



AUNT MARY, WHAT A
NICE SURPRISE! HOW
WELL YOU LOOK.

BUT MY DEAR,
YOU'VE BEEN CRYING.
COME, TELL YOUR OLD
AUNT WHAT THE
TROUBLE IS.



10 MINUTES LATER
A MAN LIES TO THINK
OF HIS WIFE AS ALWAYS DAINTY
—ALWAYS EXQUISITE, THE
MEREST HINT OF BODY
ODOUR IS FATAL.

B.O. I'M SO MORTIFIED.
AUNT MARY, I'M AFRAID
I HAVE BECOME
CARELESS.



ONE MONTH LATER

NO "B.O." WORRIES NOW! AND WHAT
A MARVELOUS TOILET SOAP LIFEBOUY
IS! I WAS DEAD TIRED BEFORE I TOOK
MY BATH. NOW I FEEL FRESH AS A
DAISY FOR THE PARTY TONIGHT.



ROMANCE REGAINED
SWEETHEART, YOU'RE EXQUISITE
TONIGHT. I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE
WITH YOU ALL OVER AGAIN.

FLATTERER,
I DON'T BELIEVE
YOU—BUT
KEEP ON
SAYING IT!

Romance fades when

"B.O." (body odour) offends

TO BE less dainty, less exquisite, less careful after marriage than before — is courting disaster! Never take chances with "B.O." (body odour) — especially now, when hot weather makes us perspire more freely. Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant, penetrating lather purifies pores — frees them of odour. Guards health, too, by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, extra-clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

Be sure you do get LIFEBOUY

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8.30 to 1.30
3/2 (inc. Res. & Tax)
AFTERNOON TEA DANCE, SATS, 1/6
Special and Generous Terms to Women's Clubs,
Sports Organisations, etc.

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The Greatest Dance Band Australia has developed to date.
Playing every Monday, Wednesday, Friday, Saturday after-
noon and night.

Tickets now on sale for **GRAND OLD TIME**
MASQUERADE, Tuesday, July 4.

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HOURS
3
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SHOWS
DAILY

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HENRIY MARSHALL in
"EVENINGS FOR SALE"

A Paramount Picture. (For Gen.)

Ed.

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CHESTRA at every Session.

"Walking Down

Broadway"

with James Dunn and Boots

Mallory.

(A Fox Picture.)

And supporting attractions.

3 Sessions, 11,
2, and 7. Two
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1/- to 3/6.
500 SEATS
AT 1/-.

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Cherniavsky Bureau, present

Athene SEYLER

AND

Nicholas HANNEN

Farewell appearances in Sydney of
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"THE

CAT'S CRADLE"

A Comedy of Love and Laughs with
ATHENE SEYLER in her biggest
role to date.

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Prices: 6/-, 4/-, 2/-, Sat. Nights,
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Attraction,

"MUSIC IN THE AIR"

ROYAL ... COM. JULY 8.

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in Town

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Great French Revue
BRINGS PARIS TO
SYDNEY

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and Most Spectacular of
Musical Shows

Nightly at 8.
Mat. Wed. and Sat., 2.15.
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Helen HAYES
Gary COOPER
Adolphe MENJOU

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Showing

With a great
love they de-
fied a world
gone mad
with hate.

Associate Programme
On the Stage: A
dancing scene, "DE-
PHUE IN THE
UNDERWORLD" pre-
sented by the A. COL-
LEY. Australia's
Renowned
Troup.

PRINCE EDWARD

The mad mating of
two souls lost for
love's sake to the
thunder of a world
gone mad.

"A FAREWELL TO ARMS"

Alber CAZABON
Prince Edward Concert Orchestra
"Melodies of Ro-
mance."

Movie Ball Was Living News-Reel

A "BOOZY-TONE NEWS" was the most amusing novelty instituted this year at the Movie Ball, which took place on Tuesday, at the Blackland Galleries, in the presence of 900 enthusiasts, 25 per cent. of whom wore fancy dress. This was a satire on topical personalities. For instance, the words "Bull Peace Dove arrives—Mr. Lang and Mr. Willis settle disputes with perfect accord," were thrown on the screen, followed by a picture of two wrestlers, each looking as though his opponent was a black beetle, to put it mildly.

Included in the programme of novelties were the middles ballet from the Prince Edward Theatre, a demonstration of the "threeosome" dance, a skating specialty featuring the "three rolling Rollies," and the four Colletas, a team of adagio dancers. At midnight there was a grand parade, and thousands of balloons were released, while one hundred spotlights played from the galleries.

Last year the programme was continued during supper, with the result that everyone's food was spoiled. This year a special supper interval took place at eleven. This was the second annual movie ball, sponsored by the 47 Club, and was in aid of the Motion Picture Industry Benevolent Fund.

TREASURES FROM THE PAST

Sydney folk will see a collection of unique interest at the Loan Exhibition of Antiques at Dymock's Building, which Lady Isaacs came from Canberra, especially to open, in aid of the Kindergarten Union of New South Wales.

Mrs. David Cohen, who is a daughter of the Governor-General and Lady Isaacs, has been one of the company of enthusiasts who have worked early and late to make a distinctive show, her own entry being a clock that ticked away the hours on that night of the famous ball which preceded the Battle of Waterloo. Another interesting entry is that of a wedding dress, with real lace frills, which was once the treasured possession of Jane Austen.

Where are the BEST WOMEN DRIVERS?

By G.F.M.

ONE would be definitely out of date to take up the old controversy, "Are women better drivers than men?" Nevertheless, a new controversy has arisen, much upon the same lines. One asks to-day, "Are the Sydney women better drivers than the Melbourne lassies?"

SPEAKING with some authority on the matter, I would definitely state that the Melbourne lady driver is far superior to her sister in Sydney. Though perhaps you might not like it, but that statement is made after years of observation in both capital cities. Believing that there is a reason for all things let us discuss them in this instance.

Firstly, the traffic control in Melbourne is far stricter than here in Sydney. This largely accounts for the Melbourne lassies being more proficient in the matter of traffic or town driving. Not only are the traffic police themselves very severe, but the traffic signals tend to make all drivers the more cautious.

Sydney drivers are by far the fastest traffic drivers in Australia, due, I believe, to the restless nature of our police-

the superior cars in Australia. In no other part of the Commonwealth could one find so many high-class British and Continental cars. Rolls-Royce and Delage cars really abound in the streets of Melbourne, so much so, in fact, that one ceases to notice them after a day or so. Here, in Sydney, a small crowd of admirers usually gathers round a Rolls car.

Yes; the Melbourne lass drives her car far more skillfully than the Sydney girl, the courts prove it, too! Rarely does one see a lady drive "up before the peak" in Melbourne.

FUN OF THE FAIR

Nautical terms could be employed to describe the Nautical Fair at the Town Hall. Such words as "rollicking," "breezy," "fun on the quarter deck," and the like.

Treasures from the seven seas were found on the stalls. The various shipping companies co-operated in contributing to the pageantry, and the goods they provided, brought from the countries to which their ships journey, gave color and interest.

Javanese ware, a tobacco stall which represented the funnel of the Lusitania, live animals, tableaux, music. All these attractions were included in the programme.

The biggest side line in its organisation was the Ugly Man's Competition. Apart from being a money spinner, this provided a great source of amusement, and incidentally a fund of good-humored chaff for the leading shipping magnates. Proceeds of the Fair will benefit the Rawson Institute for Seamen.



men. Woe betide the lax driver that doesn't jump off the mark at the given signal of the Sydney traffic "cop."

I recently had occasion to renew my driving license in Melbourne. After leaving Russell Street, I had only proceeded as far as Swanston Street, when I was hailed by a very robust voice inquiring "where the fire was?"

After pitching quite a good tale to the man in the pudding basin helmet, I was allowed to crawl upon my way, but not before the man of the law had explained that the Melbourne streets were not the speedways that they were in Sydney! I intimated that, at the time I was pulled up, I must have been doing a full twenty miles per hour.

The Melbourne women drive by far

Do You Want A Trip To Hollywood?

**Particulars of Paramount's
"SEARCH FOR BEAUTY"
Contest.**

- Will you be as lucky as Buster Crabbe, star in Paramount's "King of the Jungle", Clara Bow or Gail Patrick, seen on this page, who have won fame through contests?
- Here is your opportunity. Paramount is looking for new talent and will select one man and woman from Australia. They will have first class travel, accommodation and a part in Paramount's forthcoming picture "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY", with a possibility of a further movie career.
- Contest is now open until July 8 to any single man or woman, Australian born, between 17 and 30 years.
- Your photo accompanied by Entry Form must be in the hands of theatres authorised to conduct the contest by JULY 8. Entry forms and other details obtainable from the Prince Edward Theatre, Sydney, and authorised suburban and country theatres. A committee of Paramount directors will select the two National winners from screen tests of all State winners.

Paramount Pictures

Latest Shows By a Woman In the Audience

"Farewell To Arms"

JUST as this page goes to press the eagerly awaited Frank Borzage production, "Farewell to Arms," opens at the Prince Edward Theatre. It promises to be one of the most magnificent love romances the screen has yet produced. Helen Hayes brings the whole of her rich gift for acting to the role of Catherine, emphasising the tenderness and simplicity of the young nurse. Gary Cooper, as the hero, creates a character that will not soon be forgotten, and the tender beauty, the searching humanity, of both their performances is fully in keeping with the heroic qualities of the story. This, though old as life itself, is an expression of the new romanticism, being neither the sentimental love of the Victorian era, nor the cynicism of many modern love themes. No one but Helen Hayes could give such an ideal characterisation. Her simplicity and fitness are as real and as inspiring as anything yet depicted on the screen. Something new in adagio acts will form the stage presentation, "Orpheus in the Underworld," which presents Jay, June and Collette in a brilliant example of daring and grace.

—Prince Edward.

"LUXURY LINER"

THE Empire has jumped ahead of other Sydney film houses, and now has three de luxe shows a day, so that even morning audiences have the full shorts, features, and orchestra of the evening. "Luxury Liner," the current release, featuring George Brent, Alice White, Zita Johann, and Frank Morgan, is only an average show, however. What one sees first always tends to be preferred, but even had it preceded "Grand Hotel," whose style it imitates, this production would still not be particularly enjoyable, although there is a certain continuity of interest, and there are some amusing episodes.

—Empire.

"42nd STREET" AND "THE CRASH"

"THE CRASH" gives the impression of being well named. Heavy sentiment, combined with Wall Street complications, form the theme of a talkie that can only be expressed as being mentally deafening. But "42nd Street" scores from its very sincerity. There are several bright musical numbers. Bebe Daniels presents again that elusive quality of being different from any other star.

Of the male characters, one is tempted to wonder if George Brent is not relying largely on his reputation as Ruth Chatterton's husband. The others are more than satisfactory. Warner Baxter, in particular, gives a very fine performance, though cast, as he is, as an overwrought producer of a revue, one misses his winning smile and debonaire personality. "42nd Street" takes the audience behind the scenes in the production of a revue, tracing its progress from rehearsals in practice shorts to the first night presentation. So convincingly is this done that the story becomes completely subservient, and one feels that one has glimpsed the atmosphere backstage.

—The State.



GARY COOPER, one of the most romantic personalities in the talkie world to-day, as he appears in "Farewell to Arms," at the Prince Edward Theatre.

"THE CAT'S CRADLE"

"THE CAT'S CRADLE" is a delightful comedy by Anne and Philip Stuart. In it Miss Athene Seyler has full scope for the talents which have made her so great an artist. "There is just one serious scene in 'The Cat's Cradle,'" says Miss Seyler. "It is, as it were, the kernel of the nut." As in "The Middle Watch," this English company will give an English production, and their voices, their accent—or rather, the lack of accent—are a pure joy.

—Criterion.



A SENTIMENTAL close-up of Zita Johann and George Brent in "Luxury Liner," now appearing at the Empire.

"THE PHANTOM OF CRESWICK"

KINDLY husbands and dear old ladies who, having read an Edgar Wallace thriller, are apt to start chewing up the furniture from sheer joie de vivre, will revel in this murder-story. Although Jenny Wren (Karen Morley), the victim, was an adept at separating affluent business men from their morals, their domestic worries, and their excess capital, in short, a really nasty piece of work, one is sorry to have to say that H. B. Warner, Ricardo Cortez, Pauline Frederick, and "Skeets" Gallagher are among the thirteen suspects. As it is said that the secret of who committed the murder was even kept from the actors themselves until the last scene was filmed, who are we to exonerate any of the above? The settings are weird, with moaning winds and pounding surf, and everything is just right for a nice, unobtrusive killing and a thrilling solution.

—Capitol.

FILM DIRECTORY

Lyceum: "Hello, Everybody," featuring Kate Smith, and "Discord," with Harold Huth.

Empress: Ruth Chatterton in "Frisco Jenny," and Lowell Sherman in "False Faces."

Lyric: "Rasputin and the Empress" (Lionel Barrymore).

Mayfair: "Tell Me To-night," with Jan Kiepura, and "Her First Affair."

Theatre Royal: "Honi Soit," an Ernest Rolis production.

"LAWYER MAN"

THIS title might lead one to expect a heavy court-room drama, but such is not the case. The picture is mainly concerned with Powell's love affairs, not his legal entanglements. The young lawyer's string of victories at the bar attracts the attention of a famous attorney, and a partnership results. The sudden success goes to Powell's head, in spite of the home-truths his pretty secretary (Joan Blondel) tells him, with the kindest of motives, from time to time.

But in the end there is a happy ending, for the hero realises that he didn't really know what he wanted, and decides to be the champion of the East Side people, renounce his social butterfly friends, and settle down with friend secretary. Also in the cast are Helen Vinson, David Landau, Sheila Terry and Claire Dodd. There is nothing against this picture.

—Regent, from June 27.

"MUSIC IN THE AIR"

THE outstanding musical attraction of the year, "Music in the Air," has aroused great enthusiasm among music lovers. With book and lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II. and Jerome Kern (who have been responsible for many delightful musical plays) and setting by Joseph Urban (who provided the beautiful settings for the famous Ziegfeld Follies for many years), "Music in the Air" promises to be delightful entertainment.

Produced at the Avon Theatre, New York, about six months ago, it is still the reigning success, attracting packed houses to each performance. Playgoers, who were intrigued with the colorful costumes in "Autumn Crocus," will be glad to hear they are to be treated to some more "gentlemen in gray braces," as part of the play is laid in the Bavarian mountains.

Two new English artists have arrived under engagement to J. C. Williamson to appear in "Music in the Air"—Miss Sylvia Welling, who, prior to leaving London, scored an outstanding success in the principal feminine role in "The Dubarry"; and Mr. Frank Sale, who has been principal baritone at Covent Garden for some time.

In addition to the two newcomers a huge cast has been assembled for this spectacular musical adventure, chief of whom are Shirley Dale and John Moore, of "Waltzes From Vienna" fame; Sidney Burchall, Cecil Kellaway, Henry Wenman; the premiere danseuse, Ivy Kirby, and thirty other favorites.

—Theatre Royal, July 8.

The STAGE is BORN in THEM!

Families Which Follow the Footlights

By SAIDE PARKER

The stage is in the blood. Something in the gleam of the footlights, in the rising and falling curtain, in the rows on rows of faces, keeps families in the stage tradition.

Despite the fact that theatrical parents, almost without exception, have other views for their children, the lure is too strong. The recent visits to Sydney of the Thorndikes and the Hannens afford striking examples.

MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN, the brilliant star of "Middle Watch," "Escape," and "The Breadwinner," very charmingly chatted to me upon this familiar stage tradition.

Confronted by the paraphernalia of his make-up, and the echo of the call boy's hail to urge on him the necessity of speed, Nicholas Hannen paused with eyebrow pencil in hand in answer to my question.

"My daughter was away at school. There was no thought for her of a stage career, although—with a charming smile—"I have been given to understand that my various roles were faithfully reproduced by my offspring in nursery days."

But, despite boarding schools and parental ideas, daughter Hermione Hannen, slim, graceful, and endowed with a goodly share of her father's charm, is playing important roles in his company to-day. So a new generation of Hannens was before the footlights.



The Same Parents But They Are Not Related!

Hermione Hannen (on the left) is the daughter of Nicholas Hannen (above). Ann Sterndale (right) is the daughter of Athene Seyler (next to Mr. Hannen), and although Miss Seyler is actually Mrs. Hannen, the two girls are not related to each other. Both are appearing with the present company at the Criterion. Off-stage and on-stage the two girls are great friends.



"REUNION IN VIENNA"

"RASPUTIN and the Empress" was stated to be based on history, and "Reunion in Vienna" is not, but all the same one wonders what a certain ex-Prince of a certain European kingdom at present living in exile would think about John Barrymore.

John is one of the two grown-up babies of the production, and portrays the exiled Hapsburg archduke, Rudolph, who is spoilt in the highest degree, being wilful and high-handed, wholeheartedly addicted to lovely ladies (happily married or not), has "elephantiasis of the ego," and a selfish charm, which is daily becoming more shop-soled, like his outward circumstances—not that he would have held down a job as taxi-driver for a day.

Barrymore's splendid performance is echoed in Henry Travers. He is the other infantile (the psycho-analytic bit is well between our teeth), but Travers is a sweet lamb with a taste for spicy scandal, and a schoolboy passion for his wireless. Travers is the father of the Viennese psycho-analyst who has married the exiled Diana Wynyard. Diana was the Archduke's favorite recreation, and her husband, realising that she still cherishes a tender feeling for her imperious first love, which is spoiling the perfecting of his marriage, arranges that they shall meet again, to see if reality equals memory.

One fears the worst for the first five minutes of "Fallen Arches," the supporting feature, becoming sadder and sadder, but suddenly everything becomes amusingly farcical. And, of course, there is still Eador Goodman.

—St. James.

UNDER the able conductorship of Mr. Roy Malling, its composer, the Burliakov - Light-foot School of the Dance presented "Rokkanda," a n "ultra-modern" ballet, on Saturday last, at the Conservatorium.

Although a large audience was evidently absorbed by the novelty of the modern style of dancing, with its emphatic movements of the upper body, the general feeling was that the performers had bitten off more than they could successfully chew, while the musical accompaniment was monotonously discordant and did not grip the attention.

"Rebirth," however, another modern item, was one of the most enthralling of the presentations. The dancers were accompanied only by percussion instruments, which at first they beat softly and irregularly, gaining strength and steadiness as the dance progressed. Other excellent offerings were "Scene Dances" and "Russian Dance," of which B. Minototchka and Misha Burlakov made dances of expressive interpretation. Miss Louise Lightfoot's color arrangements and groupings were entirely satisfactory. Many were disappointed that she did not herself perform, for she is by no means only a teacher, but the soloist. Gwen Ainsworth and B. Minototchka, Betty Ainsworth and Jessica Chamberlain, gave evidence of sound training, as did the chorists, especially in the "Hungarian Rhapsody" and in the romp of the Slavonic dance.

LITTLE THEATRES

THE Sydney Players Club (for good or ill) has a policy of encouraging budding Australian writers. Studio readings in the near future include works of Arthur Dibley, Mrs. Alan Clonies Ross and Neil Cusack (whose new novel, "This Nettle Danger," recalls her Undergraduate days), all of whom are well-known in Sydney University circles, as well as of Dr. Mac Luker and Mr. Winchester Ford. Nearly all the well-worn dodges—unadvisedly dropped letters, women wearing similar frocks being mistaken for each other—as well as a "Bureau of Social Convenience," which is unnecessarily featured in the opening scene, and suddenly dropped with a thud, find their way into "A Social Convenience," which the same club presented last Saturday, and will revive on June 24 and July 1.

All the same, it is an entertaining comedy, the exposing of Bellamy's (the reason for Millicent's divorce) physical shortcomings being particularly bright. Wilfrid Blackett, who takes the part of the penniless adventurer who accepts the position of official correspondent for financial reasons, is amusingly impudent (if rather a rough diamond for an alleged Oxford—or was it Cambridge?—man), with whom the rich young niece, charmingly played by Marjorie Cumberland, falls in love in haste.

The DEATH SCREAM

(Continued from Page 14)

Haj himself ran back to hide the bags he had bound around his feet. Then he met Miss Lacombe and returned to the beach.

And now Dr. Henry Aldrich Kyne could no longer crush his savage impatience. His eyes were blazing. In a hoarse, stifled voice he demanded: "Who—whom are you accusing, anyway?"

Dan Cory grimly turned to fix his eyes on Professor Philip Lacombe.

"You, Professor," he said quietly.

A hush. A frightful hush. Professor Lacombe, gaunt and pallid, did not move. He looked straight into Cory's eyes. And after a moment he said thickly:

"So—so Haj told you this—"

Neither Cory nor Dr. Westfield replied. This was the thing they had hoped to make the professor believe. They waited, waited until a bitter, hopeless smile twisted the professor's cadaverous face.

He was utterly colorless. He must have been certain that the Arab had betrayed him, for he did not attempt a denial. But his desperate calm was belied by the drops of perspiration that oozed out of his forehead.

He turned his head to meet the horrified gaze of Dr. Kyne. To him he said, dazedly: "You're shocked, Henry . . . Of course . . . So am I. When I look back at the plan now."

"But—but I'd given everything I had to—to archaeology. My life and my money. I thought it was time to seek my reward."

"Lord!" whispered Dr. Kyne, shakily.

"But by murder!"

"By obtaining the treasure of Amakhin!"

He went on talking, in broken phrases. Cory did not try to interrupt. Every word the professor uttered, he realised was more deeply incriminating him.

And Cory knew his theory had been sound.

From the instant he had bent over the wounded Haj, in the museum office, the idea had begun to grow on him. Haj, when asked who had committed the murders, had screamed: "I won't tell you. You can't shoot it out of me! I won't tell!"

That had made him wonder. Whom was Haj protecting? Whom would he shield in that household. Most likely, of course, the man with whom he had so long been associated, Professor Lacombe.

Building on that idea, Dan Cory had discovered, to his own amazement, that a plausible, though horrifying theory could be evolved. The theory of the professor's guilt!

That was the only theory which explained all the rapidly accruing evidence. The locked windows and doors, the fact that Meriton had made no sound when the killer entered his room.

With such a theory accepted, even the screams and the mystery of the motor boat could be understood—or guessed.

Yes, Cory had guessed, as detectives so often must guess. But he had guessed right.

The sacks found in the museum office had assured him of Haj's complicity. The report of the stolen motor boat had fitted perfectly with this discovery, for it suggested how a man who had apparently escaped in the boat had left his footwear in the Egyptian museum. The answer was that no man had escaped. That, instead, Haj Ibn Mayyud had—

And then Dan Cory was snatched out of his thoughts with a gasp. For an amazing thing happened.

Professor Lacombe darted into the office.

Cory and Dr. Kyne sprang after him, but they were half a second too late. The door was slammed before them, locked. And Professor Lacombe's voice—harsh and wild and defiant—burst out to them:

"I was prepared for this!"

They could not stop what they all knew must be the next act. They battered the door kicked it, yelled. Cory threw himself against the wood. But it was useless.

A SINGLE shot cracked behind that door.

Then a thud—as of a falling body.

And silence. Those in the museum stood rigid, pallid, Cory, wild-eyed, heard quick steps behind him. He swung around to gaze, in despair, at Katherine Lacombe. He started towards her—but halted with a jerk, while a terrible shudder raced through him.

For an instant an astounding thing—almost an incredible thing—happened.

Haj Ibn Mayyud, upstairs, must have slipped into delirium. And suddenly the house was filled with a piercing, horrible:

"Aye—"

THE END.

FOR MOTHERS AND YOUNG WIVES

CAN WOMEN COOK?

A VIOLENT attack is made on the cooking of women in a book just published in London and written by a specialist, so well-known that his accusation cannot be ignored.

"Cookery is an art of arts," he says, and goes on to say that women have not studied the question scientifically, accusing them of insisting on cooking things that have no right to be cooked. In this category come fruit and certain vegetables. The author puts it: "Even the kindly fruits of the earth are so thoroughly baked, boiled and stewed as altogether to deprive them of their main nutritious merit, vitamins and salts."

There is no doubt that the subject of food should be an integral part of the education of every girl. It is apparently hopeless to expect a male educational expert to see this, nor an unenterprising education department to support it. The only redress in the matter will come from the women themselves, who should demand that the modern educational curriculum should be sufficiently altered to include in it a few important sciences (like dietetics and hygiene), which are indispensable to a woman desiring to run her home on modern lines and to the best possible advantage.

The old art of acquiring knowledge from mouth-to-mouth passed away with the advent of book-printing. Yet that is the only way the science of cooking is taught in the average suburban home to-day. The mother passes her knowledge on to the daughter in just the

BY A DOCTOR

Every mother or mother-to-be should read this column. It will contain invaluable medical advice, written by a well-known doctor, upon every phase of motherhood and baby welfare.

same way as the old apothecary used to pass on his little knowledge to his apprentice in days gone by.

Surely the twentieth century calls for more expert handling of a problem and an art, vitally important to the nation's stomach, if not the nation itself.

DIET FOR ARTHRITIS

ONE of the commonest ailments of modern civilisation is arthritis.

The question of a suitable diet for it is one that is ever present in the minds of the sufferers from this complaint. Although it was once thought that certain foods, like meat, were not suitable to this condition, modern opinion is swinging round to the view that there is little justification for forbidding any particular food, unless it obviously disagrees with the patient in question.

An outstanding authority on this trouble has given it as his opinion that a diet for rheumatoid arthritis should

THE CHILD MIND

IT was not for nothing that a certain religious leader said many years ago: "Give me a child in his early years and I care not who has him afterwards." The obvious inference was that the early years of life definitely make or mar the subsequent character of the adult.

Modern psychology is very insistent on the truth of this idea. Often we are as our homes and environments make us. Unhappiness or abnormal relationship in the home is often reflected in the after-lives of the children who come from it. The "neurasthenic" sometimes did not have the same happy home life as others, and may merely be reflecting the upsets of earlier life.

Fathers and mothers often do not realise that children are remarkably quick to sense parental differences and coolnesses. A child, loving both parents, is obviously forced into a most disturbed psychological position when family arguments take place.

It is vitally important to our children's future to see that we do nothing to disturb their love for us, and their right to live happily in our homes.

comprise milk, butter, cheese, fish, easily digestible meat (including liver), wholemeal bread, yeast extract, fresh fruit and vegetables.

It does not mean that foods outside this list are necessarily prohibited, but rather that the above should be regarded as essential.

PROBLEMS of LIFE

By "The Matron"

EVERY reader of The Australian Women's Weekly who has a problem to face and solve is invited to submit

it to us for helpful, frank advice. While The Australian Women's Weekly will help with the utmost sincerity and good faith, it cannot, of course, accept any responsibility.

Mother's Love

MY TWO sons, of whom I am passionately fond, are just about to become engaged, and I try not to show my disapproval of their choice. I don't think it's jealousy that keeps me from seeing the good points of the girls—"Mother."

My dear, I am afraid it is jealousy. Now that your sons are men, you mustn't tie them to your apron strings. Every normal young man wants to found a home. If you will only make an effort to be the good mother, that I am sure you are, you will try to take pleasure in the happiness of your sons. And soon you will find an added outlet for your affections—in their wives, and very soon your little grandchildren.

Her Memories

I HAVE two daughters married to men in very big positions in Sydney, and since my husband died they feel that it is too lonely for me to live alone. But I have my own little cottage, all the little bits and pieces that my husband and I have picked up in getting together, my garden, and my old neighbors who drop in for a cup of tea in the afternoon. I would have to leave them. What shall I do—"Widow."

Stay in your little home. You will be happier with your old associations, and old friends. But I must add that you are blessed in your daughters and their husbands.

Art Student's Dilemma

I HAVE to live in a cheap boarding house, where the people aren't at all congenial. There is radio and jazz every night, and a minute's quiet. Would it be a correct thing for me to take a little studio apartment—"Art Student."

It would be quite correct for you to do as you suggest. If you can get a girl friend of similar taste to share it with you, a studio apartment would be ideal.

Perplexed Boy

MY FIANCEE wears too much cheap jewellery. This spoils her looks (she has a classical style of beauty), and I would like to give her a hint of this, but do not know how to do so, without hurting her feelings. Can you help me—"Tim."

The best way is not to give her any hints, but tell her frankly, but gently, that the jewellery she wears takes from the impression of classical beauty she creates. I am sure that, far from being offended with you, she will show a more restrained taste in her ornaments.

Broken Engagement

I HAVE just broken my engagement, as I feel that the man will never make a success of life. My friends tell me I should return the ring. But I want to keep it. It was given to me, and I can't see why I should give it back—"Gwen."

Gwen, you seem to be the taking rather than the giving sort. When the ring was given to you, it was as a pledge of your promise to marry the young man. Now you have broken your promise the ring should be returned. And, my dear, for your own sake, remember that worldly success does not always bring happiness.

The Real Attraction

I HAVE been engaged for three years. Now the day is fixed, but I am not at all happy. The man in the case wants me to keep on my job, although I have told him I am quite prepared to make a home on his salary of £8 per week. (My salary is £8). Now I hate business, and it has always been my wish to make a real home. I don't feel that I will get much out of married life, if I have to keep on a job. Besides, the thought has been growing that the £8 a week, and not me, is the big attraction.

Yours is a very hard problem. I think you would be quite wise under the circumstances to break off the engagement if you can't make the young man see things from your viewpoint. But be sure that he does see things right, otherwise the thought of that £8 a week that is not coming in might cause great unhappiness.

QUICK SERVICE DEPARTMENT

ANSWERS will be sent by post, where a stamped and addressed envelope accompanies the inquiry. It is a condition that this information department of The Australian Women's Weekly incurs no liability for any misstatement or error, though every care is taken.

ECONOMISING ON GAS
To avoid that heavy gas bill (B.C. flat) to have your gas stove is perfectly clean. Clogged and greasy pipes make it necessary to have your gas flame burning longer than is necessary. Burners should be scraped, and washed with soda and hot water. Arrange your work so that as much baking as possible can be done when the oven is hot. Use the smallest burner on the stove for cooking stews, soups, and dishes that need only a gentle heat. Light enamel or aluminium saucepans with all the heat through quickly, and be sure to turn off the gas directly you no longer need it.

INK STAINS
When ink-stains are freshly made ("Worried," "Marrickville") use sour milk for their removal. If the stain is a long-standing one, wet the stained portion with warm water, stretch over a bowl, and rub in salts of lemon. Rinse well in ammonia water.



Doctors Recommend GAS FIRES

Used by 3 out of every 4 Medical men in England . . . by 90 per cent. of the hospitals, nursing homes, etc., in London . . . by Sydney hospitals . . . by Government Institutions . . . by leading citizens . . . and, more important still, recommended by some of the world's leading medical experts. That is the unique position occupied by the modern gas fire to-day.

Medical men recommend these fires because their warmth is the nearest approach to the Sun's rays; because they are a definite safeguard against chills, colds, nasal irritation, etc., and other ailments which arise from unhygienic room warming; because they maintain a perfect system of ventilation, and thus prevent the air from becoming dry or polluted . . . because they are healthier than most room warmers . . . because their sunlike radiant rays are absorbed by the body and do not heat the air like ordinary room warmers.

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FOLLOW THE LEAD OF MEDICAL EXPERTS—WARM YOUR ROOMS WITH GAS



COOK YOUR OWN: This is a scene from a Japanese restaurant, recently opened in London. The dish is cooked on a gas ring at the table, so that each diner is served exactly to his or her own taste. (Air Mail photo.)

More WINNERS In Our £5 Recipe Test

Recipes for sufficient viands to feed an army were received by our culinary expert this week. The £5 prize this week goes to Mrs. L. Knight, Cooma, for a very succulent winter dish.

Think over the menus that have been popular with the members of your family and send your contribution, too. There will be £5 and six 5/- consolation prizes again next week and the succeeding four weeks.

RECIPES and still more recipes arrive from near and far, and the special committee judging the entries has no easy task.

Following are the consolation prize-winners:—

Kidney Croquettes
Required: 2 kidneys, 1 egg, 1 cup of breadcrumbs, 1 slice of bacon, 1 shallot, milk, pepper, salt, and parsley.
Soak 1 tablespoon of crumbs in milk and a teaspoon of chopped parsley and shallot; mince kidneys and kidney, add seasoning to taste; bind all with part of the egg (beaten), shape in round balls, dip in rest of egg, then in crumbs and fry.
Drain well, and serve with chip potatoes.
5/- to Miss M. Buxton, Bronte Rd., New Lambton, Newcastle.

Sausages In Butter With Cauliflower Custard
Take 1 lb. sausages, 2 tablespoons flour, pepper, salt, 1 egg, 1 oz. melted butter, any quantity cold cooked cauliflower, ½ pint unsweetened custard.
Steam the sausages for 20 minutes, drain, cool, and cut lengthwise. Make a batter with flour, pepper, salt, egg-yolk and tepid water. Beat until smooth, add melted butter, and fold in the stiffly whipped white of egg.
Allow to stand for 1 hour, then dip sausages in mixture and fry in boiling fat. Make a plain custard. Place cauliflower in a fireproof dish, season and cover with custard. Bake in a moderate oven until golden brown and custard is set.
5/- to Miss W. R. L'Estrange, Argyle Street, Moss Vale.

THIS WINS £5

Mrs. L. Knight, Hill St., Cooma, wins the £5 this week for this oxtail curry recipe.

Required: One oxtail, slice of lean bacon, a small bunch of sweet herbs, two sour apples, one large onion, one tablespoon of curry powder, one tablespoon of flour, one pint of water in which the tail was boiled, and the juice of a lemon.
Method: Joint the tail and put the pieces into three pints of water, put the herbs and bacon with it, and cook for about four hours. Brown the apple and onion, which should be thinly sliced in a little butter. Stir the curry powder and flour into a pint of water in which the tail was boiled and put in the tail, and when hot, squeeze the juice of the lemon and serve with rice in a separate dish.

Salmon and Rice Rissoles

1 small tin salmon, ¼ breakfast cup rice, 1 egg. Cook rice as dry as possible in boiling water, then add salmon and beaten egg, pepper and salt to taste, beat well together with fork, and drop in spoonfuls a few at a time into boiling fat, and fry till golden brown; lift carefully with slice, drain on paper, serve hot with lemon. Sufficient for four or five persons.
5/- to Mrs. F. Yager, 2 Byrnes St., Bexley.

Rhubarb Meringue

Half fill a pie-dish with stewed rhubarb, and cover with thick fingers of stale bread. Beat 1 egg yolk with 2 teaspoons of sugar and a ¼ cup of milk, and pour over bread. Whip the egg white till stiff, then beat in 1 tablespoon sugar. Put in heaps on top of bread and bake in moderate oven about 20 minutes. This sweet is delicious hot or cold.
5/- to Mrs. H. Bradley, 55 Belgrave St., Waverley.

Modern Pudding For Family

2 cups flour, 1 cup breadcrumbs, ¼ cup dripping, ¼ cup treacle or golden syrup, 1 teaspoon carbonate soda, ¼ cup tea, ½ cup sultanas. Mix dry ingredients, moist dripping and treacle and add carbonate soda and mix with tea, and add dry ingredients, mixing well; add 1 teaspoon of vinegar. Put into buttered mould, and steam 1 hour. Serve with treacle sauce or boiled custard.
5/- to A. McLachlan, 129a William St., King's Cross.

Some OLD ENGLISH Recipes

CURLERS

For your next party, or for the delectation of your family circle at afternoon tea or at supper, try these dainty biscuits.

Ingredients:
4 ans. Butter or Margarine
4 ans. Caster Sugar
1 lb. Flour
1 teaspoonful Baking Powder
1 Egg
1 gill of Milk (½ pint)
½ teaspoonful powdered nutmeg or cinnamon
Frying fat
Pinch salt.

Beat butter and sugar to a cream. Add egg and beat well in. Sieve baking powder, flour, salt and spice. Stir into butter mixture alternately with milk. Turn on to a floured board. Knead slightly. Roll out about ½ inch thick and stamp into rounds about the size of top of tumbler. Cut out small round from centre of each round. Make fat hot. When faint blue smoke arises, put in some of the curls. Fry till pale golden brown and puffy. Lift out with perforated spoon. Drain on soft paper. Dredge with sugar. Fat must be hot, and do not fry too many at once.

FARMER'S LOAF CAKE

The little folk will appreciate a generous slice of this cake in their school lunches.

Peel, core and slice 1 lb. apples finely. Stew in one teacupful golden syrup until tender. Weigh into 15oz. flour some margarine (my informant does not say how much, but we should

Here are some recipes that have stood the test of time—and taste. They have been secured by The Australian Women's Weekly as offering something that is distinctly different. Over seventy years ago great-grandmamma served these delicious dishes to our grandsires with conspicuous success.

think too, to 6oz. would be sufficient). Add 6oz. currants, one teacupful brown sugar and two teacupfuls powdered cinnamon. Mix teacupful carbonate of soda in teacupful your milk. Add a beaten egg. Add the dry ingredients to the liquid ones. Put in the stewed apples. Mix well together. Bake in a flat tin for forty minutes.

MUSHROOMS

Here is a special Hertfordshire dish. It is very rich—and luscious! It is a fancy sweet and the meringue is arranged in the shape of mushrooms.

The following quantities would be sufficient for six or eight people.

Take the white of 4 eggs, 8oz. caster sugar, a little grated chocolate, ½ pint cream and a tablespoonful raspberry jam. In the usual way, make the meringue from the egg whites and sugar with a little grated chocolate. Form into the shape of mushrooms. Bake.

Stuff with cream and jam. Reserve the rest of the cream in order to make a "bed for the mushrooms to grow in." Decorate with pieces of maidenhair fern.

A SIMPLER SWEET

Of a simpler nature, though nourishing and appetising, this sweet is one that you will often be glad to feature in the daily dinner—and your family will be glad, too.

This is called apple sponge pudding.

Cut up about 1 lb. cooking apples. Stew till quite soft, adding very little water.

Beat together 3oz. margarine and quarter-pound caster sugar. Add one egg, beaten with a little milk. Then beat into the mixture 5oz. self-raising flour.

Put the apples into a pie dish. Lay the mixture on top. Bake in a moderate oven about one hour.

Sufficient for three or four people.

Mandarin Conserve

Take:
4 tight-skinned mandarins
5 cups water
1 lemon.

Cut mandarins in slices, remove pips, and cut slices in half. Peel the lemon thinly, cut the rind up, stripping off all the white pith, into little thin strips about half an inch long.

Cut the lemon in slices like the mandarins, and place in a stew-pan. Pour the water on, and boil till the fruit is tender. Take off the fire and allow the mixture to cool. Then add the sugar, put on to boil again, and boil quickly until the syrup will jelly.

Do not stir and do not cut up the fruit overnight.

EGG HINTS

WHEN you poach eggs and they get broken it means that you have cooked them too quickly. The water has boiled too roughly and has torn the albumen, which is the part of the egg which sets when it is heated. But if poached eggs have been cooked too slowly they are also liable to break because the albumen has not had a chance to set properly at all.

WHEN you are making plain scrambled eggs you add a little milk, but if you are scrambling eggs with tomatoes you leave out the milk because the acid in the tomato would curdle it.

IF fried eggs have a thick, brown skin outside it means that they have been cooked in too great heat and left in the hot fat too long.

COFFEE TRIFLE (TESTED)

Ingredients: 1 lb. butter, 2oz. caster sugar, 2 eggs, 4 tablespoonful strong coffee, 7 sponge cakes.

Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar and yolks of the eggs; lastly, the coffee. This makes a nice creamy mixture.

Cut the sponge cakes in halves, and spread with a thick layer of the mixture. Place together again, and put in a glass dish, and pour one pint of custard over and garnish with the rest of the mixture.

The cakes can be soaked in brandy or sherry before the custard is poured over. Any kind of flavoring could be used in place of coffee.

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If the Recipe says MILK use TRUFOOD



Rainbow Milk Jelly

1 pint mixed Trufood milk
2 ozs. Sugar
2 dessertspoons powdered gelatine
Vanilla essence

Stir milk, sugar and vanilla in bowl until dissolved, then stir in the gelatine (dissolved in a little boiling water). Divide the mixture into three parts; colour the first part with a little cochineal and pour into mould. Leave the second portion plain and pour into the mould when the first portion has quite set. Colour the last portion orange, yellow or brown with a little yokone, yokova, cocoa, or other suitable colouring, and pour it into the mould when the rest of the jelly has set.

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(Continued
from
Page 6)

A VENETIAN EVENING

HE took her to a chamber used by many fair guests, his sister had been the last. Her clothes and even her jewels awaited her return.

He unshuttered the window which looked on to a shadowed canal, and she stood timidly in the beautiful little room which was perfumed like a bouquet of flowers.

"The sun is beginning to set," he said; he bowed to her. "I shall await you below."

He went, and she listened until the last echo of his footsteps had died away.

A distant melody lifted on the silence. Venice was beginning to awake.

"Now fall the shining leaves apart
And do their wealth disclose;
And I may kiss the golden heart
That lies within the rose!"

Musetta pulled open the drawers and caskets, and cast on to the silk couches the gowns and laces, shawls and shoes. She laughed with pleasure as she

handed them, and her knees shook with joy.

"Now comes the perfect day at last. When I may know my dreaming true."

Delays and doubtings both are past. And I have found the soul of you."

Musetta took off her rough garments; she washed herself in the basin of rosy alabaster with scented unguents she found in a silver bottle; she combed out her hair with an ivory comb; she powdered and painted her face as she had seen the great ladies powdered and painted.

The sun was sinking behind the palaces; green shadows began to fill the canals, shutters were opened and people moved to and fro.

From her high window Musetta could see a star, clear as crystal, in the bright, paling sky.

She robed herself in lace with over all a grey silk dress embroidered with thousands of roses; she fastened a pink feather in her hair and a braid of pearls round her neck. She put on little white shoes with high scarlet heels.

She stood before the long mirror regarding herself.

The shadows increased and the star grew brighter; at last it was the only light she had, for the sun had set.

She left the chamber. The shoes felt strange to her feet and the frounces filled the doorway. She had put on a grey mantle and drawn the hood over her hair.

As she hastened down the stair her silks filled the silence with a mysterious and pleasant rustling.

The palace door was open and she stepped out, holding up her skirts.

The gondola rocked at the steps. A rosy lantern hung at the prow, the blue silk curtain fluttered in the evening breeze. Against the cushions leant the Marchese.

He had changed his mourning; beneath his scarlet cape showed the gold and white of his festival dress, and a gold plume waved in his hat.

She stood half in the luminous twilight of the outer air, half in the shadow of the doorway, and she looked unreal in her pearl color and grey and rose, so strangely did the light play over her and her swinging hoops and

gleaming embroideries.
"You are a great lady now," he smiled. He rose and helped her into the gondola. Her eyes sought the damask-covered barge on which the old Marchese's coffin had rested.

She stepped into the gondola, fair and light as a lily, and sank back among the velvet cushions. He laid on her lap a bouquet of jasmine and lilies, roses and carnations.

"For one night," she said.

Other stars were out now; the sky glittered like a velvet robe on which diamonds have been flung. Lamplight streamed from the windows of the palaces; over the dark waters went the gondolas and the barges hung with flowers and lanterns.

Voices and music arose from the parties of pleasure; the night moths were abroad, and towards the Lido the sea darkened into the sky.

Musetta saw a luxurious supper before her; the Marchese had prepared with his own hands the repast of her dreams, one such as she had often seen in the kitchens, but never yet beheld on the table.

It was the remains of the funeral feast he had arranged, but she did not think of that nor of how truly it was a feast of death.

April Tricks

WHEN April one day was asked whether she could make reliable weather, she laughed till she cried. And said: "Bless you, I've tried. But the things will get mixed up together."

She saw only the white lace cloth, the silver-gilt tazza, the glasses with the milk-white lines and the opal-colored dragons for stems, the delicate jellies of quince and orange, the dewy fruit in porcelain dishes, the creams decorated with almonds and violets, the meats fastened with skewers, the birds on gilt dishes with their feathers rising through delicate pastries, the wine in glamorous bottles—wine white as crystal, gold as amber, warm-colored as a ripe peach, red as a summer rose.

They ate and drank beneath the canopy of the violet sky, the moored gondola close to the steps of the palace, about them the carnival of the Venetian summer night.

After all, Musetta ate very little and took but one glass of the amber-colored wine. Nor did she speak much; she continually looked at her satin lap and the flowers resting there, and the Marchese looked continuously at her—his glance was amused. They laughed together like children.

When at last she had finished toying with her fruit and cakes, he gathered up the supper equipment and placed it on the palace steps.

"To-night I am my own page," he said, and then unmoored the gondola.

"I am my own gondolier," he added, as he took the long oar; then he glanced at her gravely.

"Will you go back, Musetta?"

"To what? To face to-morrow? No. I will never be a kitchen girl again. I shall always be a lady in silk."

S

HE leant back in her seat and drew the blue curtains aside so that she could look out. He pushed off the gondola. The steel prow with the gilt horses flashed in the light of the swinging lantern. He doffed his cloak and hat.

She looked back once at the State barge rocking in the swell of their departure, then she kept her face towards the sea.

Towards the sea he steered; they passed gay palaces, the great Piazza with the Campanile, the quays, the long front of the Doge's Palace, the canal that divides it from the prison and the enclosed bridge by which prisoners pass, the island of San Giorgio, and so on into the broadening waters.

The lights were now few; they saw few pleasure boats; the music and the laughter began to be behind them.

They passed merchant barges and anchored ships with sails furled; the waters spread and encompassed them; they had left behind all the other gondolas.

Musetta drew the grey silk mantle round her shoulders, for the air began to blow cold from the sea.

There was no moon, the stars were intensely bright and seemed to hang within touch. Venice slipped away behind them, a scattered cluster of lights like loose-fung gems.

H

ERE and there a gleam showed the lamp before a shrine rising from the shores of the low lagoons where the seragay reeds and bushes dipped to the salt tide and often served as nets to catch the bodies of drowned or murdered men which drifted down from Venice, the dreadful fruit of some gay flower of carnival.

The waves began to rock the gondola, and presently seized it and bore it out to sea as a leaf is seized by a stream and borne swiftly onwards out of sight.

Then the Marchese drew up the oar and put on his cloak and came and sat beside Musetta.

She smiled happily; it was so much better than the kitchens of the Palazzo Barbetta.

He smiled, too; it was so much better than seeing the Jews in possession of his home and finding himself in the streets without a white piece in his pocket.

The night was warm yet fresh; the boat drifted beyond sight of the lights of Venice, and the stars seemed to crowd down on them.

They sat close together; now the open sea was all about them and the stars were flung nearer, nearer like a veil. The waves were larger now, and presently began to overwhelm them; the splashing sounded to them like the music of flutes and guitars, and the starlight seemed like the lights of the great Piazza in carnival time.

The evening slipped into the night. Venice slept after the feast and the merry-making; the Marchese and Musetta slept, too.

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Collect only 10 large or 25 small Pearl Soap wrappers; cut off the inside bottom panels bearing the "Pure Food Act" Guarantee (as illustrated) and take them to LINTAS (AUSTRALIA) LTD., Parkes House 9-11 Hunter Street, Sydney. If you cannot call or send for your towel, write your name and address clearly on a piece of paper, attach it to the panels and post in a sealed envelope to "TOWEL DEPARTMENT," J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD., Box 1590B, G.P.O., Sydney. To avoid delay in receiving your free towel make sure that the correct postage is put on the envelope.



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94 948

ADVANCE AUSTRALIA FAIR—What's It Worth?

By ROBERT C. McCALL

In complaining that many members of his audience neglect to stand or remove their hats when "Advance, Australia Fair" is played, Mr. Lang has raised the question of its claims to be regarded as a national song.

But is it worthy? Can "Advance, Australia Fair" be officially regarded as our national song? Could it be replaced in public favor by an anthem derived, perhaps, from a nation-wide competition, sponsored by the Federal Government, and promulgated through the machinery of the Broadcasting Commission?

These are questions which I have discussed with musicians and school authorities, and the answers are interesting. The consensus of opinion on the musical effectiveness of "Advance, Australia Fair" is that "it is not a bad effort," that it is a straightforward tune, but lacks distinction and dignity.

Dr. Arundel Orchard, director of the N.S.W. Conservatorium, considers the piece "unworthy" both as to music and words, and while admitting the failure

RADIO Items That Are Wrongly PLACED

By SARABANDE

ONE of the things that strike the observant critic of radio programmes is that a woman has no place in drawing some of them up. No woman would be so foolish as to forget that meal-times are times for music and not for talks.

IN the average suburban home, father arrives home about six and tea comes on the table between six-fifteen and six-thirty. That takes about half an hour, and while a little subdued music might help to fill the gaps in family conversation, it requires a good deal of concentration and an effort to silence the children to listen to anyone giving a fifteen minutes' talk. A woman would think of practical points like that, but a man seems to be concerned with "fitting everything in," irrespective of whether the time is suitable or not. It is too often forgotten that the wireless is a family instrument, and because one person in a family happens to want to hear a particular talk, it doesn't follow that the rest of the family are of the same opinion.

NEW PLAN NEEDED

Another practical point which a woman would recognise instantly is that the radio set is generally kept in the lounge, and not in the dining-room. It is a good place for it to be, too, at meal-times, when a little music floating in from another room is quite acceptable.

With maddening persistence, though, some National stations put on their best speakers, and most interesting talks right in the middle of the evening meal, and expect everyone to alter their household arrangements to fit in with them. It would be far better to have a fifteen minutes' break for a talk during the later evening programmes, and to put that music into the meal-hour, than to let the present arrangements stand.

This practice is followed all over the world, and has been in vogue in England for years with satisfactory results. An interesting little talk provides a really welcome relief in a two to three hours' musical programme.

And there point that might well be considered is the children's session. During winter evenings especially, the kiddies come into the house about 5 o'clock. Instead of running their session up till 6.30 as some stations seem to do, it might well begin sooner and end at six.

Seven o'clock would be a reasonable hour for talks were it not for the fact that women of the house are generally washing up at that time. Mostly it is half-past seven before everything is tidied and mother has time to sit down and listen to anything. Music will help her through her task very materially. She would much prefer to hear the talks when she has time to do. And there are just as many mothers and daughters listening to radio programmes as there are fathers and sons.

To say that women can always get music at meal-times if they want it is beside the point. The main thing is that she should not be definitely deprived of hearing something else she enjoys just as much.



THIS MIGHT be a scene from nearly any home: Badly chosen items, at badly chosen times, reduce families to this condition night after night.

VERSATILE Announcer

To her capacity as a resourceful announcer Miss Eita Field adds the further quality of a dramatic soprano voice. After some years of training in London, she figured in concerts there. She also toured New Zealand, and returning to Sydney, accepted a position with Station 2GB.

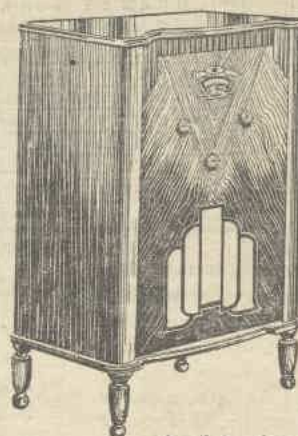
She has lately adopted a new technique, and is often heard in mezzo voice singing of light popular numbers.

Her versatility was admirably illustrated recently when some fashion notes reached the station a few minutes before they were due to be broadcast. Finding they were in the original French, Miss Field made a splendid extemporaneous translation.

Her newest session is a Radio Matinee, commencing at 4 o'clock every Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, at which she presents a varied and delightful programme.

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MUSIC

FAREWELL CONCERT

ALTHOUGH there was a gap in her studies due to a serious accident, in which she sustained fractures of both wrists and multiple fractures of both hands, a Sydney surgeon performed a remarkable bone-setting feat, and Miss Daphne Harpur, who graduated at Sydney Conservatorium two and a half years ago, will give a pianoforte recital at the Conservatorium on Thursday, June 29.

This will be in the nature of a farewell, for Miss Harpur is going abroad as a result of a conversation she had with M. Moisewitch in Sydney last year. Miss Harpur was committee member as well as a performer during Music Week last year, giving demonstrations at several public schools, and at St. Anthony's School, Clovelly, as well as playing in the Newcastle Town Hall.



Daphne Harpur

MR. JOHN BROWNLEE will not give his recitals of July at the Town Hall.

For the first time, except for minor functions, the Presbyterian Assembly Hall, Wynyard Square, will be used, as Brownlee says his audiences must have comfortable seats. North Shoreites are overjoyed, because it is so handy to their trains.

At these recitals, which are absolutely farewells to Australia, Raymond Lambert, the 24-year-old handsome Belgian pianist, who created such a stir when he played with the Conservatorium orchestra last year, will assist, as well as Rita Miller, with whom Mr. Brownlee will introduce several new operatic duets. Also new to Sydney will be works by Australian and New Zealand composers, including several by Cleve Martin, of Hobart.

IT'S A COLOR SCREAM!

Parallel lines can never meet, we were told in our school days, and J. M. Prentice, of 2UW, more than confirms that saying, for the lines of his Fair-Iris jumper move further apart in the encircling movement that devolves upon them when the current goes over his genital stent figure. Incidentally, though the members of the staff at 2UW may customarily wear rose-colored glasses, they are now contemplating spectacles fitted with smoke-colored lens.

RADIO GOSSIP

THE SYDNEY Male Choir, who broadcast frequently from the "A" class stations, was originally the Petersham Glee Club, and was inaugurated some 19 years ago. It has a large membership. The choir's initial experience in competition work was in the Drum-moyne Elsteddof in 1915, and since then it has been successful in winning first prize at Elsteddof at Newcastle, Lakemba, Maitland, and Wollongong.

When Peter Dawson and Mark Hambourg were in Sydney two years ago the choir was associated with these world-famous artists at one of their concerts at the Town Hall.

The choir's present conductor is Christian Helleman, well-known composer and pianist.

"A PROPHET is not without honor..." is a quotation that has a peculiar significance in the Cousens ménage. For while 2GB listeners are thrilling to Bill Cousens' mellow tones, Judy-Ann Cousens, aged just five, sits before the radio set at home and laughs her handsome papa to scorn.

Nor are her comments less outspoken at the announcement of world-famed artists. A number by Paganini evoked from Judy-Ann a remark which will be appreciated by all who are familiar with Paganini's work.

"Oh listen to the puppies dancing in the radio!"

AS A SKILLED pianist and composer, Clifford Arnold is one of the most popular personalities "on the air." His improvisations have been a feature of 2UW programmes for many moons. The role of instructor is one in which he is entirely unfamiliar, yet it is one of which we are destined to hear quite a lot in the future. For son, Jack, a charming lad some twelve years of age, is an eager pupil. Already Jack is a pianist of no mean order, and, like his father, has also the gift of improvisation.

ONE PREDICTS a brilliant future for Gordon Marsh, who is challenging the credibility of 2SM listeners with a series of talks entitled "Believe It or Not." He is the happy possessor of a radio personality that carries conviction without raising opposition, and an accent that differentiates to a nicety between pronouncing "ly" as "lee" or as "luh"; while his voice belongs to the rare category of those who have volume and force—without causing strain on the most sensitive set.



MRS. BACKUP: Why didn't you scream when he embraced you?
MAID: The mean thing threatened to have me arrested for receiving stolen kisses.

of competitions in the past, believes that an official contest on a big scale would be worth trying.

Other musicians are not so sanguine of success. Mr. Lindley Evans, president of the Musical Association, feels that "Advance, Australia Fair" has such a grip that it would be very difficult to supplant it. The well-known composer, Mr. Alfred Hill, is even more emphatic on this point.

"You could get all the best composers in the country," he says, "to write a national anthem. They would produce excellent pieces, but none of them would be likely to oust an established favorite."

THE Supervisor of Music in State Schools, Mr. Treharne, confirms the fact that for many years "Advance, Australia Fair" has been accepted as the correct patriotic song, after "God Save the King," for the use of the children. It is popular in other States too, although other songs are just as frequently sung.

And what of the origin of "Advance, Australia Fair"? It seems that Peter McCormick, a Scotsman giving Bible lessons in the New South Wales State schools, found that there was no Australian song of any kind for the children to sing. He, therefore, wrote the words and music of "Advance, Australia Fair," and before 1900 was teaching it throughout the schools.

The Education Department assisted in disseminating it, and later, the Government made McCormick a grant of £100 for his good work. In 1908 a Sydney music firm published the piece, giving the author (who used the nom-de-plume "Amicus") a royalty. Later, it purchased the full rights.

"Advance, Australia Fair," an indifferent musical conception, has since monopolised popularity as a patriotic song in N.S.W. Copies of the music are sold by Australia House, and it has been played in ceremonies at the Consulate.

Only an anthem of simplicity, character, and power, with an essential appeal to the masses, can possibly replace it, and then only if officially recognised by the Federal Government, used in all schools, on all ceremonial occasions, and published through every possible channel.

ARE YOU BRAINY?



£500 CASH FREE!

FOR SOLVING THIS SIMPLE COMPETITION

Tangled Letters	Clue	Solution
1 SEIRALO	A seaman.	SAILOR
2 GURM	A kind of strong liquor.	
3 GRIN	A hoop.	
4 FLOCO	A stupid fellow.	
5 GUBELO	Round like a ball.	
6 KOREE	Smoke.	
7 GOBYEL	A goblin.	
8 PLATS	To strike lightly.	
9 DTMSU	A spot of dirt.	
10 NIKAG	Ruler of a nation.	
11 THOBREP	To perplex.	
12 PROLETT	To flounder about.	
13 BRUSEP	A small bag for money.	
14 EVBIN	Slender stem of a climbing plant.	
15 KINCT	A moment.	
16 FLEATLY	Loyalty.	
17 TREBS	Most excellent.	
18 WASTE	To surfeit.	
19 REPEF	Companion, equal.	
20 DUDLEHM	Confusion.	
21 FOGUDY	Fat and short.	
22 MURALA	Noise giving notice of danger.	
23 FFUPH	To swell.	PUFF
24 RALPEG	To glitter.	
25 PANEL	A narrow street.	

MAIL QUICKLY

If you post immediately you may win the Special £2/2/- prize for the first correct solution received from this paper!

The tangled letters when arranged in their right order make a word, the meaning of which is given in the centre column, but in each case there is one letter left over, e.g., with No. 1 SEIRALO; if you drop the E you could arrange the other six letters to form the word SAILOR, meaning "A SEAMAN"; in the same way No. 23 is "Puff." Treat all the words in this way and attach the solution to the coupon given below. Words and clues taken from Chamber's Twentieth Century Dictionary.

CASH PRIZES FOR YOU!

1st	£250
2nd	75
3rd	25
5 at £10	50
10 at £5	50
25 at £1	25
50 at 10/-	25
Total Prizes	£500

CONDITIONS:

The first prize of £250 will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the solution with the most words correct. A second prize of £75, third £25, and the other 90 Cash Prizes will be given to those with the next nearest correct solutions.

In the event of more than one having the correct solution, the Judges (who will be the Governing Director of The Goldberg Advertising Agency Ltd., the Editor of The Australian Women's Weekly, and a representative from the New South Wales (Community) Hospital) will make an award, and may add the first, second and third prize money together, and divide it between those with the correct solution.

Each entry must be accompanied by a 1/- Postal Note and a stamped, addressed envelope.

The Judges' decision will be final and legally binding. No correspondence will be entered into and no interviews granted, either during or after the Competition. The correct solution has been placed in the Safe Deposit in the vaults of the Bank of New South Wales, and will be opened in the presence of the Judges. Entries from this paper must be received by July 14, 1933. Results will be published in The Australian Women's Weekly on July 27. Only one entry will be accepted from each household. Full list of winners will be posted to all competitors. NEATNESS WILL NOT BE TAKEN INTO CONSIDERATION IN THIS COMPETITION.

AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY TANGLED WORDS COMPETITION

MAIL QUICKLY

Your 1/- buys you a ticket in the New South Wales Golden Chest—and may win you prizes with a guaranteed cash value of £4,000—and 6 consecutive copies of the "Australian Women's Weekly," too!

Don't Delay—
Mail to-day!
You may win £4,000

Mail This For a Fortune!

The Competition Editor,
The Australian Women's Weekly,
Desk WW, 2,
Box 553, R.R., G.P.O., SYDNEY.

I want to share in the £900 cash and win prizes valued at £4000 in the Golden Chest.

Here is my entry for the Tangled Letters Puzzle, with a postal note for 1/- and a stamped, addressed envelope. I agree to accept the Judges' decision as final and legally binding.

I understand that I am entitled to a ticket in the Golden Chest (which can win prizes with a guaranteed cash value of £4000), and also 6 consecutive copies of The Australian Women's Weekly, which you are offering. Please send these to me.

NAME
STREET
TOWN STATE

Let there be ROCKS in Your ROCKERY— Says the Old Gardener

"WELL, Miss, you got no idea what a surprise I had last week. Went out to Darling Point with a load of soil for Mr. H. J. Solomon, of 'Urara.' When I got into the grounds I see someone in a pair of old pants digging a flower bed.

Mr. Solomon is one of the greatest collectors of cactus and succulents in Australia. A real nice fellow he turned out to be. He took me round his garden and showed me a few things. I want to tell you about them this week.

"Mr. Solomon, I reckon, has about the best rockery beds I ever seen. They cost a pile of money, too, I expect... but you can copy in a more humble way.

"Go out into the bush and pick up as many large, natural granite stones as you can. You'll have to make several trips and take a party of strong young fellows with you; but you won't have any trouble about that.

"You want to plant succulents in this rockery, do you? Well, I see you got a few to go on with. Here's the names of some others Mr. Solomon gave me. All of them will do well if you treat them

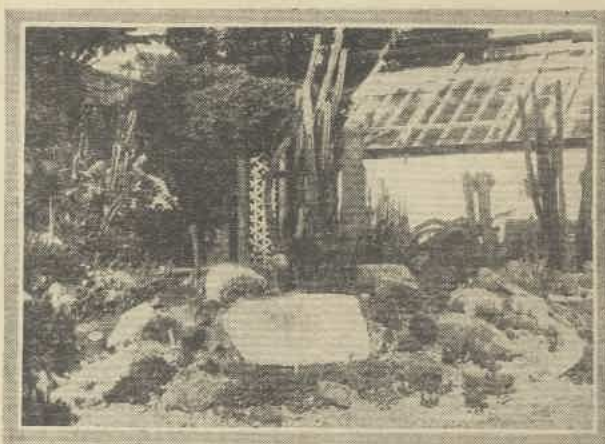
THE OLD GARDENER

Old Tom, the gardener, who talks to you every week in this feature, will visit the gardens of well-known Sydney people and give you tips from their head gardeners.

Will you have been through the whole bed. Oh, yes, Miss... that's right... if you use the soil I just told you about you fill in with that instead.

"When you have got your bed ready, Miss, start putting in the rocks, but lay them natural. Don't worry about the patterns. Let them lie in the bed like you found them lying in the ground. If you work it proper they'll hold the rockery firm.

"A few big, flat rocks is needed round the base to bind the rockery together. You ain't never seen the like of Mr. Solomon's garden. Every inch is watered by sprinklers, and there isn't a plant among the hundreds of thousands he



MR. H. J. SOLOMON, of "Urara," Darling Point, specialises in beautiful cactus and rockery plants. In this week's article the "Old Gardener" describes the attractive rockeries personally built by Mr. Solomon.

right: Kalanchoe, Cotyledon, Echeveria, Crassula, Mesembryanthema, and Stapelia.

"You understand, Miss, that them is the names of the genus, and there are dozens of different varieties of each one. I reckon Mr. Solomon has got about all of them.

"A good soil for these plants, the soil which Mr. Solomon mixes himself, is equal parts of leaf mould, free of fungus, decomposed granite, river sand, and clay.

"Trench the bed where you are going to make the rockery. You don't know how to do that? Well, Miss, it's quite easy. Dig out a trench across the bed, about two feet deep by two feet wide. Break up the subsoil, then start another trench alongside it, and fill in the second with the top soil from the first. Do that

has that is not docketed in his card-index system. He runs his garden like a business, and beautiful it is, too.

"I says to him, says I: 'How many gardeners do you keep, Mr. Solomon, sir?' 'One and a laborer,' says he. 'I suppose he gets paid pretty well, that gardener,' says I. 'Look, Tom,' says he. 'He loves this garden so much... he works for nothing.' This makes me think a bit... what with award wages and what not. 'What's his name?' says I... 'Solomon,' says he. 'And now, if you'll excuse me, I'll get back to my digging, because there is only one way to make a garden, and that is dig... dig... dig.'

"Tell that to your husband, Miss... I'd better start and do a bit myself, too."

PROBATION (Continued from Page 11)

"NOT that it isn't the ruin of some," she added thoughtfully, remembering the patients, many of whom had shown only too great a trust in their boys.

Nurse Simpson produced a delicately embroidered handkerchief and dried her tears. So—that was the general philosophy: the times off make up for the times on. Very well, then!

"—thank you, I feel better now." "Sure you do. You'll get thick-skinned like me. Why, bless me, when you've had D.T.'s to deal with... Come downstairs: Stevens has had a box of chocolates given her."

Nurse Simpson gave a final sniff and followed her comforter to the common room to sample Nurse Stevens' chocolates. But there was born in her rebellion; by hook or crook she would get out on Sunday...

That night at eight she went on duty. The Night Sister was a different type from the Day; she was as short and round as the other was tall and thin, and though no less efficient, was more human.

Perhaps it was the effect of the night: the patients were more dependent; they lost touch with the reality of daylight, and thought of the One who stole on them too often unawares...

Nurse Simpson became alive to the changed atmosphere. Making her rounds with medicine and graduated glass, she came to the bed of a pale, golden-haired girl who had just become a mother. The child had died, and it seemed that the mother would soon die, too. Weakly she raised her head.

"I'm frightened, Nurse."

Nurse Simpson felt a tightening inside her. This was more than the usual appeal to "ask Sister."

"There's nothing to be frightened about," she said. She knew that a crisis was not expected that night, though it is difficult to be certain about such matters.

"No... but Jack and I were to be married in the spring—he promised me that—and..." Her voice trailed off. She stared at the fire at the end of the room.

A flame cast long shadows on the ceiling, then abruptly it went out, and there was nothing but the steady radiance from the little reading lamp on the Night Sister's table.

"My mother came this afternoon," she said.

Nurse Simpson moistened her lips. With all her scrubbing and rubbing, she was only a looker-on at life. This girl had bravely risked her future—living in shame, people would call it—she had given all she had—Jack and she were to be married in the spring.

"You must love him," she said. "Oh, I do—but God seems so terrible..." The girl started to weep in a subdued, hopeless way.

"Hush." (There was no "or I shall have to call Sister.") "God will understand."

The girl checked her sobs. "Will you stay with me?" "I've got work to do, but I'll come back later."

"Please... I'm so afraid to-night." Nurse Simpson went on, her small hands making fewer mistakes than usual—perhaps because of the night.

(Continued on Page 40)

Don't GUESS Your HAND

Says Frank Cayley

Article 2: "Hand Valuation"

WE must now devote our time to the study of "Hand Valuation" without which bidding would become mere guess-work. No details of Contract scoring are needed at present, beyond those given last week.

THE following table should be committed to memory:—

THE TABLE OF HONOR TRICKS
(High Card Values)

1 Trick	1 Trick	11 Tricks	2 Tricks
K x	A	A Q	A K
Q J x	K Q	A J 10	
Q x in one	K J x	K Q J	
suit, plus	K x in one	K Q 10	
J x in an	suit, plus		
other	Q x in an		
	other		

N.B.—x signifies any card lower than a ten.

An original bid must not be made unless the hand contains at least 21 honor tricks spread over two or more suits. For this reason, the combination A K Q is only counted as 2 tricks in the early rounds of calling.

In an average deal, 8 out of the 13 tricks are won by honors, and the remainder by low cards. The number of low card tricks you make in attack is directly dependent upon your honor holding.

Honors have a double value. In addition to winning tricks on their own account, they also promote smaller cards.



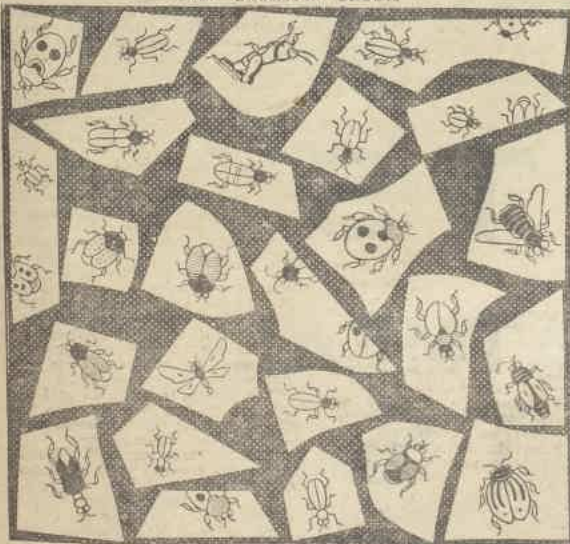
VELLA E. V. LUCAS, before she turned author, was a well-known Sydney press girl. Her first novel, "No Escape," met with instantaneous success.
—Dorothy Weidling

If, therefore, two players hold all the honor tricks, it is distinctly probable that they will win all the necessary low card tricks for the grand slam.

Certain Tricks and Possibles

To illustrate the relationship of honor tricks to low card tricks, let us take a specimen hand and examine it. Remember, all the high card values are comparatively certain, whereas the remain-

THE JIGSAW RACE



See if you can win this Jigsaw Race game, prepared for your entertainment by A. W. Nugent, the world's champion puzzle-maker. First cut out the pieces carefully and paste them on this board. The average time limit is as follows:—Children, 7 to 12 years old, 7 minutes; adults, 15 to 20 years old, 8 minutes; adults, 25 years and over, 10 minutes. Let's go!

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

COOKING SECRETS—

Told in a Book

If you want to know how to cook a dainty repast and serve it with the proper condiments and appropriate wines, read "French Cookery," an entertaining book by Mrs. Elizabeth Lucas.

A BISHOP CATTANEO, who dearly loved making a joke, once said of Australian cooking: "You can describe it as Australia Limited."

"London at present has gone cooking dotty," writes a correspondent, who describes how men and women are taking cooking lessons from M. Vivian Vanderbecken, who demonstrates at 17 Berkeley Square.

Green McCormack, daughter of the famous singer, is one of the well-known girls who is studying there.

M. Vanderbecken teaches them all how to PREPARE dishes.

He is not content with mere demonstrating. He insists on copper saucepans.

Mrs. E. V. Lucas, too, is strong upon the point of having copper saucepans.

GATHERS RECIPES

When Mrs. E. V. Lucas accompanies her husband on his wanderings she spends her time in culling various recipes from the places that they visit, so her book is well worth reading.

The recipes are practical and not too costly.

After describing how to make coffee and chocolate, Mrs. Lucas goes on to "The Choice of Wines."

AND CHOCOLATE

The best chocolate is essential. "Break the tablets, cover them with a very little water, and set the saucepan where they will melt slowly," says Mrs. Lucas. "Work the paste with a wooden spoon

der can only be classed as possible winners.

Holding: S: A K 7 4 2. H: K 9 3. D: 6 5 4. C: 8 5—how many tricks could you reasonably expect to make with spades as trumps?

Four-and-a-half seems to be the logical estimate, viz.: A K of spades equals 2. K of diamonds equals 1. The remaining 2 tricks should materialize when three rounds of trumps have been led, in order to extract the teeth of the opposition and set up the 4 and the 2 as winners.

It now becomes necessary to learn a new but simple table which must be used in conjunction with the previous one.

THE TABLE OF LONG CARD TRICKS

(Low Card Values)

	Trumps in declarer's hand.	All side suits.
The 4th card	1 Trick	1 Trick
Each subsequent card	1 Trick	1 Trick

N.B.—In dummy long cards, even in the trump suit, are only counted as half tricks. When valuing your trump holding, count 1 trick for "Normal Support" (Q x x or better, or at least x x x x) and 1/2 trick for each additional card.

until it is perfectly smooth, standing the pot in which you have put it in very hot water. Then pour over it boiling milk. Beat it until it froths. Yolks of eggs can be added (three to the pint of chocolate). They should be mixed with a little warm milk and strained before adding. Both the smoothness of the drink, and its nourishing quality will be increased thereby. Mint sauce is eaten with lamb for its digestive value. The French, who eat well, use numerous simple herbs for their digestive or soothing value. This is the recipe Mrs. Lucas gives for Mint Tisane: "Make it like ordinary tea, using mint leaves and pouring boiling water on them, two or three leaves to the cup."

Mrs. Galsworthy has given Mrs. Lucas his recipe for her book.

As a sure restorative after a day's fatigue, add a dessertspoonful of good red wine to a cup of tea, is a tip from Mrs. Lucas.

NEWTIMBER LANE

"NEWTIMBER LANE," by Ernest Raymond (Angus and Robertson).

Those who have read "Tell England" will welcome and love the author's new book, "Newtimber Lane." This, we are told, is the writing of Sir Edmund Earlwick, of Cowbourne, in Sussex, who at 83 takes us back and shares with us the joys and beauties he has met in the Sussex Lanes, in Old London, Old Paris and Old Boulogne.

The style is clear and flowing, the characters are well drawn, the scenes vividly portrayed.

For those readers with a taste for a leisurely story, with no undue stressing of sex problems, though the hero has his love tangles, this book will prove a boon.

The dominant note of the book is love of the English countryside, and probably no writer has a more intimate knowledge of rural England than Mr. Raymond.

IT THRILLS

"CONTAGION to This World" is the story of a young scientist who has the misfortune to come into this world a hunchback, and very repulsive looking. His eyes alone are beautiful, but nobody pauses to look into them, and, indeed, the people he grew up among are so cruelly unkind as to seem unreal to the Australian mind.

The ill-treatment he received through childhood and adolescence engenders in him hatred for the human race, and he sets his great powers to work to have vengeance on them. He does this by the scientist's great weapon—the bacillus.

The one he invents is particularly horrible—it is named the "G" bacillus, and it destroys memory.

Devastation follows. Mechanics and professional men forget their skill and become as children, and thereby wholesale disasters occur on land and sea. Fires which men have forgotten how to check lay waste the cities of the world, and our civilisation is wiped out. The ending is on a note of hope, and readers who enjoy their reading mixed with the chill of horror will find the book absorbing.

"Contagion to This World," by Freda Kaut (Geoffrey Bles). Our copy from Moore's Bookshop.



"He has followed my advice and now takes Schumann's Salts every morning"

"Sons do not always follow mothers' advice but at last my boy has decided that when it comes to a sure remedy for Constipation—Mother knows best.

"I posted some Schumann's Salts to him and he writes in glowing terms. He takes a dose every morning in a long glass of water and is now feeling fit and strong for his worrying daily work.

"It is such a simple way of keeping healthy that I often wonder why every home does not make the members of their household definitely take Schumann's Salts every morning."

Constipation, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Sluggish Liver, Lassitude and all Uric Acid complaints can be quickly remedied by a regular morning dose of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts.

Schumann's Salts are made from the most important active ingredients found in most of the natural Mineral Spring Waters or Spas in Europe.

In most cases the improvement in condition commences after a few doses—as this solution of Schumann's Mineral Spring Salts quickly rids the system of deadly poisons.

To be sure of health and vitality take Schumann's Salts regularly.

Schumann's MINERAL SPRING Salts

At all Chemists and Stores

"HEALTH BY THE SPOONFUL"

The Greatest Uric Acid Solvent known to Medical Science



WHAT a strange business life was! There was a girl who had been ruined because of a young man.

And on Sunday she, Nurse Simpson, was going to risk dismissal to meet another young man and be—no, of course not; he wouldn't be like that.

But she wanted to live, to have some gleam of romance, not for ever be choked up in the prison where the ones that life had dealt with were carried.

"Is that you, Nurse?" The golden-haired girl raised her head.

"Yes—you must try to sleep." "I can't, Nurse—I think I'm going to be taken to-night."

"Nonsense."

"It isn't... Do you think my boy will know—when I go, I mean?"

"He may do if his conscience—!" Nurse Simpson forgot her official attitude for a moment; but the girl did not seem to notice.

"No, I don't want him to suffer. We all do what we do because we have to."

"I suppose so."

"Yes." The golden-haired girl sighed. "You can't help loving anyone: that's what all the preachers in the world can't get over."

She closed her eyes, and presently, thinking her asleep, Nurse Simpson started to steal away, but the girl opened her eyes immediately.

"Don't leave me, Nurse... Would you like to see his photo?"

"If you care to show it to me."

"It's here." She felt for a chain round her neck and opened a locket, then flushing deeply, held it up.

"He's not—common, like me."

Nurse Simpson glanced at the photo. "Very—" she began. She looked again, then suddenly closed her eyes. The shock stunned her.

"He is good-looking, isn't he?"

"Yes, I must go now." Nurse Simpson spoke barely above a whisper.

But as she stood alone now before

PROBATION

(Continued from Page 38)

"But, Nurse—I want you to do something for me."

"What is it?"

A spoon slipped from Nurse Simpson's fingers and clattered on the floor. Instinctively, despite the whirling of her brain, she looked towards the door; but the Sister's desk was empty.

"What is it?" she repeated, feeling under the bed.

"He's never been to see me—it would be hard for him, wouldn't it?"

"Yes," said Nurse Simpson, in a muffled voice.

"I want you to give him this, with my love. His address is—"

The golden-haired girl let the locket fall and lay back with a long shuddering sigh.

Nurse Simpson waited, rigid. She wondered if the girl could hear the violent thudding of her heart. After a moment she caught a movement and bent lower.

"His address—in my things," the girl concluded almost inaudibly.

At eight o'clock Nurse Simpson went off duty. She had performed her rounds, bathing the patients and tidying their beds—but the golden-haired girl she had not bathed. At three in the morning the other nurse had called to her in a whisper, and together they stood beside the golden-haired girl's bed.

"Well—she's gone."

Nurse Simpson made no reply.

"You had better call Sister."

The bed was empty now; the ward otherwise as usual; and as the patients submitted to Nurse Simpson's small hands, which seemed to have lost their nervousness for good, they never guessed at the tumult of emotion going on in her breast.

But as she stood alone now before

the glass in her room and removed her white cap—the other two girls were on duty and she was thankful for it—she felt utterly dead and cold inside, sucked dry like an orange.

To think it were possible—and that it should happen to her... Curiously, a street accident she had once seen came to her mind; a shabby little woman standing by the body of her son and crying out in a dead, monotonous voice: "O God!—O God!—O God!" The clang of the ambulance bell—police—crowds—"O God!—O God!—O God!"

How badly she had wanted romance, some escape from the grinding routine—with a good-looking rotter, who, with no deliberately evil intentions possibly, but from sheer weakness of character, would have served her as he had the golden-haired girl, and maybe a dozen others.

Her romance!

Must everything be taken from her?

She opened the window preparatory to pulling down the blind. The sky was clear and blue; the chimneys she hated so bold and black against it, scores of them, some tall and thin like pencils, others short and squat with ugly, overbearing parapets; but no longer did they affront her with their noisome clouds of black smoke—rather they appeared to be waiting, waiting to see what she would do now.

She released the blind and got into bed. She was glad, anyway, that she had been kind to the golden-haired girl.

When she got up that afternoon about four, she went to the Matron to obtain leave to carry out the golden-haired girl's request.

"And when did you think of going?"

"On Sunday afternoon, Matron."

"You have his address?"

"Yes, Matron."

"Very well, then."

But Nurse Simpson did not need the address. At half-past two on Sunday she was waiting, straight and still, by the park gates.

The young man came up smiling.

"I'm awfully glad to see you."

Nurse Simpson attempted no greeting of any kind.

"Your—wife asked me to give you this; with her love."

And, handing him the locket, she turned and walked away.

As she entered the hospital again the Matron was passing and, seeing her, paused.

"Have you carried out the request?"

"Yes, Matron."

"I'm glad the patients repose trust in you, Nurse Simpson—it's a good sign. There's something else you can do: the mother, poor woman, came yesterday; I think you might see her."

"Yes, Matron."

"I'll give you the address."

The court where the mother lived was one of those known tersely as "back to back"; and Nurse Simpson was appalled at the grim sordidness of it, at the crowding together of the little brick hovels, the lowest form of shelter that could be called a home. So this was where the golden-haired girl came from!

The mother was stirring a large gallipot. The father sprawled over the fire, reading a newspaper. A host of small children, the eldest of them holding yet another baby, played and quarrelled noisily. They ceased as she entered.

"I—come from the hospital," she said quietly.

There was a moment's silence, then the father, red-faced, unhappy, burst out: "T'dirty swine!"

THE CHOICE

When next your choice must lie

"between

The deep sea and the devil,"

Remember where the deep seas

stand,

"Within the hollow of God's

hand,"

So leave the devil on the sand—

And plunge beneath his level.

"Hush!—Nurse is here." The mother turned to Nurse Simpson.

"Tis kind of ye to come, Nurse. Sit down and have a cup o' tay. Ye must excuse my man, but when he thinks of that young spawn of Satan that got our Nellie into trouble..."

"I understand," said Nurse Simpson gently. She removed her gloves and cape. "You sit down, Mrs. Middleton, and I'll get the tea..."

It was two hours later when she left, after having bathed the younger children and done all the cleaning she could. She would be tired to go on duty, but she did not think of that; she would have to face the endless routine of the hospital again—but she did not think of that either.

SURPRISINGLY she felt calm and quiet inside. When she had left, the mother had said just "Thank ye kindly, Nurse," as if she expected as a matter of course that a nurse would do all she could; and the father had stood up and removed his cap.

Very little—but Nurse Simpson felt she had really helped them—and what they had, and would have, to face!

As she went to her room to wash before supper, she looked out of the window at the chimneys, expecting them somehow, in accordance with her mood, to appear almost friendly; they were belching forth black clouds of smoke that defied the evening sky. But it no longer mattered.

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A valuable addition to every meal of the day.

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BISCUITS

Always Ask Your Grocer for ARNOTT'S

Connie's Letter

My Dear Pals,

Thank you so much for all your interesting letters, and all the nice things you say about The Australian Women's Weekly and the Children's Page. I have had a huge mail this week, so I don't want any of you to be disappointed if your name is not mentioned in this issue. I would very much like to give you all prizes, but, of course, that cannot be. If you want to join the Pal's Game, all you have to do is to be happy and spread sunshine. Now, if you are sixteen years or under, you can become a member, just by reading this section without fail every week.

A prize of 5/- is given to Florence Jones (11), 318 Victoria Rd., Marrickville, for the best letter. Florence describes a trip to England, and what she saw when she reached there. "At Chester," she says, "we saw the wonderful old Cathedral, and the court where people were tried for not attending church. We also saw King Charles' Tower overlooking an ancient battlefield." Florence's letter is very interesting, and as Florrie is only eleven years old, it is certainly the best letter this week.

Now, write and tell me of the place you live in, or anywhere you have been. Don't think that you have to be widely travelled to enter into this competition. Nothing of the kind. It is the beauty of words and expression which may win for you the prize.

Cheerio,
FROM YOUR PAL,
CONNIE.

Teddy Bear Story

A teddy bear to a big shop window was very and became a poor little girl did not have enough money to buy him. In a previous issue you were asked: How could she ever get him? Below is the winning story.

All their thoughts came to him as he lay in the window. Meanwhile the little girl was walking along beside the shop. Suddenly, she saw a child struggling in the water about fifty yards away from her. Acting quickly, she dove in and swam to the child. The child struggled wildly, but soon her strength was practically all gone, and she calmed down. It was very difficult to get the child to the shore, but after fighting desperately, she reached the shore safe and sound. She was met by a man and a woman, who were very agitated. "Oh, how can I ever thank you," said the woman. "What reward could possibly repay you? You have saved my little daughter's life. Do let me buy anything you would like." "Oh, please buy me that beautiful Teddy in the shop around the corner," said the little girl.

The lady had no time, but went straight to the shop and bought the Teddy. The little girl was so happy to have him for her very own, and the Teddy was also very happy to have her as his mistress.

A prize of 10/- to H. C. Styles (10), "Currawong," Rowena.

FROM CHINA



HAZEL ALEXANDER, 151 Midland Road, Rippington, wins a prize of 5/- for this clever sketch.

WHAT YOUR NAME MEANS

Ann means something very light and graceful. Girls with this name always return good for evil.

Alexander means kindness. Boys bearing this name should be generous.

What is it that the longer it stands the shorter it grows?

A candle.

What word with six letters leaves eleven when two letters are taken from each end?

Mercio.

Prize Card to Heather Quill, 46 The Avenue, Granville.

TERRY and TEDDY THE TERRIBLE TWINS



CROSSWORD No. 3

ACROSS
1. To have success
2. Colour
3. Dine
10. Two from three
11. Brown color
12. Singing note
14. Same as 14 down
15. Drawing

DOWN
1. Worry
2. Kind of material
3. Foot
4. Father
5. Basting
6. Girl's name
8. Masculine sex (pl.)
14. Preparation

13. —the Battle of Waterloo

SOLUTION OF CROSSWORD No. 1

Across: 1. Book. 2. Man. 3. Us. 4. To. 10. Pen. 12. Stops. Down: 1. On. 2. Out. 3. Knot. 4. Cup. 5. Set. 11. No.

A prize of 5/- is given to Paul Borggraf, 18 Phillip St., Neutral Bay, and prize cards to Phil Bingham, 25 Fairlight Crescent, Manly; Valerie Hammond, "Leavelle," 7 Third Street, Ashbury; Joan Farmer, 41 Hastings Rd., Nth. Bondi. The prize of 5/- for the painting of the prince and princess is awarded to Mollie Stephens, 3 Allawah Place, Rattray St., Waverley.

FOR FUN AND FANCY

Why is a car like a school? Because one breaks up, and the other breaks down.

What four letters would frighten a burglar?

O.T.C.U.

Prize Card to Betty Hale (11), 20 Hotham Rd., Artarmon.

WILLIE WAGTAIL

I love the clever Wagtail,
I love the tiny Wren;
But I love the Willie Wagtail
The best of all of them.
Just when I don't expect him,
I hear his cheerful call:
"Hello! Sweet pretty creature,
From bush and gum-tree tall."

I dearly love to watch him
As he neatly catches flies;
It always seems to me there's
A challenge in his eyes.
He loves the spire of danger;
He loves to do and dare,
And 'tis a clever puss
Who catches wagtail unaware.

Prize of 10/- to Hetti Schlaadt (14), "Fairview," 25 Wentworth St., Eastwood.

DAWN

The sun arose, all golden,
In skies of sapphire blue;
And every flower fresh opened
Was hung with pearls of dew.

Prize Card to Norman Rogers, 112 Doncaster Ave., Kensington.



Prize Card to Edwin Pfeiffer, "Albion," 31 Grosvenor Street, Manly.

JUST CHATTER

Little Mary Hopton, of Strathfield, got a beautiful Persian cat for her birthday. Fatt Hill, of Earlwood, likes English History, Architecture, Geography, and Business Principles.

Mary Graham, of Leichhardt, is quite a good violinist. Lionel Galt, of Ashfield, is 13 years old, and attends Ashfield Junior Technical School. Brenda Noble, of Maroubra Bay, has a little black kitten called Tim. Edna Bourke, of Katoomba, loves reading books. Joan Davis, of Springwood, likes playing vigoro in the summer, and basket-ball in the winter. Ray Woodfield, of Hurstville, is very fond of drawing pictures.

Joanna Ellis, of Coogee, has two pets, a magpie and a canary. Margaret Styles, of Belmore, attends P.L.C. at Pyrmont, and likes swimming very much. Betty George, of Glebe Pk., can write quite nice poetry. Marie Elliott, of Waverley, is fifteen years old, and is in second year at high school. Alice Bennett has 21 pet friends. Joan Role, of Rose Bay, likes riding very much. Betty Gibbins, of Leichhardt, is in 4A class at school. Jean Smith, of Moore Park, is a great lover of Charlie Chaplin. Winnie Pratt, of Marrickville, has brown hair and eyes. Pat Taylor, of Port Jackson, is ten years old; she is a swimmer, and is a lifesaver. Widge Cowley, of Leichhardt, plays tennis on Saturdays. Monica Meade, of South Coast, is very fond of knitting.

A Clever Kookaburra

By Joy Talbot

Little Betty lived in the bush. She was playing one day on the grass which surrounded her homestead. All around her were tall gum trees, and lovely birds were singing in them. Suddenly, a long black snake slipped silently from behind a stump of brush, and came slowly towards little Betty, who, not knowing of the impending danger, kept playing with her funny old rag doll. But the ever-watchful eyes of an old kookaburra, who was perched day and night, on the branches of the highest gum-tree, saw it. With a slight flutter, he swooped down and picked up the snake in his strong beak, then whoop! He flew quickly into the sky. Then Betty looked up, and drop down on to the ground. He did this again and again till he was quite sure that no life remained in the reptile.

Betty's mother, who had followed the actions of the kookaburra, was very much impressed, and from that day the old kookaburra was fed regularly by her. Now, every morning and evening the merry laughter of the old kookaburra rings out through the homestead.

Prize of 5/- to Joy Talbot (12), 24 Lawson St., Waverley.

HIGHLY COMMENDED

Constance Russell, Moaman; Warren Coombes, Grow's Nest; Beatrice Bush, Gladstone; Victor Ralph Marcell, Canterbury; Connie Calley, Wellington; Lenie Brown, Marrickville; Kenneth Smith, North Sydney; Madeline Golden, Bealey; Neil Mason, Ashfield; Jean Fortescue, Marrickville; Marguerite Wagner, Waverley; Clare Smithers, Hurstville; Isabel McKay, Petersham; Joyce Rogers, Croydon; Brian Kearney, Northbridge; Dorothy Gray, Brighton-le-Sands; Joan Griffiths, Mayfield; Charmian Shires, Moaman; Rene Stuart, Marrickville; Daphne Bonnie and Mavis Hill, Quarantam; Anita Allen, Hurstville; Anne Perry, Wollongong; Ellen Rogers, Pyrmont; Elsie Dicker, Homebush; Eric Brown, Kogarah; Ellen Egan, Byron Bay; Pat Hopper, Coogee.

When is a cow not a cow?
When it is turned into a field.
Prize Card to Dulcie Webb, Yanes Street, Malong.



The Imps show you how to make a glider.



MRS. KEITH WELLS, Robb Cup winner, snapped on the links.

CRICKET TEAM PLANS COUNTRY TOUR

WITH the idea of fostering women's cricket in country districts, and at the same time, partaking of a unique and interesting trip, members of the Kuring-Gai Women's Cricket Club are arranging for another tour of the country in August.

THESE trips are delightfully planned. A comfort coach and driver are hired, and with the top overladen with tents, mattresses, pots, pans, and other useful things that go with camping, the team of twelve or more players leave for their destination. Matches are played at all the towns visited.

Pitching tents, and cooking their own meals, the players live in an entirely different atmosphere to our International Cricket tourists, who look for the best accommodation and chefs. Nevertheless, the enthusiastic girls enjoy their cricket as never before.

The untimely arrival of a bull on the field, or the fact that a ball has to be chased through a barbed wire fence, does not in the least damp their ardor.

This year the team hopes to include June and Temora in their tour. Last year they visited Goulburn, Collector, Queanbeyan, Moss Vale, Berry and Wollongong.

At Manly and Cammeray clubs pre-wedding teas were tendered to popular young associate, Miss P. Pauling, whose marriage with Mr. E. C. Burns took place on June 16.

COUNTRY CARNIVAL Will Test WOMEN GOLFERS

By DOROTHY KEARNEY

At N.S.W. Club, La Perouse, commencing on Monday next, the annual country week carnival will be held.

THE country section of the N.S.W. Ladies Union consists of 164 clubs, with approximately 5000 odd members. It is divided into nine separate district associations as follows:—

The Western (Miss M. Mackenzie, president), Blue Mountains (Mrs. Allerton, president), Central Northern (Mrs. A. A. Rankin, president), Northern Rivers (Mrs. R. D. Lang, president), Central Southern (Miss M. Molloy, president), North and North-West (Mrs. A. A. Cohen, president), Riverina (Mrs. Leithbridge, president), New England (Mrs. Ewing, president), and Central North Coast (Mrs. Chadwick, president).

CHIEF EVENT

The principal event, the country championship, will be decided over 36 holes stroke. Miss Muriel Phillips, of Lithgow, the present champion, will defend her title. Miss Vedas Ebert, the tall, long-hitting left-hander from Riverina, will be her most serious rival.

Other important events set down for decision during the meeting are the bronze championship of the L.G.U. and bronze handicap challenge bowl.

At the Australian and Lakes clubs on Wednesday and Thursday there will be open stroke events, open to silver division players, both city and country.

The N.S.W. course is at present in perfect playing order, and should prove a fitting test of golf to our country cousins, especially those who are used to flat courses and sand greens.

The New South Wales open foursomes last week attracted 120 players. The winning card was returned by local members, Mrs. Normoyle (29) and Miss Bayley (33) with 101, 31-70. The best gross score was that of Mrs. Goodall and Mrs. Bernie, 87. Miss Bayley is a most promising young New South Wales member, and has recently reduced from 36 to 33.

LITTLE PRACTICE

The weather has not been kind to Wauchape hockey players, and they had little opportunity to prepare for the Country Week carnival.

They had an exceptionally severe summer, which delayed hockey practice, and then again, just three days before leaving for Sydney, they had 21 inches of rain, which caused much speculation as to whether they would be able to make the journey. They are also without the services of Craig, who, it will be remembered, was only 13 years of age when she played Interstate two years ago.

This is the seventh year Wauchape has taken part in Country Week.



CHATTING OVER the day's game—Left to right: Miss O. Byrne, Mrs. Howell, Mrs. H. Howes, Mrs. R. Wheldon.

Personalities In GOLF

Noted Visitor

AUSTRALIA'S champion woman golfer, Miss Susie Tolhurst, was in Sydney last week, and enjoyed a round with Miss Nixon at N.S.W. Club, La Perouse, in the open foursomes. This was Miss Tolhurst's first visit to the greatly-improved New South Wales course.

Silver Medal Winner

THE winner of Roseville's L.G.U. silver medal, Mrs. C. C. Hilderbrandt, is a former club champion, and has been a popular and capable associate captain for the past two years. The winner of the bronze medal, Mrs. Ron Sharpe, is the most improved player in the club.

Reduced Handicap

CLUB champion of Cammeray in 1931, Mrs. Harry Clarke-Smith, with a splendid score of 75 in the second qualifying round of the championship last week, reduced her handicap to 12, and is now eligible to play in the State championship next month.

Coming Star

NOW fully recovered from her illness early in the season, Mrs. J. T. Cosh, of Kogarah, is back on the links, playing better than ever. It will not be a surprise to see Mrs. Cosh in the silver division before the season concludes.

On Holiday

FORMER club champion of Pymble, Mrs. J. T. McKee is at present on a holiday trip to America, and will, no doubt, on her return, be able to tell us something about the marvellous courses in U.S.A.

Long Driver

TO HIT a "screamer" down the fairway is the ambition of many, but the fate of few. Miss A. Kenna, of Carnarvon, is one of the fortunate ones, as she demonstrated in winning the long-driving competition recently.

News of the Golf Clubs

When Carnarvon Golf Club held the annual ball at the Palais Royal over 200 members and their friends danced away the happy hours, and were charmed by the decoration of a golfing Valentine on each table.

In winning the monthly medal at Kogarah, Miss O'Sullivan reduced her handicap to 19, and only requires one card of 88 or better to bring her into the silver division. Another player, making light of her handicap, is Miss Maidment, who joined the club last season, and quickly came down from 36 to 23. This year she is playing splendidly, and Kogarah members predict a bright golf future for her. Miss Maidment, with a fine effort of 91 gross last week, is now on the 23 mark.

Prettily situated Woollahra links has an associate membership of 50, but as yet the course is too short for affiliation with the L.G.U. The championship is at present being played and among the well known golfers competing are Mrs. Hoelscher, and Mrs. J. D. Thane, who are also members of the Lakes club.

Winner of many club trophies at North Brighton, Mrs. W. Powell has reduced her handicap from 36 to 29. Another player to reduce was Miss Mary Reid, who came down to 30. Miss Reid hits a very long ball from the tee and in company with P. Snowden, holds the club's mixed foursomes championship.

Our Weekly Golf Hint

IT is well to remember that the most important and useful club in your bag is the mashie, and no opportunity should be lost in practising with this club.



Take a few balls and commence with short chips from about 20 yards from the flag. Concentration is absolutely essential. The reward for mastering this stroke-saving shot will be worth the mental effort.

Gradually increase the distance by easy stages up to 50 yards, and then drop balls at frequent intervals in the reverse order. There are many ways of playing the mashie, and the approach to no two greens is alike; some are downhill, others are on the slant, ground in cases very hard, and in others very soft and spongy. The best shot for each of these approaches should be practised until when any green is approached the particular type of stroke necessary should automatically come to your mind.

Arrangements for the Lawn Tennis Association annual ball are running smoothly, and tennis players hope to make it the same success it was last year. To help matters along a bridge party is to be held at the N.S.W. Tennis Ground on Friday, June 30, at 2 p.m. Bookings may be made with Mrs. Warburton (X2231), or Mrs. Conway (FL1467).

The Girls' High School's winter sports competitions commenced on Wednesday, June 21. Twelve teams are taking part in the tennis, hockey, and basketball competitions.

DAVIS CUP Men Have GOOD Partners

OUR Davis Cup representatives have certainly taken the pick of partners for the Wimbledon mixed doubles championships.

Jack Crawford will be playing with Fraukein Aussem, who won the Wimbledon singles championship in 1931.

This arrangement has been of long standing, and the other Australian representatives have annexed partners with outstanding performances for the mixed doubles.

McGrath will be partnered with Mrs. B. C. Covell, who was one of the first English representatives sent to play in the Whiteman Cup in America as far back as 1923. She again succeeded a year later in beating Mrs. Mallory and Helen Wills.

At one time, at Wimbledon, she was within two points of beating Senorita d'Alvarez. She has won numerous events, including the Forest Hills championships in America, and three championships at Bombay.

Mrs. J. B. Pittman will be remembered by Australian women players who played against her in the match Australia v. Great Britain, at Bournemouth.

Turnbull will pair with the well-known Helen Jacobs, who won the championship singles at Wimbledon after beating the equally well-known Helen Wills. She later won the French championship.



MRS. W. PAGE looks happy as the bowl slowly rolls towards kiddy. Hundreds of women now play bowls.

and has represented America in the Whiteman Cup since 1927.

With these women players for partners our representatives should go far in the mixed doubles championships.

They Do It In Victoria—

... Why Not N.S.W.? ALTHOUGH the N.S.W. Women's Basketball Association has been in existence for nearly five years, it has not yet held a week to which country teams are invited to play.

Melbourne players are ahead of us in this direction, and just lately they have finalised their sixth year of country contests. The number of entries have always increased with the years.

Owing to rain, the contests this time in Melbourne were played in the indoor courts at the Exhibition Building.

The two teams from Warrnambool were the winners of their division, and the two Wonthaggi teams were the runners-up. Warrnambool II were the winners of the finals.

Miss L. C. Mills, president of the Victorian Basketball Association, presented the winners with miniature cups.

Is Your Husband Going Bald?

Baldness affects not only a man's social popularity, but may also retard his business career. Send name and address for a FREE illustrated folder containing full particulars of the "Tassan" Home Treatment for Dandruff, Falling Hair and Baldness. It has been used successfully by thousands. Mention this paper.

MISS DICKSON, Sydney's Only Baldness Specialist, G.S.B. Buildings, Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

... my daily glass of Sheaf Stout keeps me fit and well!



SHEAF STOUT
it's TOOTH'S

They Still Play CROQUET

SURELY no other body of sportswomen are at present as active as the Women's Croquet Association. They certainly seem to make a hobby of playing matches.

Another match—the Champion of Champions—has been added to the list, giving great satisfaction to the players.

In this latter match, each club plays off to find their champion, and when found, she plays in matches against the other club leaders, until the Champion of Champions is found.

Last year the final matches were played at Cammeray, and Mrs. Taylor,

Clarice Kennedy Will Defend Title

CLARICE KENNEDY, who won the two miles State championships last year, will be given an opportunity to defend her title again this year. The New South Wales Women's Amateur Athletic Association has definitely decided to run another cross-country championship in August. In the meantime, they will run a one mile cross-country handicap race at Kensington Racecourse on July 1. The energetic secretary, Doris Lee, has all the arrangements in hand.

of Cheltenham, was the winner. The Oldfield Cup and the Pennant matches are being played at present.

Every club enters three Grade teams for the Pennant matches, and the club that wins the most number of matches at the end of the year is proclaimed the winners.

The croquet players' activities do not cease here, for at Rushcutters Bay twelve players from A Grade, and a like number from B Grade, are at present engaged in playing off for the Gold and Silver Medals, donated by the English Croquet Association.

Mrs. Card, a keen croquet player from New Zealand, is in Sydney at present, and during her visit here she has joined the Cammeray Croquet Club.

Mrs. Ellis and the Misses Smith, Campbell, Dainton, Dahm and Lee, and a large sub-committee, are working hard at present to make the Combined New South Wales Women's Amateur Athletic Ball a success. This Ball will be held at Mark Foy's on July 29.

SPORTING SHORTS

Combined Affair

Sewing and sport sometimes go together, as will be seen on July 29, when the Y.W.C.A. Basketbblers and the Sewing Club, from the same Association, will hold a Conjunction Dance.

Say It With Music!

The New South Wales Women's Amateur Athletic Association are making preparations for another Revue, which they intend producing some time in October.

Our £50 Picture Words

(SEE CONDITIONS ON PAGE 16)

- 1 . . . UNCH
- 2 . . . URRY
- 3 . . . ARQUETRY
- 4 . . . REASE
- 5 . . . ASH
- 6 S . . . IRT
- 7 . . . AH
- 8 . . . LING

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ENTRY FORM

I desire to enter your Picture Puzzle No. 2 competition, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as legally binding.

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Entries should be addressed to "Picture Words," Box No. 12700, G.P.O., Sydney.

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FINAL HITS TO THE N.S.W. HOCKEY TEAM.
(Left to right): O. Burrell, E. Baldwin, M. Stubbs, G. O'Brien, Mrs. F. J. Davy (manager).

HARDCOURT TOURNAMENT PROVED POPULAR

Over 500 Players Participate

The Northern Suburbs Combined Hardcourts tennis tournament, which was expected to last two week-ends only, is still going strong. Certainly the committee did not expect such a number of entries as they received.

Well over 500 players competed in the tournament, and these games are not only popular with the players, but with spectators as well.

THE Northern Suburbs Combined Hardcourt Championships have been particularly well patronised, and the fact that a wet week-end intervened, did not dampen their ardor.

Perhaps the only unfortunate incident throughout the tournament occurred in the Women's Doubles Championship.

This match was the semi-final. Mrs. and Miss Mitchell had won their first set, 6-2, against Mrs. Harper and Miss Hayes, and were leading 5-3 in the second set. Mrs. Mitchell played a ball which appeared to land in the court, but the umpire gave the decision against them. From that point Mrs. Harper and Miss Hayes forged ahead, securing that game, 7-5, and winning the next easily at 6-2.

Mrs. Harper and Miss Hayes will now meet Mrs. Betts and Miss Selwyn in the final. Joyce Williams, of Eastern Suburbs, easily defeated Mrs. Barry, the best Northern Suburbs singles player, in straight sets. She will now meet Miss Selwyn in the finals of the singles. In the men's singles H. Moss, of Granville, was the most successful player; his match against Tytherleigh was most exciting. Tytherleigh has a splendid service, but the rest of his strokes were

Memorial to Daphne Akhurst

For the purpose of perpetuating the memory of one so beloved by everyone as the late Mrs. Consins (Daphne Akhurst), a meeting will take place at the New South Wales Lawn Tennis Association's rooms, Pitt Street, on June 27. All women delegates from the affiliated clubs have been invited to attend, so that they may discuss a suitable and appropriate memorial.

not quite good enough for Moss. The semi-finals of the boys' singles attracted great attention. Lindo eventually losing to Bromwich. In the girls under seventeen singles, Miss Coyne beat Miss Chew, 7-5, 6-3.

YOUNG PLAYERS

It augurs well for the future of our tennis to see so many youngsters coming into prominence. Tournaments of this nature give the players an opportunity to play under championship conditions, and at the same time, they have the privilege of meeting and playing other players in their class. Maybe a potential Suzanne Lenglen or a Jack Crawford is already in the making at the Northern Suburbs Combined Hardcourt Championships.

BADGE MATCHES

Neutral Bay is now leading in the A. Grade, Section 1 of the Women's Badge Tennis Matches. Ground Members 1, are now in second place, having been beaten by Western Suburbs by only one game. Bickerton and Selwyn, playing for Western Suburbs at Pratten Park, won all their four sets, and against such strong opponents, as Hall and Hartigan, and Baker and Duttworth.

In the second section, Ground Members have won eight matches, and have lost only one. Eastern Suburbs closely follow in second place. Warrangulla, in the third section, remain unbeaten. Langueville-Northwood following. Second Grade, Section 1, Killara is leading, and keen competition is taking place in the second section, where Ground Members III, is leading, and teams from Western Suburbs, Langueville-Northwood, Leichhardt, Killara, Strathfield and Rosehill are fighting for the other three places. Third Grade, Waverley leads, with Roseville and A.W.R.A. in second place.

Bowlers On Top

Vigoro bowlers seem to be the masters in all the Vigoro matches lately. Naim-Smith, of the Metropolitan Vigoro Association, was at her best lately, and so was Robinson, of the St. George Association. In both these competitions, a reversal of batting form was shown.

In the Metropolitan Association, the point scores are as follows: Sunshine 46, Peak Frean 40, Clovers 32, Scurry Hills 32, Ultimo Juniors 24, Red Wings 18, Wanderers and South Sydney Legion 12 points each.

Basketball Leaders

When two champions meet one must fall, and Ironhearts were the victors when they met the other leading team, Rozelle. This is the first time Rozelle has met defeat this season, and Ironhearts still remain supreme.

Help the Babies

Sports Girls are to the rescue again, and this time the Women's Hockey Club, from the Australian Gas Light Company, have decided to help the "Rennick" babies, with the proceeds of their Staff Dance at Smith's Oriental, on July 4.

Hockey Annual Dance

Y.W.C.A. Hockey Clubs are holding their dance on July 1, when something special in decorations is promised. The Misses G. Fairs, G. Harton and B. Thorpe are some of the energetic workers on the committee.

Speedy Women

The Wonders Motor Boat Club held a gala day for women last week. The course was over four miles, and the ladies handled their craft with great skill.

Unfortunately the two leading boats were disqualified for exceeding their declared speed average.

Mrs. W. Grady, wife of the Commodore of the Georges River Club, annexed first place. Others competing were: Mesdames J. Crogan, E. King, C. Humble, and the Misses C. Barriell, and E. Richards.

SPORTS Girls Are REAL SPORTS

Most outstanding ONE incident, perhaps more outstanding than the rest, and of which special mention should be made, was the eagerness displayed by the Smithtown team, in its desire to help Wauchope (who had some of their players hurt in a car accident, as they were leaving to play in their match against Bathurst). Every member of the Bathurst team assented when the captain of Wauchope asked if she might play a Smithtown girl in her team that morning.



MISS WANSEY, Country Week Secretary.

Country Week is over, and those clear-eyed, quick, energetic girls have departed for their homes in the north, south and west, to relate and recall incidents that have happened during the week, to tell their clubmates of their experiences, and of what they had acquired in hockey knowledge, through lectures and through field play.

New England and Goulburn were the undefeated teams in the first section, and as time did not permit of a replay between the two teams, it was decided to draw for the honor of playing Newcastle, winners of the second section. New England won, and in turn, defeated Newcastle. A somewhat similar happening occurred in Melbourne, where Country Hockey Week has just concluded.

Wangaratta I won the first section, and Colac, St. Andrews and Colac Ex-Students' teams were equal in goal and point scores. Colac Ex-Students arranged to retire, providing Wangaratta won, but should Colac St. Andrews win, they desired another match against them. Fortunately, Wangaratta won.

LAKES club member, Mrs. Gordon, whose husband is well known in Sydney's commercial circles as the managing director of Kellogg's (Australia) Ltd., is leaving on a four months' holiday trip to America.



O. BURRELL, of the New South Wales hockey team, in action.

MAKING BASEBALL EASIER

WOMEN'S baseball associations in the various States are at present working under separate rules, some of which conflict and hinder the playing of interstate games.

An effort is now being made to establish uniform rules for players throughout the Commonwealth, such as all other sporting bodies already have.

The Australian Women's Council will meet in Sydney at the beginning of next year, when an Australian Constitution will be adopted, and office-bearers elected. Friendly matches will be played by the State teams then.

A team has visited Brisbane and Melbourne from Sydney, and found that each State played under different rules.

A committee is now preparing a book of rules for Australian baseball women players, and they expect to finalise this shortly.

After that all interstate fixtures will come under the same ruling. Mrs. Peatfield is president of the association.

It Happens Every Day! Tooth Paste Pays for Groceries



Listerine Tooth Paste at 1/3 has taught women everywhere the folly of paying 2/- or more for a dentifrice. They are buying this new quality tooth paste, made by the makers of Listerine antiseptic, and applying the 9/- a year it saves to the purchase of things they need or want.

Listerine Tooth Paste is a modern dentifrice. Contained in it are up-to-date cleansing agents, and a powder so fine that it gives teeth a beautiful and unusual lustre; polishes them to gleaming whiteness.

The cleansing agents possess a remarkably thorough but gentle action. Dissolved in the saliva and carried by the brush, they reach every surface of the tooth; penetrating the crevices between teeth, erasing tartar, decay, stains and discolorations. If you haven't tried this tooth paste, begin now. Note how much better your teeth appear, see how fresh, clean, and invigorated your mouth feels—the feeling you associate with the use of Listerine antiseptic itself. No other tooth paste produces such a pleasing after-effect. Get a tube to-day. Make it prove itself to you. Lambert Pharmaceutical Co. (Aust.) Ltd., Sydney.

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New—smart—different! High Necklines—Epaulettes—Shoulders—Puffy Sleeves—three smart styles to choose from, in fine Suede Jersey Frocks. Delightful tones of brown, blue, green, red, wine, amber and beige. S.S.W., S.W., and W. sizes. Usual 35/-. 39/6. You'll want two or three at this price! Only 25/-

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At Right:—

A lucky buying stroke enables us to make this remarkable offer! Fine knitted Woolen Cardigans, in the popular tailored type, with two patch pockets and 3-button fastening. Royal, sage, red, beige, navy, green and yellow shades. S.S.W., S.W., W. and O. sizes. Usually priced at 12/11. Until they clear, priced at ... 7/11

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Practically two for the price of one! Exciting Lace Knit Cardigans—you'll adore them. Tailored or basque fitting styles. Lovely beige, blue, green or yellow shades. W. and O. sizes only. Usually 10/8, 11/8. Remarkably priced at ... 5/11

5/11

Jersey Cardigans
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We've sold hundreds of these already this season! Fine lightweight Jersey Cardigans, snug basque fitting. High-waisted style. Beige, blue, royal, green and brown tones to select from. S.S.W. to O.S. Usually 10/6. Sensationally priced at ... 6/11

6/11

USE THE LAY-BY!



7/11



Usually 14/6 and 14/11

All individual styles. Woven spots—fine lacy knits—whole yokes of contrast colours—intriguing stripes! These Jumpers will be gone in next to no time—they're so smart! S.S.W. and W. You must see them! Usually 14/6 and 14/11. Priced at ... 9/11

Special Quick Service Luncheons in the Green Lacquer Section of the Restaurant, Entree and Sweet, 1/-.

Children's "Happy Hour" Party every Saturday morning in the Great Restaurant! Games and fun begin at 10.30 a.m. Morning Tea, 1/-.



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Suede Jersey
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Whether you Golf—play Tennis—or Hike—nothing is smarter to complete your outfit than one of these "Zipper" Jersey Jumpers. With high Peter Pan collar and Basque. In cream, bottle, lido, wine, beige, sage, almond, canary, amber, navy, fawn, brown and cherry. S.S.W. to O.S. Regularly these would be 9/11. Specially priced at 6/11

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